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COSMIC CRUCIBLES

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT THE MOUNT WILSON OBSERVATORY

"SHELTER during Raids," marking the entrance to underground passages, was a sign of common occurrence and sinister suggestion throughout London during the war. With characteristic ingenuity and craftiness, ostensibly for purposes of peace but with bomb-carrying capacity as a prime specification, the Zeppelin had been developed by the Germans to a point where it seriously threatened both London and Paris. Searchlights, range-finders, and anti-aircraft guns, surpassed by the daring ventures of British and French airmen, would have served but little against the night invader except for its one fatal defect—the inflammable nature of the hydrogen gas that kept it aloft. A single explosive bullet served to transform a Zeppelin into a heap of scorched and twisted metal. This characteristic of hydrogen caused the failure of the Zeppelin raids.

Had the war lasted a few months longer, however, the work of American scientists would have made our counter-attack in the air a formidable one. At the signing of the armistice hundreds of cylinders of compressed helium lay at the docks ready for shipment abroad. Extracted from the natural gas of Texas wells by new and ingenious processes, this substitute for hydrogen, almost as light and absolutely uninflammable, produced in quantities of millions of cubic feet, would have made the dirigibles of the Allies masters of the air. The special properties of this remarkable gas, previously obtainable only in minute quantities, would have sufficed to reverse the situation.

Helium, as its name implies, is of solar origin. In 1868, when Lockyer first directed his spectroscope to the great flames or prominences that rise thousands of miles, sometimes hundreds of thousands, above the surface of the sun, he instantly identified the characteristic red and blue radiations of hydrogen. In the yellow, close to the position of the well-known double line of sodium, but not quite coincident with it, he detected a new line, of great brilliancy, extending to the highest levels. Its similarity in this respect with the line of hydrogen led him to recognize the existence of a new and very light gas, unknown to terrestrial chemistry.

Many years passed before any chemical laboratory on earth was able to match this product of the great laboratory of the sun. In 1896 Ramsay at last succeeded in separating helium, recognized by the same yellow line in its spectrum, in minute quantities from the mineral uraninite. Once available for study under electrical excitation in vacuum tubes, helium was found to have many other lines in its spectrum, which have been identified in the spectra of solar prominences, gaseous nebulæ, and hot stars. Indeed, there is a stellar class known as helium stars, because of the dominance of this gas in their atmospheres.

The chief importance of helium lies in

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the clue it has afforded to the constitution of matter and the transmutation of the elements. Radium and other radioactive substances, such as uranium, spontaneously emit negatively charged particles of extremely small mass (electrons), and also positively charged particles of much greater mass, known as alpha particles. Rutherford and Geiger actually succeeded in counting the number of alpha particles emitted per second by a known mass of radium, and showed that these were charged helium atoms.

To discuss more at length the extraordinary characteristics of helium, which plays so large a part in celestial affairs, would take us too far afield. Let us therefore pass to another case in which a fundamental discovery, this time in physics, was first foreshadowed by astronomical observation.

SUN-SPOTS AS MAGNETS

No archæologist, whether Young or Champollion deciphering the Rosetta Stone, or Rawlinson copying the cuneiform inscription on the cliff of Behistun, was ever faced by a more fascinating problem than that which confronts the solar physicist engaged in the interpretation of the hieroglyphic lines of sun-spot spectra. The colossal whirling storms that constitute sun-spots, so vast that the earth would make but a moment's scant mouthful for them, differ materially from the general light of the sun when examined with the spectroscope. Observing them visually many years ago, the late Professor Young, of Princeton, found among their complex features a number of double lines which he attributed, in harmony with the physical knowledge of the time, to the effect of "reversal" by superposed layers of vapors of different density and temperature. What he actually saw, however, as was proved at the Mount Wilson Observatory in 1908, was the effect of a powerful magnetic field on radiation, now known as the Zeeman effect.

Faraday was the first to detect the influence of magnetism on light. Between the poles of a large electromagnet, powerful for those days (1845), he placed a block of very dense glass. The plane of polarization of a beam of light, which passed unaffected through the glass before the switch was closed, was seen to rotate when the magnetic field was produced by the flow of the current. A similar rotation is now familiar in the well-known tests of sugars—lævulose and dextrose—which rotate plane-polarized light to left and right, respectively.

But in this first discovery of a relationship between light and magnetism Faraday had not taken the more important step that he coveted—to determine whether the vibration period of a light-emitting particle is subject to change in a magnetic field. He attempted this in 1862—the last experiment of his life. A sodium flame was placed between the poles of a magnet, and the yellow lines were watched in a spectroscope when the magnet was excited. No change could be detected, and none was found by subsequent investigators until Zeeman, of Leiden, with more powerful instruments made his famous discovery, the twenty-fifth anniversary of which is to be celebrated next October.

His method of procedure was similar to Faraday's, but his magnet and spectroscope were much more powerful, and a theory due to Lorentz, predicting the nature of the change to be expected, was available as a check on his results. When the current was applied the lines were seen to widen. In a still more powerful magnetic field each of them split into two components (when the observation was made along the lines of force), and the light of the components of each line was found to be circularly polarized in opposite directions. Strictly in harmony with Lorentz's theory, this splitting and polarization proved the presence in the luminous vapor of exactly such negatively charged electrons as had been indicated there previously by very different experimental methods.

In 1908 great cyclonic storms, or vortices, were discovered at the Mount Wilson Observatory centring in sun-spots. Such whirling masses of hot vapors, inferred from Sir Joseph Thomson's results to contain electrically charged particles, should give rise to a magnetic field. This hypothesis at once suggested that the double lines observed by Young might really represent the Zeeman effect. The

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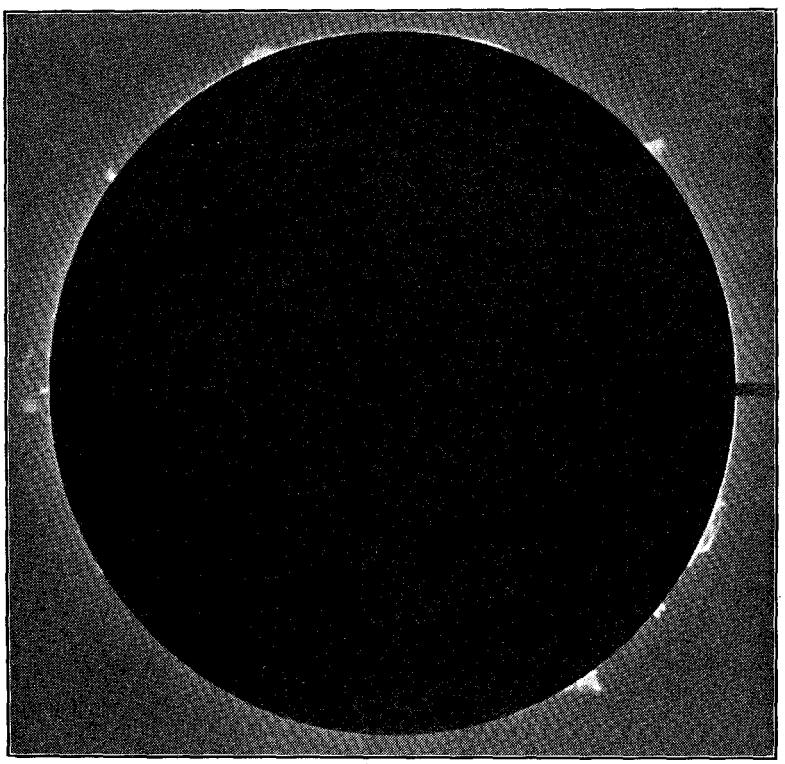
test was made, and all the characteristic phenomena of radiation in a magnetic field were found. Thus a great physical experiment is constantly being performed for us in the sun. Every great sun-spot contains a magnetic field covering hundreds of thousands of square miles, within



Solar prominences, photographed with the spectroheliograph without an eclipse.

In these luminous gaseous clouds, which sometimes rise to elevations exceeding half the sun's diameter, the new gas helium was discovered by Lockyer in 1868. Helium was not found on the earth until 1896. Since then it has been shown to be a prominent constituent of nebulæ and hot stars.

which the spectrum lines of iron, manganese, chromium, titanium, vanadium, calcium, and other metallic vapors are so powerfully affected that their widening and splitting can be seen with telescopes and spectroscopes of moderate size.

Both of these illustrations show how the physicist and chemist, when adequately armed for astronomical attack, can take advantage in their studies of the stupendous processes visible in cosmic crucibles, heated to high temperatures and influenced, as in the case of sun-spots, by intense magnetic fields. Certain modern instruments, like the sixty-foot and one-hundred-and-fifty-foot tower telescopes on Mount Wilson, are especially designed for observing the course of these experiments. The second of these telescopes produces at a fixed point in a laboratory an image of the sun about sixteen inches in diameter, thus enlarging the sun-spots to such a scale that the magnetic phenomena of their various parts can be separately studied. This analysis is accomplished with a spectroscope eighty feet in length, mounted in a subterranean chamber beneath the tower. The varied results of such investigations will be described in a later number of this magazine. Only one of them may be mentioned here—the discovery that the entire sun, rotating on its axis, is a great magnet. Hence we may reasonably infer that every star, and probably every planet, is also a magnet, as the earth has been known to be since the days of Gil-

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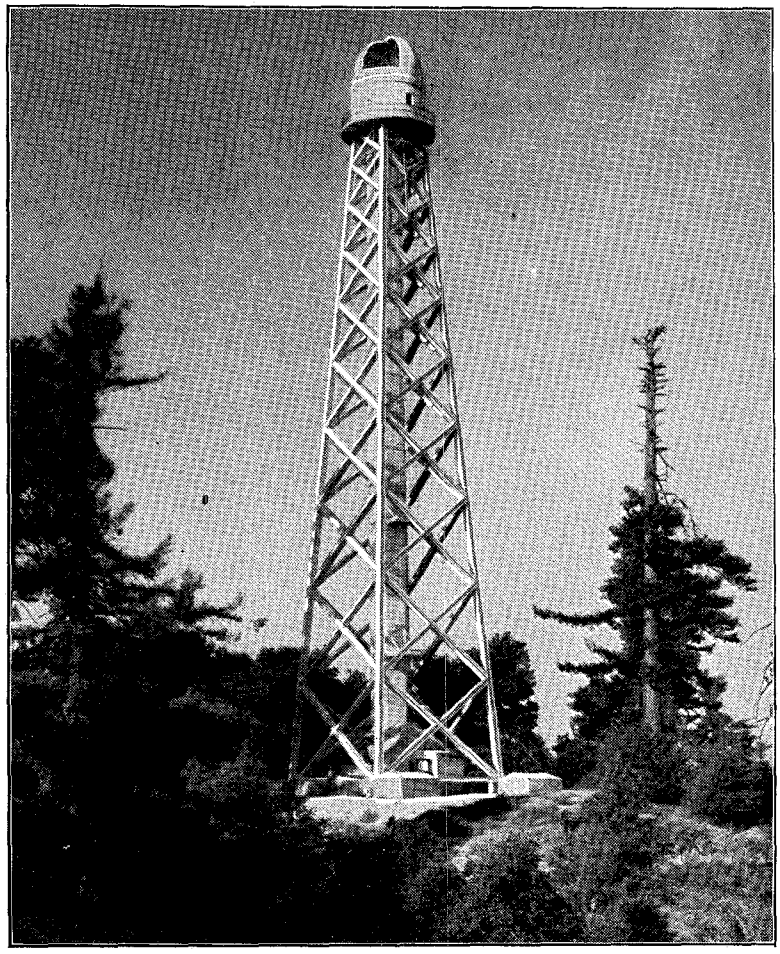

The 150-foot tower telescope of the Mount Wilson Observatory.

An image of the sun about 16 inches in diameter is formed in the laboratory at the base of the tower. Below this, in a well extending 80 feet into the earth, is the powerful spectroscope with which the magnetic fields in sun-spots and the general magnetic field of the sun are studied.

bert's "De Magnete." Here lies one of the best clues for the physicist who seeks the cause of magnetism, and attempts to produce it, as Barnett has recently succeeded in doing, by rapidly whirling masses of metal in the laboratory.

Perhaps a word of caution should be interpolated at this point. Solar magnetism in no wise accounts for the sun's gravitational power. Indeed, its attraction cannot be felt by the most delicate instruments at the distance of the earth, and would still be unknown were it not for the influence of magnetism on light.

Auroras, magnetic storms, and such electric currents as those that recently deranged several Atlantic cables are due, not to the magnetism of the sun or its spots, but probably to streams of electrons, shot out from highly disturbed areas of the solar surface surrounding great sun-spots, traversing ninety-three million miles of the ether of space, and penetrating deep into the earth's atmosphere. These striking phenomena lead us into another chapter of physics, which limitations of space forbid us to pursue.

STELLAR CHEMISTRY

Let us turn again to chemistry, and see where experiments performed in cosmic laboratories can serve as a guide to the

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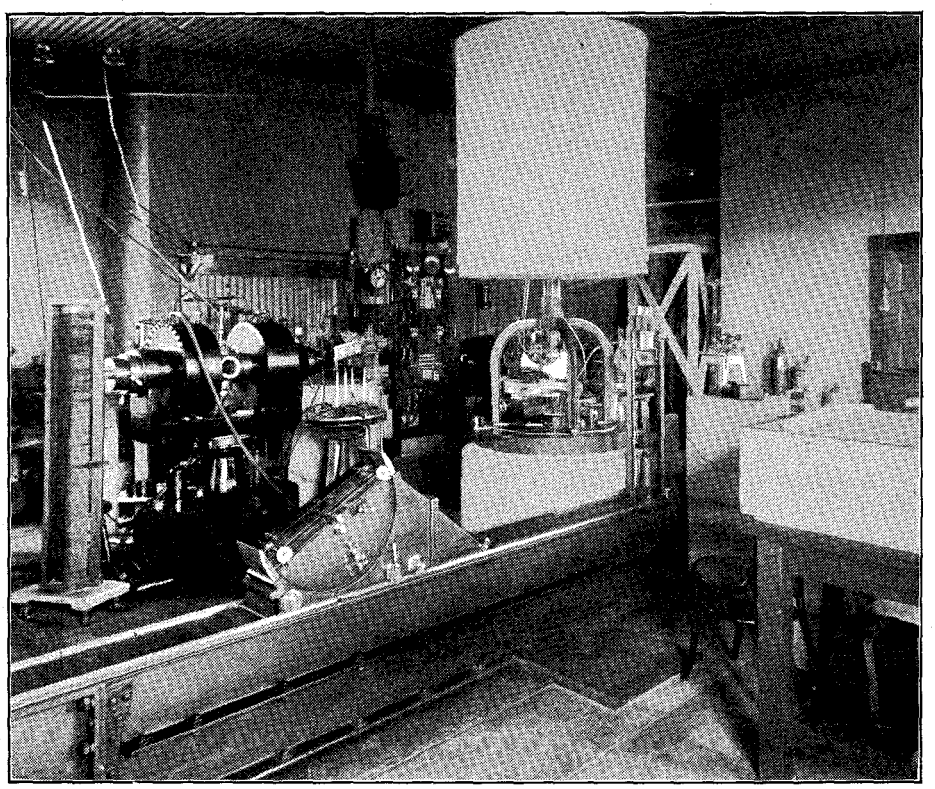
investigator. A spinning solar tornado, incomparably greater in scale than the devastating whirlwinds that so often cut narrow paths of destruction through town and country in the Middle West, gradually gives rise to a sun-spot. The ex-



Pasadena Laboratory of the Mount Wilson Observatory.

Showing the large magnet (on the left) and the spectroscopes used for the study of the effect of magnetism on radiation. A single line in the spectrum is split by the magnetic field into from three to twenty-one components, as illustrated on page 394. The corresponding lines in the spectra of sun-spots are split up in precisely the same way, thus indicating the presence of powerful magnetic fields in the sun.

pansion produced by the centrifugal force at the centre of the storm cools the intensely hot gases of the solar atmosphere to a point where chemical union can occur. Titanium and oxygen, too hot to combine in most regions of the sun, join to form the vapor of titanium oxide, characterized in the sun-spot spectrum by fluted bands, made up of hundreds of regularly spaced lines. Similarly magnesium and hydrogen combine as magnesium hydride, and calcium and hydrogen form calcium hydride. None of these compounds, stable at the high temperatures of sun-spots, has been much studied in the laboratory. The regions in which they exist, though cooler than the general atmosphere of the sun, are at temperatures of several thousand degrees, attained in our laboratories only with the aid of such devices as powerful electric furnaces.

It is interesting to follow our line of reasoning to the stars, which differ widely in temperature at various stages in their life-cycle.* A sun-spot is a solar tornado, wherein the intensely hot solar vapors are cooled by expansion, giving rise to the compounds already named. A red star, in our scheme of stellar evolution, is a cooler sun, vast in volume and far more tenuous than atmospheric air when in the

*See an article by the author on "Giant Stars" in the July number of this magazine.

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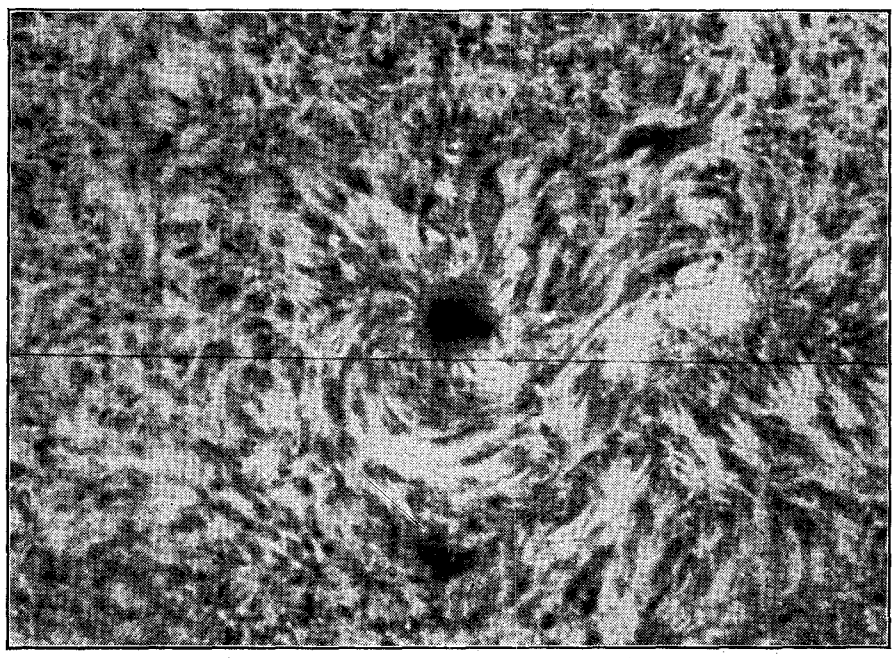
early or "giant" stage, but compressed and denser than water in the "dwarf" stage, into which our sun has already entered as it gradually approaches the last phases of its existence. Therefore we should find, throughout the entire atmosphere of such stars, some of the same compounds that are produced within the comparatively small limits of a sun-spot. This, of course, on the correct assumption that sun and stars are made of the same substances. Fowler has already identified the bands of titanium oxide in such red stars as the giant Betelgeuse, and in others of its class. It is safe to predict that an interesting chapter in the chemistry of the future will be based upon the study of such compounds, both in the laboratory and under the progressive temperature conditions afforded by the countless stellar "giants" and "dwarfs" that precede and follow the solar state.

It is precisely in this long sequence of physical and chemical changes that the astrophysicist and the astrochemist can find the means of pushing home their attack. It is true, of course, that the laboratory investigator has a great advantage in his ability to control his experiments, and to vary their progress at will. But by judicious use of the transcendental temperatures, far outranging those of his furnaces, and (to name no other) the extreme electrical conditions, which he thus far cannot imitate, afforded by the sun, stars, and nebulæ, he may greatly widen the range of his inquiries. The sequence of phenomena seen during the growth of a sun-spot, or the observation of spots of different sizes, and the long series of successive steps that mark the rise and decay of stellar life, correspond to the changes that the experimenter brings about as he increases and diminishes the current in the coils of his magnet or raises and lowers the temperature of his electric furnace, examining from time to time the spectrum of the glowing vapors, and noting the changes shown by the varying appearance of their lines.

Astronomical observations of this character, it should be noted, are most effective when constantly tested and interpreted by laboratory experiment. Indeed, a modern astrophysical observatory should be equipped like a great physical



Sun-spot vortex in the upper hydrogen atmosphere.

Photographed with the spectroheliograph. The electric vortex that causes the magnetic field of the spot lies at a lower level, and is not shown by such photographs.

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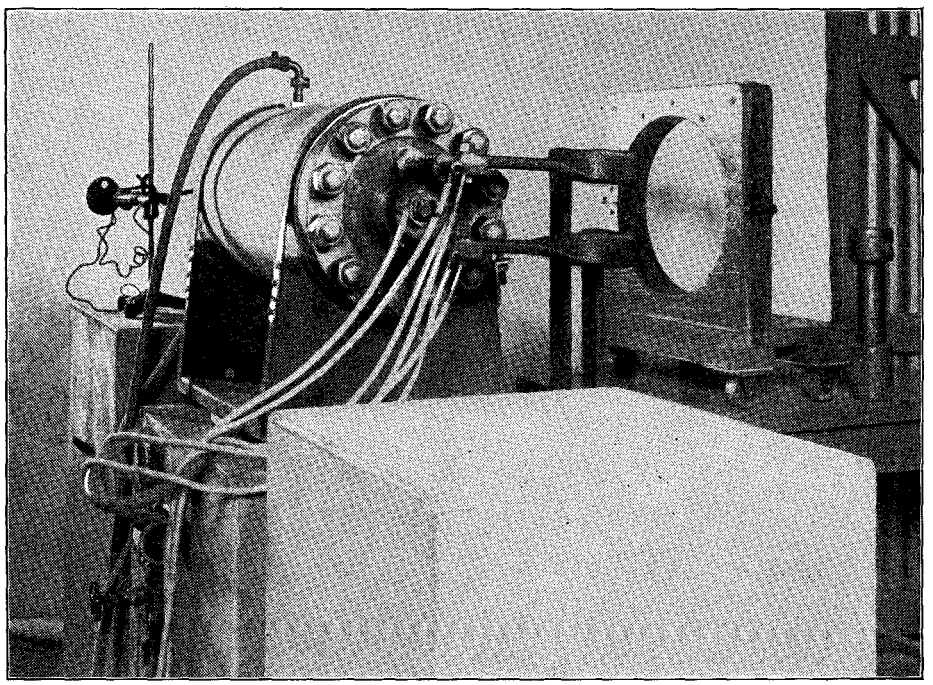
laboratory, provided on the one hand with telescopes and accessory apparatus of the greatest attainable power, and on the other with every device known to the investigator of radiation and the related physical and chemical phenomena. Its telescopes, especially designed with the aims of the physicist and chemist in view, bring images of sun, stars, nebulæ and other heavenly bodies within the reach of powerful spectroscopes, sensitive bolometers and thermopiles, and the long array of other appliances available for the measurement and analysis of radiation. Its electric furnaces, arcs, sparks, and vacuum tubes, its apparatus for increasing and decreasing pressure, varying chemical conditions, and subjecting luminous gases and vapors to the influence of electric and magnetic fields, provide the means of imitating celestial phenomena, and of repeating and interpreting the experiments observed at the telescope. And the advantage thus derived, as we have seen, is not confined to the astronomer, who has often been able, by making fundamental physical and chemical discoveries, to repay his debt to the physicist and chemist for the apparatus and methods which he owes to them.



Electric furnace in the Pasadena laboratory of the Mount Wilson Observatory.
With which the chemical phenomena observed in sun-spots and red stars are experimentally imitated.

NEWTON AND EINSTEIN

Take, for another example, the greatest law of physics—Newton's law of gravitation. Huge balls of lead, as used by Cavendish, produce by their gravitational effect a minute rotation of a delicately suspended bar, carrying smaller balls at its extremities. But no such feeble means sufficed for Newton's purpose. To prove the law of gravitation he had recourse to the tremendous pull on the moon of the entire mass of the earth, and then extended his researches to the mutual attractions of all the bodies of the solar system. Later Herschel applied this law to the suns which constitute double stars, and to-day Adams observes from Mount Wilson stars falling with great velocity toward the centre of the

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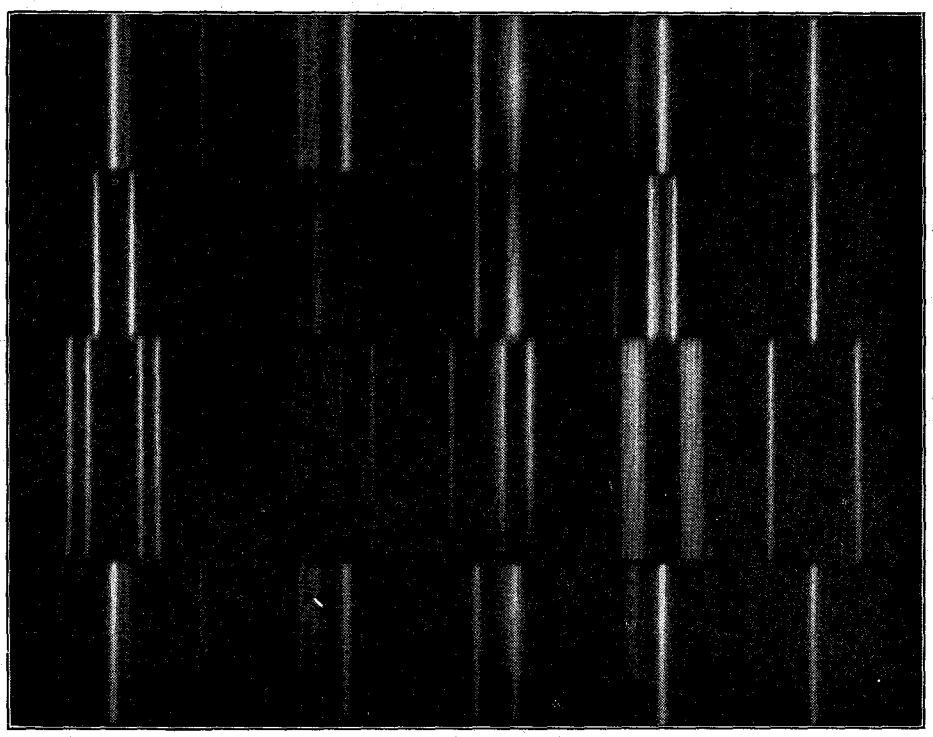
galactic system under the combined pull of the millions of objects that compose it. Thus full advantage has been taken of the possibility of utilizing the great masses of the heavenly bodies for the discovery and application of a law of physics and its reciprocal use in explaining celestial motions.

high altitudes. All of the three chief tests of Einstein's general theory are astronomical—because of the great masses required to produce the minute effects observed: the motion of the perihelion of Mercury, the deflection of the light of a star by the attraction of the sun, and the shift of the lines of the solar spectrum



Splitting of spectrum lines by a magnetic field.

The upper and lower strips show lines in the spectrum of chromium, observed without a magnetic field. When subjected to the influence of magnetism, these single lines are split into several components. Thus the first line on the right is resolved by the field into three components, one of which (plane polarized) appears in the second strip, while the other two, which are polarized in a plane at right angles to that of the middle component, are shown on the third strip. The next line is split by the magnetic field into twelve components, four of which appear in the second strip and eight in the third. The magnetic fields in sun-spots affect these lines in precisely the same way.

Or consider the Einstein theory of relativity, the truth or falsity of which is no less fundamental to physics. Its inception sprang from the Michelson-Morley experiment, made in a basement laboratory in Cleveland, which showed that motion of the earth through the ether of space could not there be detected. This experiment is now being repeated by Miller on the summit of Mount Wilson to determine whether the absence of relative motion of earth and ether, as observed at low levels, is equally true at

toward the red—questions not yet completely answered.

But it is in the study of the constitution of matter and the evolution of the elements, the deepest and most critical problem of physics and chemistry, that the extremes of pressure and temperature in the heavenly bodies, and the prevalence of other physical conditions not yet successfully imitated on earth, promise the greatest progress. It fortunately happens that astrophysical research is

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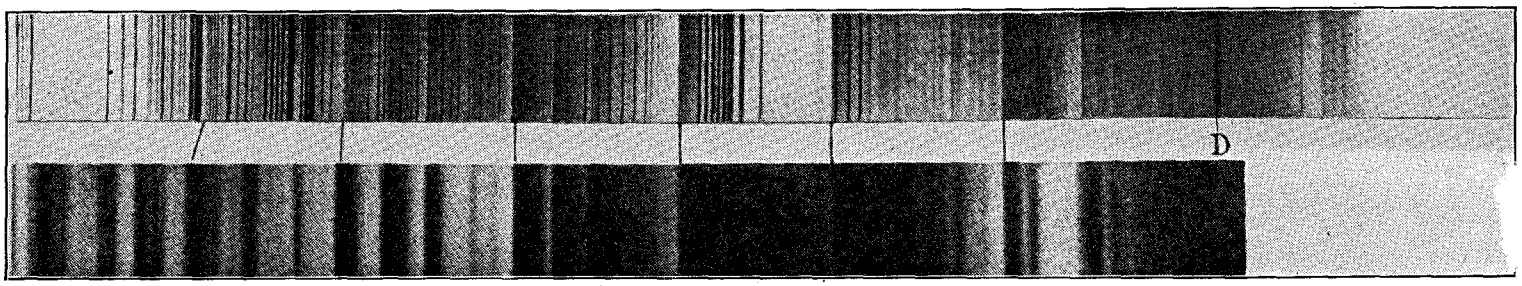
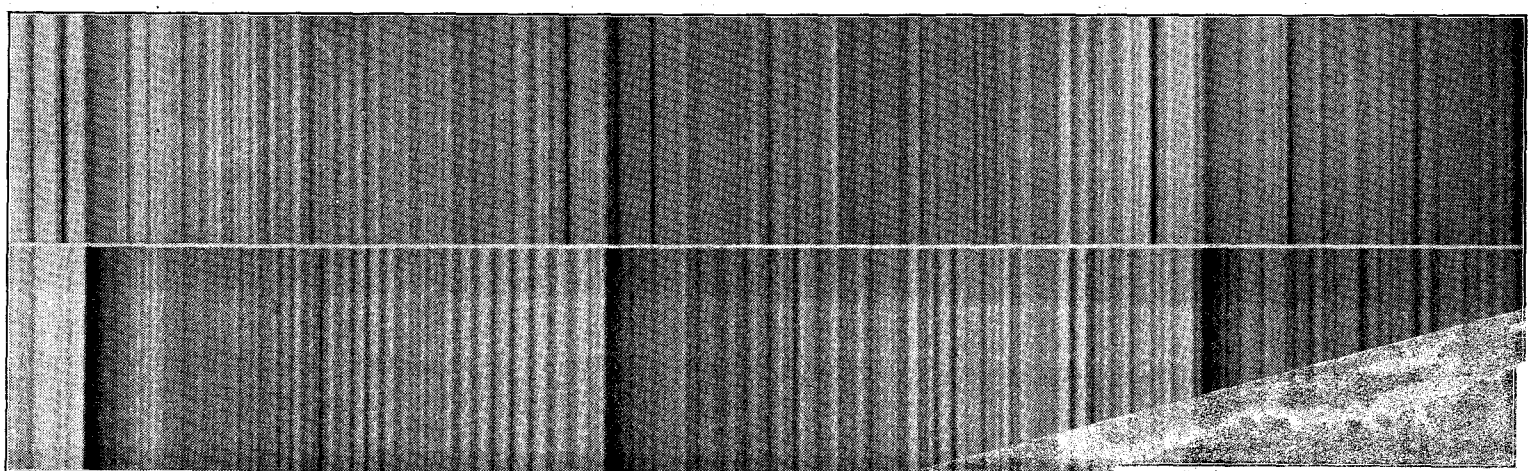


Titanium oxide in red stars.

The upper spectrum is that of titanium in the flame of the electric arc, where its combination with oxygen gives rise to the bands of titanium oxide (Fowler). The lower strip shows the spectrum of the red star Mira (Omicron Ceti), as drawn at Stonyhurst. The bands of titanium oxide are clearly present in the star.



Titanium oxide in sun-spots.

The upper strip shows a portion of the spectrum of a sun-spot; the lower one the corresponding region of the spectrum of titanium oxide. ...e fluted bands of the oxide spectrum are easily identified in the spot, where they indicate that titanium and oxygen, too hot to combine in the solar atmosphere, unite in the spot becau... of the cooling produced by expansion in the vortex.

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now at the very apex of its development, founded as it is upon many centuries of astronomical investigation, rejuvenated by the introduction into the observatory of all the modern devices of the physicist, and strengthened with instruments of truly extraordinary range and power. These instruments bring within reach experiments that are in progress on some minute region of the sun's disk, or in some star too distant even to be glimpsed with ordinary telescopes. Indeed, the huge astronomical lenses and mirrors now available serve for these remote light-sources exactly the purpose of the lens or mirror employed by the physicist to project upon the slit of his spectroscope the image of a spark or arc or vacuum tube within which atoms and molecules are exposed to the influence of the electric discharge. The physicist has the advantage of complete control over the experimental conditions, while the astrophysicist must observe and interpret the experiments performed for him in remote laboratories. In actual practice, the two classes of work must be done in the closest conjunction, if adequate utilization is to be made of either. And this is only natural, for the trend of recent research has made clear the fact that one of the three greatest problems of modern astronomy and astrophysics, ranking with the structure of the universe and the evolution of celestial bodies, is the constitution of matter. Let us see why this is so.

TRANSMUTATION OF THE ELEMENTS

The dream of the alchemist was to transmute one element into another, with the prime object of producing gold. Such transmutation has been actually accomplished within the last few years, but the process is invariably one of disintegration—the more complex elements being broken up into simpler constituents. Much remains to be done in this same direction; and here the stars and nebulæ, which show the spectra of the elements under a great variety of conditions, should help to point the way. The progressive changes in spectra, from the exclusive indications of the simple elements hydrogen, helium, nitrogen, possibly carbon, and the terrestrially unknown gas nebulium in the gaseous nebulæ, to the long list of familiar substances, including several chemical compounds, in the red stars, may prove to be fundamentally significant when adequately studied from the standpoint of the investigator of atomic structure. The existing evidence seems to favor the view, recently expressed by Saha, that many of these differences are due to varying degrees of ionization, the outer electrons of the atoms being split off by high temperature or electrical excitation. It is even possible that cosmic crucibles, unrivalled by terrestrial ones, may help materially to reveal the secret of the formation of complex elements from simpler ones. Physicists now believe that all of the elements are compounded of hydrogen atoms, bound together by negative electrons. Thus helium is made up of four hydrogen atoms, yet the atomic weight of helium (4) is less than four times that of hydrogen (1.008). The difference may represent the mass of the electrical energy released when the transmutation occurred.

Eddington has speculated in a most interesting way on this possible source of stellar heat in his recent presidential address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science (see *Nature*, September 2, 1920). He points out that the old contraction hypothesis, according to which the source of solar and stellar heat was supposed to reside in the slow condensation of a radiating mass of gas under the action of gravity, is wholly inadequate to explain the observed phenomena. If the old view were correct, the earlier history of a star, from the giant stage of a cool and diaphanous gas to the period of highest temperature, would be run through within eighty thousand years, whereas we have the best of evidence that many thousands of centuries would not suffice. Some other source of energy is imperatively needed. If 5 per cent of a star's mass consists originally of hydrogen atoms, which gradually combine in the slow process of time to form more complex elements, the total heat thus liberated would more than suffice to account for all demands, and it would be unnecessary to assume the existence of any other source of heat.

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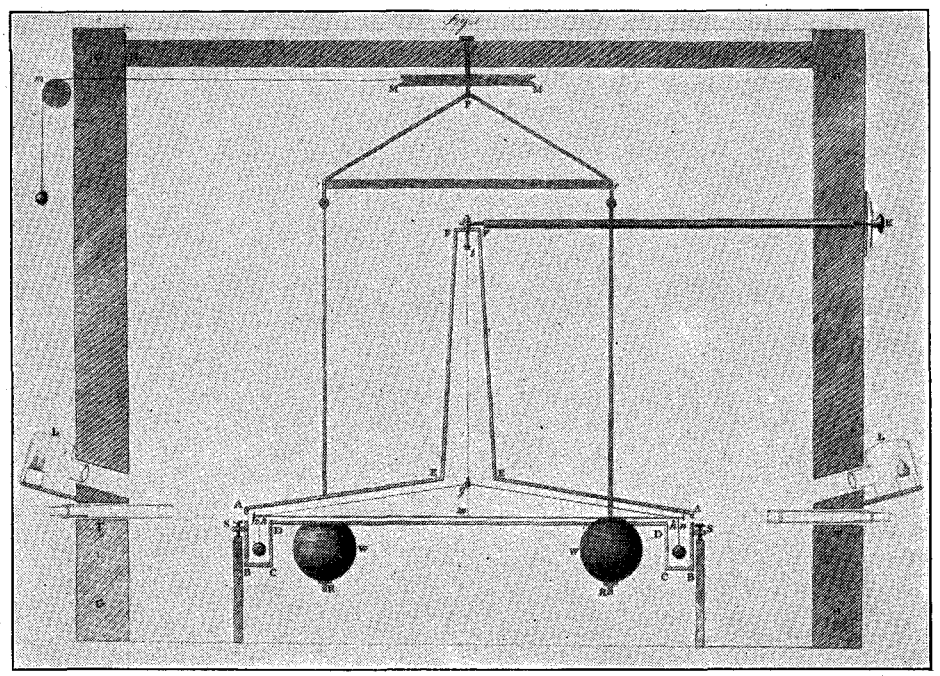
COSMIC PRESSURES

This, it may fairly be said, is very speculative, but the fact remains that celestial bodies appear to be the only places in which the complex elements may be in actual process of formation from their known source—hydrogen. At least we only a few thousand degrees, but vastly higher temperatures must prevail at their centres. In passing up the temperature curve more and more elements appear, the surface temperature rises, and the internal temperature may reach millions of degrees. At the same time the pressure within must also rise, reaching



The Cavendish experiment.

Two lead balls, each two inches in diameter, are attached to the ends of a torsion rod six feet long, which is suspended by a fine wire. The experiment consists in measuring the rotation of the suspended system, caused by the gravitational attraction of two lead spheres, each twelve inches in diameter, acting on the two small lead balls.

may see what a vast variety of physical conditions these cosmic crucibles afford. At one end of the scale we have the excessively tenuous nebulæ, the luminosity of which, mysterious in its origin, resembles the electric glow in our vacuum tubes. Here we can detect only the lightest and simplest of the elements. In the giant stars, also extremely tenuous (the density of Betelgeuse can hardly exceed one thousandth of an atmosphere) we observe the spectra of iron, manganese, titanium, calcium, chromium, magnesium, vanadium, and sodium, in addition to titanium oxide. The outer part of these bodies, from which light reaches us, must therefore be at a temperature of enormous figures in the last stages of stellar life. Cook has calculated that the pressure at the centre of the earth is between 4,000 and 10,000 tons per square inch, and this must be only a very small fraction of that attained within larger celestial bodies. Jeans has computed the pressure at the centre of two colliding stars as they strike and flatten, and finds it may be of the order of 1,000,000,000 tons per square inch—sufficient, if their diameter be equal to that of the sun—to vaporize them 100,000 times over.

Compare these pressures with the highest that can be produced on earth. If the German gun that bombarded Paris were loaded with a solid steel projectile of

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suitable dimensions, a muzzle velocity of 6,000 feet per second could be reached. Suppose this to be fired into a tapered hole in a great block of steel. The instantaneous pressure, according to Cook, would be about 7,000 tons per square inch, only $\frac{1}{150000}$ of that possible through the collision of the largest stars.

Finally, we may compare the effects of light pressure on the earth and stars. Twenty years ago Nichols succeeded, with the aid of the most sensitive apparatus, in measuring the minute displacements produced by the pressure of light. The effect is so slight, even with the brightest light-sources available, that great experimental skill is required to measure it. Yet in the case of some of the larger stars Eddington calculates that one-half of their mass is supported by radiation pressure, and this against their enormous gravitational attraction. In fact, if their mass were as great as ten times that of the sun, the radiation pressure would so nearly overcome the pull of gravitation that they would be likely to break up.

But enough has been said to illustrate the wide variety of experimental devices that stand at our service in the laboratories of the heavens. Here the physicist and chemist of the future will more and more frequently supplement their experimental apparatus, and find new clues to the complex problems which the amazing progress of recent years has already done so much to solve.

PRACTICAL VALUE OF RESEARCHES ON THE CONSTITUTION OF MATTER

The layman has no difficulty in recognizing the practical value of researches directed toward the improvement of the incandescent lamp or the increased efficiency of the telephone. He can see the results in the greatly decreased cost of electric illumination and the rapid extension of the range of the human voice. But the very men who have made these advances, those who have succeeded beyond all expectation in accomplishing the economic purpose in view, are most emphatic in their insistence upon the importance of research of a more fundamental character. Thus Vice-President J. J. Carty, of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, who directs its great Department of Development and Research, and Doctor W. J. Whitney, Director of the Research Laboratory of the General Electric Company, have repeatedly expressed their indebtedness to the investigations of the physicist, made with no thought of immediate practical return. Faraday, studying the laws of electricity, discovered the principle which rendered the dynamo possible. Maxwell, Henry, and Hertz, equally unconcerned with material advantage, made wireless telegraphy practicable. In fact, all truly great advances are thus derived from fundamental science, and the future progress of the world will be largely dependent upon the provision made for scientific research, especially in the fields of physics and chemistry, which underlie all branches of engineering.

The constitution of matter, therefore, instead of appealing as a subject of research only to the natural philosopher or to the general student of science, is a question of the greatest practical concern. Already the by-products of investigations directed toward its elucidation have been numerous and useful in the highest degree. Helium has been already cited; X-rays hardly require mention; radium, which has so materially aided sufferers from cancer, is still better known. Wireless telephony and transcontinental telephony with wires were both rendered possible by studies of the nature of the electric discharge in vacuum tubes. Thus the "practical man," with his distrust of "pure" science, need not resent investments made for the purpose of advancing our knowledge of such fundamental subjects as physics and chemistry. On the contrary, if true to his name, he should help to multiply them many fold in the interest of economic and commercial development.

Since the above article was written a plan for a comprehensive attack on the constitution of matter, in which the joint resources of physicists, chemists, and astronomers will be united, has been perfected, and in large measure financed. The California Institute of Technology, recognizing that the greatest need of modern industry is an adequate supply

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The Trifid Nebula in Sagittarius.

The gas "nebulium," not yet found on the earth, is the most characteristic constituent of irregular nebulæ. Nebulium is recognized by two green lines in its spectrum, which cause the green color of nebulæ of the gaseous type.

of men trained for research in physics and chemistry, has made special provision for advanced study and investigation in these fields. To render this possible, Doctor Norman Bridge has provided funds for a large physical laboratory, now nearing completion, for a second unit of the laboratory as soon as it may be needed, and for an extensive collection of books on physics. The Southern California Edison Company has also provided a special high-tension laboratory, where

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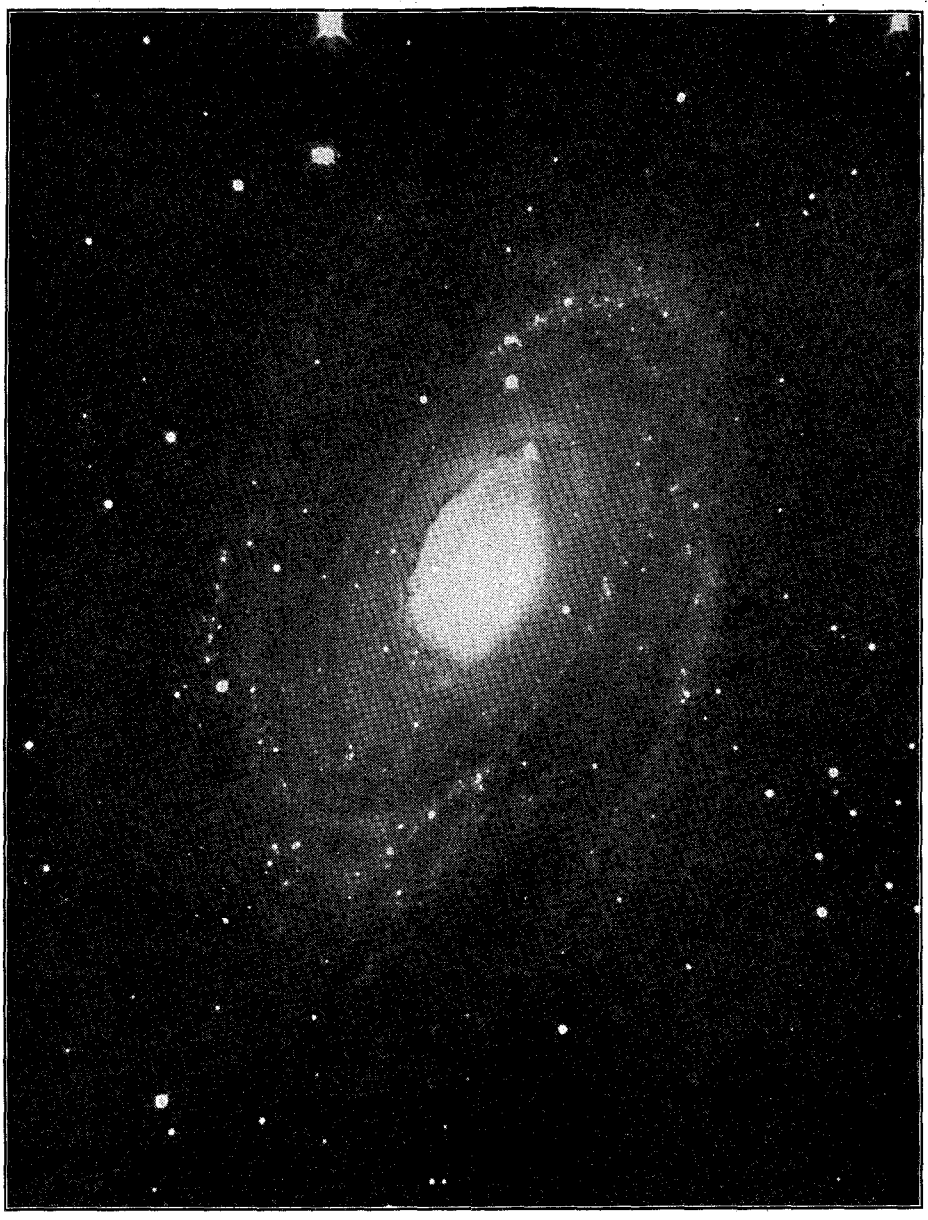

Spiral nebula in the constellation Ursa Major.

Luminous matter, in every variety of physical and chemical state, is available for study in the most diverse celestial objects, from the spiral and irregular nebulæ through all the types of stars. Doctor van Maanen's measures of the Mount Wilson photographs indicate outward motion along the arms of spiral nebulæ, while the spectroscope shows them to be whirling at enormous velocities.

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a 100-kilowatt transformer, built for the highest voltage attainable (perhaps a million volts), will be erected. Large gifts have recently been added to the endowment fund of the California Institute. Provision for the proposed investigation on the constitution of matter and the nature of radiation will be made from this fund and from other gifts which the trustees expect to secure. The Institute will also provide the resources of the Gates Chemical Laboratory, which is well equipped for research. On the astronomical side, the equipment of the Mount Wilson Observatory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, with its six powerful telescopes on Mount Wilson, and its physical laboratories, offices, and shops in Pasadena, within two miles of the California Institute, will be available.

The work will be done under the direction of Doctor Robert A. Millikan, widely known for his researches at the University of Chicago on the electron and the constitution of matter, who has just been elected Director of the Norman Bridge Physical Laboratory; Doctor Arthur A. Noyes, formerly Director of the Research Laboratory of Physical Chemistry and Acting President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, now Director of the Gates Chemical Laboratory; and the writer, as Director of the Mount Wilson Observatory. The large research staffs of the three laboratories comprise many well-known investigators, and these will be supplemented by others brought from various institutions in this country and abroad. Among these Research Associates, Professor A. A. Michelson is already at work at Mount Wilson on the velocity of light, and is about to determine, by a new method, whether there is any evidence of relative motion of the earth through the ether—the same question which Professor Miller is also retesting at Mount Wilson by repeating the Michelson-Morley experiment. Professor Russell, of Princeton, whose theory of giant and dwarf stars was outlined in the July number of this magazine, is another Research Associate now dealing at Mount Wilson with some of the astronomical aspects of the constitution of matter. Others of equal eminence, including physicists, mathematicians, chemists, and astrophysicists, will soon be enlisted in the joint attack.

In addition to the scientific personnel and exceptional equipment available for this undertaking, the site selected offers advantages rarely combined in a single region. Many physical experiments, some of which have been mentioned, must be performed at various altitudes in order to attain results that are free from possible suspicion. Thus Silberstein believes that at low levels the ether may be regarded as moving with the earth, while at an altitude of two or three miles the full effect of drift due to the earth's motion through the fixed ether should be apparent. If so, the whole Einstein theory must be abandoned. To test this question experiments may be performed within easy reach of Pasadena at altitudes up to twelve thousand feet. In some of these experiments, and in others like Michelson's present work on the velocity of light, the remarkable steadiness of the atmosphere, which led to the establishment of the Observatory on Mount Wilson, is no less necessary for physical than for astronomical "good seeing." Associated with this is the very low wind velocity, which will be especially useful in upper air experiments at the Army Balloon School near Pasadena, where drifting and captive balloons are available for instrument platforms, often needed in the free air away from mountains. Finally, the mild climate, the great amount of sunshine, and the long periods of very dry weather needed for critical experiments on static electricity will each serve a useful purpose in the work projected.

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WINGED SANDALS

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

"Winged sandals for my feet I wove of my delay."
—*William Vaughn Moody.*

ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN AND ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HARRY TOWNSEND

THE judge's roadster flashed in through the gateway and was lost to sight where the drive ran through copper beeches of the Sussex country place. The tall boy in white flannels, sprawled over the lawn, sat up as the horn sounded and shoved away a shower of little dogs with both hands to regard the car, as the car hid the stone balls topping the pillars. "His Honor," he stated, and five wildly excited West Highland puppies were upon him as he dropped back, at the word, recumbent. The judge, speeding past a moment later, heard the shrill staccato barking above the noise of his engine, and took note of the furious vortex of white motion, boy and dogs.

"Bobby's home for the week-end. Teasing the pups again." He smiled; what Bobby did was likely to cause the judge to smile.

The small formalities of arrival being over, and the fact ascertained that the mistress was not yet in for tea, the judge had barely disposed himself with his newspapers, which were interesting reading this 7th day of April, 1917, when Bobby strolled in. He seated himself as one assured of a claim above journals.

"Your Honor," he flung at his father, quite as simply as men were that day flinging other grenades, "your Honor, why my name?"

The judge's even pulse missed a beat. And the next beat was a distressing affair; and the two or three after. "What do you mean, Bobby?" But he knew.'

, This story is Dedicated to an American aviator, CAPTAIN LUCIEN HALE, of Fayetteville, New York. He successfully fought alone the sky battle described against eleven German Fokker aeroplanes, and received for that action a decoration from the hands of the Prince of Wales. No tribute could be enough for so glorious a deed, but this story is offered, with admiration beyond words, in appreciation and pride from a fellow American.

"Oh, I say." The boy grinned in remonstrance.

The judge temporized no more. "So somebody's been fitting together?" he inquired.

Bobby nodded: "Geoff Peace. This morning the men down at Cambridge were talking about America coming in, don't you know, and Geoff said I——"

"I'd rather not know what Geoff said," the judge interrupted. "What did you say?"

"Gorry, I told 'em to go to blazes, sir; and that there was nothing to it, of course. They let it go at that. But I got thinking. It's a queer one, don't you know, and you must have had some reason, you and the mater. I can't remember that I've ever heard what. The others—John for you, and Curzon for grandfather, and Leslie for Uncle Les—I seem to know all of that, but not mine. I've never known."

"Have you ever asked?" suggested the father.

"I don't know that I ever gave a hang," admitted the boy easily, gazing at his swinging white shoe-tip. "But with this American excitement it's—well, it's a queer name to have, don't you know, of a 6th or 7th of April, 1917. Tell me about it, your Honor."

So the judge told him. Sitting there, the two of them in the large, dim room, with curtains blowing softly,—for the day was warm as summer,—and windows were open; with the sharp barking of the mob of little West Highlanders punctuating the quiet sentences, the judge told his youngest and dearest son a thing which he had dreaded to tell him.

"Your mother didn't like doing it," he ended, "but she named the other three, and I wanted this. It seemed disloyal not."

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"Disloyal! Funny word!" It was an odd laugh for Bobby. It was bitter. "So that's why you named me after a——"

The judge's hand shot out. The boy looked up with his sudden, winning grin.

"I was going to say a skunk," he explained.

For all of his genuine displeasure the judge laughed. "Bobby!" He always laughed when the boy broke into that Puck-like grin. Then he sobered. "His own blood mustn't say the word that was in your mind. Remember, if it hadn't been for one single sin, you couldn't have had a prouder inheritance. He was everything—brave, brilliant, splendidly handsome to look at, large-hearted, self-effacing. And he was cruelly treated. Read history, Bobby; see how many times he forgave slights and insults from cheap men because of his loyalty; how many times he let others reap where he sowed. There was everything to be proud of in him, if——"

"If!" Bobby repeated it concisely, and laughed again, the new, cynical laugh which his father had never heard before.

"He was my father's grandfather," the judge said with dignity, "and not one of his children, or his children's children, have carried his name, to the third and fourth generation. So I gave it to you. The name of a brave gentleman who suffered for one sin beyond most great sinners of history."

The long figure in the big chair was motionless. The judge waited. This lad, immature, irresponsible, this happy-go-lucky lad who, with latent strong qualities of brain and character barely breaking the easy-going surface now and again, had never waked to reality; who at seventeen was care-free as a child of twelve—this light-hearted, dear lad must speak now. The judge wondered how he would take it; he feared a bit to see it thrown aside as the boy threw his sweaters on the lawn of a hot day. He rather hoped that he would show depth enough to be upset a little. At length the boy spoke.

"Of course," he said, "this leaves just one play for me."

"One play?"

"Why, yes. It's up to me now to—to redeem."

"To redeem—what?"

"Oh, my word!" the lad flung back. "The name. My blooming name that you gave me, of course. I can't muddle along through life named"—he shuddered a bit—"*that* without doing something about it. I've got to jump in and get—self-respect. I can't—breathe—named that. Not till I've put a new slant on it."

The judge felt a sudden ache in his soul. "You feel that I did you an injustice?"

"Injustice? Rath-*er!*" The lad glowered up at high rows of books on the wall opposite. "I've got to go off now—to fight. I didn't much like waiting till I was eighteen, anyhow. But this settles it. I can't sit back on your good name—now. It's my job to do one for myself."

"Bobby," his father spoke, and paternal, judicial authority was nowhere in his voice; he was pleading as if for life; for a life more valuable than his own. "Bobby, don't insist, my boy. We've sent three sons into the service; it will go hard with your mother, with me, to let you go so young."

"Young!" exploded the boy. "Youth is nothing. I'm as strong as an ox." He doubled an arm, and big muscles stood out.

The judge temporized. "It will take time to get you a commission in the right regiment."

"Regiment!" Bobby burst out again. "British regiment, you mean?"

"Where else?"

The boy rose, plunging long hands into his breeches pockets. "You don't understand, your Honor," he said. "You haven't got a sniff of what I'm driving at." He frowned a moment. "I'll take overnight," he said. "I've got to be clear in my mind, and then I'll talk to you, if I may. To-morrow, your Honor." He shot about and with lithe stride was out of the room. But in half a minute he was in again. "History books?" he inquired, his eyes wandering about the walls of shelves. "Where's the stuff I need? Oh, over there."

The judge watched as his son studied titles of volumes, pulling out first one and

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then another. "You're giving yourself a bit of reading for overnight," he commented.

"I read fast," answered the boy. "I think I'll manage it, sir. I never took stock in history before, but now— Gorry, but I'm interested." He turned again, arms piled with volumes, and the judge listened, staring at an empty doorway, to the light tread of tennis-shoes as he went away down the hall.

Next day the judge waited in the library to hear that elastic step come back to him. Bobby had said at lunch: "Will you talk to me for half an hour before tea, your Honor?" So he waited. And the step came. And the boy drew up a chair and sat, his blond head against dark carving, regarding his father, a bit pale, a bit tense.

"Your Honor, I've fought it out. You mustn't try to balk me, please, for it's going to be done my way. There's nothing to it but this: I'm going into the American service."

"The American service!" The judge repeated the words in amazement. "The American—why, for heaven's sake, the American service?"

"If you'll think a minute, likely you'll know." Facing the youthful, grim face, he thought. It was evident he knew. "It's extraordinarily far-fetched, that fancy," he retorted after a moment's silence. "I see, of course, how you're reasoning. But it's false reasoning. It's far-fetched and quixotic."

"I didn't sleep a wink last night," stated Bobby, offering no connection for the fact with his father's argument.

"You—you were thinking this over?" The judge's voice was gentle.

"I was thinking it out. It's thought out. I read the whole blooming story. All the versions. I know what he did. I know what I've got to do. I want to do it with your and the mater's permission, your Honor. But I've got to do it anyhow."

The judge, facing this baby of yesterday, was aware slowly that he faced a man. And through this reluctant perception, through the shock of the loss of a child, shot a throb of pride that he was giving the world, rising from the ashes of his lazy, dear lad, a man of brain and courage and will. There was no more argument between them.

"Go to your mother, my dear, and tell her," spoke the judge brokenly.

His family, who had considered him the most social of characters, would not have known Bobby at Ellington Field. With the young daredevils of the aviation

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"You're giving yourself a bit of reading for overnight."—Page 404.

training-camp he was on friendly terms; with none was he intimate. He kept to himself, working more untiringly, more eagerly, than any one of them, catching the spirit and the subtleties of his supremely daring trade with a brilliancy, yet with a caution, which drew the notice of his instructors.

"You're not going to let yourself get killed, are you?" Captain Young smiled at him, when he had handled an aeroplane one day with amazing courage, yet amazing carefulness.

"If I can help it, not before I've put over the job I've cut out for myself, sir. Rather not," grinned Bobby, with the contagious young cheerfulness which made him a favorite in spite of his close-mouthed ways.

The captain grinned back. "'Rather not!'" he repeated. "What's a British accent like yours doing in a training-camp over here, anyway?" demanded the captain.

"Ah, that's a secret," answered Bobby, as he always did answer this frequent question. "But I'm a good little American, you see, sir. That's why I don't want to get bumped off. I've a bit of a job to do for America that's quite nec'ss'ry sir, first."

"Well, you're a good airman," asserted the captain, "and quite right to save yourself for a purpose, if killing Germans is it. Go to it, son"; and turned to the next, who was a native of western New York, and said "Gerrman" and "warr" with a horrid nasal burr, in sharp contrast with the conspicuous clear accent of Bobby.

There was a brief space of bad uneasiness when it looked as if the lad, because he had worked so hard and so successfully, might be kept as instructor in some flying-

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camp on this side. But the danger of such a shelving, dreaded by all the bold and aggressive youngsters, passed for this one, and in a shorter time than common he was in France. The American air-service was, as all Americans know, not a credit to any one, and it was a French "ship" in which the boy made his flights. More quickly than he had dared to hope he had brought down his five German planes, and was an ace. And immediately after that he crashed coming home from a flight, luckily behind his own lines, and was hurt, and from the hospital in England was sent, wires being pulled, to his home to get well. He was ill enough when they moved him down with infinite care to Baring-Coppers, and the journey was all but too much. They laid him in his own bed in his own old, airy room, and the sunset streamed in, carrying some of the bronze light of the ancient beech woodland. His mother, glad, terrified, sat with him when the doctor had gone, and the nurse was resting, and the boy lay ethereal in the white bed, and the low rays stained a glory about him.

Suddenly he sat up, wild-eyed, his very fair hair, grown too long in his illness, standing in all directions as it used, not so long ago, when he came in, a tired, dirty, shouting little fellow, with dogs leaping and barking about him. He looked not much older now, his mother thought. He wasn't much older—eighteen. A mere eight years ago he had been her noisy little boy, her baby.

"Mother!" he cried at her wildly.

"Yes, Bobby."

"Bobby!" He grinned with a quaint and faun-like twist of face which had always made his laughter irresistible. "Bobby!" he repeated. "You call me Bobby!"

"We always have, love. It's your only name in the family; I—didn't like the name father gave you. So we always called you—just Bobby."

"My only name in the family." He said it again. "But I've got another name, mother."

"Yes, dear." She bent over his hand, stroking it.

"Some day maybe you won't have to dodge my real name. Maybe you'll call me by it and be proud. By George, you *shall!* I'll make that name as good as new—by George, I *will!*" He lifted his strong young neck and shot out a clinched fist.

"Oh, be careful, dear! Be quiet, or you'll tear the wound."

"The wound!" He laughed and she knew that a touch of delirium was on him. The laugh was queer and unbalanced. He went on wildly, saying things which a boy's reserve would have kept unsaid. "What's one wound? Only a beginning. Before it's redeemed I've got to be wounded and wounded—and wounded. Don't you see? Don't you understand, old dear? Only all of my blood can swab out that stain. I've got to go on and on—and on." He sighed wearily. "And I'm so tired."

"Lie down, darling boy, and get strength—to go on and on." Her lip quivered.

The boy fell back, gold hair bright on the pillow; he looked only about ten, she thought. "Yes, I must." He nodded and smiled. "I've got to have the strength. Then at the end—" He sat up excitedly again; his eyes were blue flames. "At the end— Oh, I say—do you know what he did?"

"What, my dearie? Who?"

"The poor old bloke. When he knew he was dying he made 'em put on his old American uniform with the—oh, I forget—the honors on it—some blooming honors. And he said he jolly well wished he'd never worn any other. And he died in it. I'll do that, mother. My American uniform. But mine won't be dishonored, no, sirree! It'll be redeemed. Yes, madam, redeemed! And if I have to die, I'll die in it, for I'm an American, mother, a truly-ruly American. But I'd rather not die," he objected. "I haven't got to die, have I?—to clean up the name? I'm quite keen to live and go to America and—" He fell back. "I'll tell you about it later. Hang on to my hand, mother. You're a good hand-holder, old dear. Hang on to my—" He was asleep.

Of course he got well rapidly. Everything was in his favor—youth, beautiful physical completeness, eager desire to live.

"Fit as ever in my life," he wrote from France. "And keen for my job, and get-

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ting better at it, I'm hoping. Anyhow, I made trouble for the Huns yesterday; I crashed two Fokkers behind their own lines. Poor devils killed, I fancy. Don't think of me as in danger, for it's getting to be like breathing, this job. It comes so naturally now. It's the quintessence of living, the exhilaration of fifty years tied up in a package of two hours. And, my word, but I'm proud of the chaps I'm working with—my fellow Americans. They're a ripping lot, mother, modest and brave and full of an initiative that's also found among Englishmen, but not so generally. Also they're not afraid, as Englishmen are, to have ideals and to own up to them. They're in this show for an ideal and not to save their skins, and they've got the thrill of it in their faces. Mother dearest, be glad for me that I'm an American, for I'm glad. And I'm almighty glad, above all, that I've made first base, anyway—that's good American baseball talk, mother—on the run I've set for myself, the run I owe America, the run I need for my own salvation. Every time I have luck I grin to think it's a bit of the black off my name. It's all down in your name, of course, Mummy. If I'm any good at anything, you made me so. Don't worry, old dear. I'm as safe as a bird in the blue. A lucky bird; nothing hits me."

Next day he was hit. But this time not a "blighty" wound; he was sent to a hospital in France, and shortly was well again, flying again—and in six weeks hit again. Yet there seemed no keeping him down, with his buoyant strength and his impetuous rush to get back into the sky.

"It's a long road yet, sister," he whispered to the nurse, being flighty, as fever made him always. "It's only begun, the stunt I've got to do. Get me well, sister. Get me up there, with a machine-gun—fifteen thousand feet, and—swoop! down we spin—close—down on the gray walls of devils—a hundred feet above 'em now—rushing—firing—running along over 'em—scaring 'em into fits! Ever do it, sister? You should try. Patch me up, quick. I've got to get back. You understand? It's for America. I owe America such a lot more—such a jolly lot more. How a chap can do things for his own country! Bless her—she's a great land to love, my America!" The blazing blue eyes shut smiling on the words, the blond, childish head rolled over; the lad slept like a baby.

So that, pushed by such a hungry wish to be at work, joyful in work splendidly begun, a distinguished flying-man already and high among the aces, known for his daring and resource even in the famous first pursuit group—so that, with all of this glory and his own secret and shining goal to come back to, with endless young strength to bring him back, the boy was well for the third time with abnormal rapidity.

On an absolutely clear morning of July, being marked fit for service, he went up for the first time since his last injury, flying alone in a Spad, a French ship, from a great American flying-field, fifteen or twenty miles back of his lines. In the dim summer dawn five aeroplanes stood in a row on the huge field; except for a small noise of motors idling, all were perfectly still; at a signal the five engines burst into a roar and the planes began to move with a little bumping motion down the field; then they cleared the ground—lifted a trifle, and with that shot, soared all together, keeping the formation. Up and up, like tireless birds, climbing, climbing. Bobby, looking down, intoxicated with the new taste of the work he loved, saw houses and hills, rivers, towns—the earth, flattening out; suddenly as he got the sweep of the horizon like a sharp line all around him, and looking down saw earth below, with the force of a discovery it was borne in upon him that the world was round. Against the deafening noise of the engine he began shouting a chant.

"The round world and all that therein is," chanted Bobby, at twelve thousand feet in the air. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, and so are the cattle upon a thousand hills," roared Bobby, mixing Scripture a little in his pæan of joy to be fighting Germans. He was half improvising, half adapting, at the top of his lungs, a pagan-biblical manner of battle-song. "Lord, deliver mine enemies into my hand—oh, good Lord, deliver 'em and smash 'em into pulp, and make me for to pulverize the hairy scalp of 'em."

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And with that all the formation together had seen a small patrol of five Fokkers, German pursuit or fighting planes. Instantly the five allied ships were after them, and almost as instantly one of the Fokkers separated and Bobby was hot on its trail.

"My lucky day," grinned the boy five minutes later. By that he had shot down the German. He looked about to find the rest of his formation; they were nowhere. "Oh, well," commented Bobby, grinning contentedly. The five Spads had gone up with no distinct object in any case—merely "good hunting." "Oh, well." He could now start out to do what damage he might find "delivered into his hand." Suddenly he remembered that an action was taking place at a small town—now, what the dickens was the name of that town? Chapelle—Chatel—He had it—Château-Thierry.

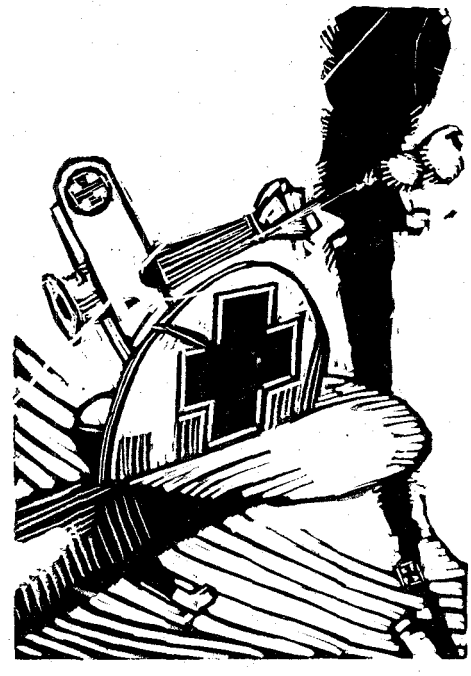
"I'll dive and see what trouble can be made thereabouts," considered Bobby, and dropped like a bullet to within a thousand feet of the world. "Lots of Americans fighting about these parts," he ruminated. "Too bad if a perfectly good American airman can't help American infantry."

He looked about for an objective. With that, knowing the country as a proper aviator must, he found the city of Château-Thierry—little thinking that bright July morning how that name would echo forever on American lips. Rather far back of the German front, as he gazed down, was a long, solid mass, a line of German transport of perhaps five or ten miles. With a smiling gleam in his blue eyes Bobby dipped, down, down—five hundred feet above earth, three hundred, not over a hundred now; and he skimmed along down the packed roadway at that, closer sometimes—sometimes only fifty feet above the gray, crowding ranks, his machine-gun going in continual bursts of fire, shooting down and forward always, so that he was seeing his work as he went—seeing the Boches dive off horses into ditches; seeing horses rear and plunge; seeing one or two of a team hit and the other terrified beasts plunging across a gully carrying the limber and field-piece in horrid confusion; seeing the Boches aiming up at him with pistols; riding so, along a terror-struck line of enemies, carrying death, with a daredevil exhilaration laughing aloud within him. And he realized not at all that the city of the battle into the midst of which he had whirled like a great joyful bird, that the battle-ground over which he had taken for ten minutes his daring and efficient part, would be holy ground, would be a sacred name as long as his "good land to love," his America, should last.

As he rode over the last gray lines, so close that upturned anxious faces were plain, he glanced above, and far in the sky saw a bunch of something—dots, clouds—ships.

"Oh, I say," confided Bobby aloud to his engine and to the crack of German guns, "that looks like my people."

Up he shot. Up he climbed, his eye on the vision, rather a vague vision, now, up yonder. Then, climbing still, at fifteen thousand feet again now, just as the vision faded out altogether, something happened. The boy all at once was aware of five Voisins, heavy, slow French bombing-machines, and at that moment diving at them, beneath him also, in the endless depths, he made out and counted, one by one, eleven German Fokkers. In a



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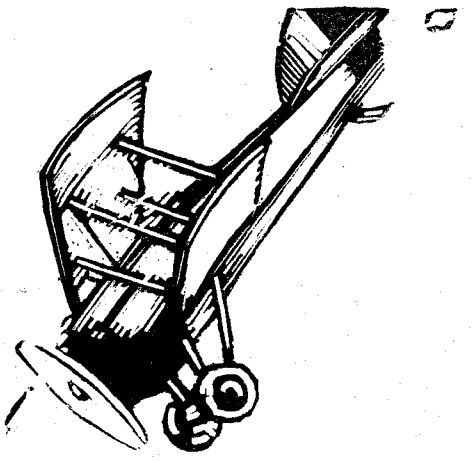
second's time he realized that there were two things possible: he could keep out of trouble by simply doing nothing, and the Voisins might perhaps escape even without help. Or—oh, well! Only eleven to one. With a grin Bobby pushed the joy-stick forward.

Two seconds later he was in the middle of such a fight as five years before would have been the dream of a lunatic. The tremendousness of those few minutes was on a scale of so unearthly a speed and intensity that Bobby never after recaptured exactly the sequence. He knew that on his first dive he had come on the tail of one of the Fokkers before any of them was aware he was there, and had crashed it without warning; he remembered sensing another one almost on top of him as he pulled his Spad back into a climbing turn, so bringing him into position to crash this second black-crossed machine. He saw it burst into flames; he kept a clear memory of a third German ship bursting into flames also before his tracer bullets. With that—with a glance at the bombing Voisons whom he had saved, now far off, safe, over the allied lines, with a rushing, upward glimpse of the whole Boche squadron swooping toward him—with a consciousness of tracer bullets passing close—he nosed precipitously down, falling three thousand feet like a piece of lead into the cover of a friendly cloud-bank.

Out of the cloud-bank he came, as he must come, and saw the Boche squadron still chasing him, but far back. They had guessed wrong as to the direction he would take in the clouds. Something was burning like fire in his left shoulder, in the shoulder which had been pronounced well only yesterday. He was surprisingly weak; his propeller was gone. Had he enough altitude to glide home behind the American lines? Of course making his home-field was out of the question. Would he himself last? It was queer how a blooming old shoulder could make a man limp all over. He touched it—blood, all right. After that, vagueness.

The next event which stood sharp-cut was a manner of waking up as men in khaki lifted him out of his cockpit. There was a dim recollection in him of a river shining below his slipping ship, of a



thought that if he could only get over that river——

"Did I cross the Marne?" whispered Bobby, up into the face of a big grizzled regular.

"You bet you did!" came in a burst of hearty American from many throats, as men in the uniform he loved crowded about. And then Bobby stopped trying to live.

After they had carried him in tenderly as women, and put the sagging long figure into the surgeon's hands, the men went back and considered the ship.

"Some flier, that kid," spoke Sergeant McNally, the big regular, into an awed silence. "Youse take a look at this bus. Smashed, eh?"

One by one they discovered and announced the casualties of the "bus." Every instrument in the dashboard was shot away; there were twenty or thirty holes through the wings; the fuselage was riddled; the two wing-struts were so shot through that they were almost crumpled; the radiator was pierced and the propeller wounded and out of service.

"Gee!" spoke a tanned lad with a corporal's two stripes on his sleeve. "I guess some blamed angels must have flew him home. I know I wouldn't trust my skin without a coupla heavenly spir'ts in no such bus as that."

And Sergeant McNally added: "Some kid! Some fight he must of pulled off.

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"This officer of mine has done a thing which might be called a miracle."—Page 411.

Hope he won't die till we get the dope about it."

This wish of the sergeant came very near being disappointed. This time Bobby, with the scarcely healed shoulder shot up again, was very near dying. This time the elasticity of him seemed to be stretched too far, and his buoyancy used to the end. It was ten days before he was conscious, and then for a while he was far too weak to take any interest in life. Slowly, very slowly, he was better, till at last he was dressed and able to crawl out on a nurse's arm into the sunshine of a French garden, part of the château-hospital. With that, in a day or two he went about, slowly and feebly enough, alone, and then, of a bright morning an orderly came to him out in the garden and told him that he was to report at once at the office of the commanding officer.

"What's up?" demanded Bobby, but the orderly only looked inscrutable, and the boy's uncertain pulse thumped a startled beat. Was something wrong? Oh, why the devil couldn't they let him alone in the sunshine? He got up carefully to his gaunt six-feet-two.

"Oh, I say, just give me an arm to the C. O.'s office, will you?" he begged of the orderly. "I'm wabbly to-day."

At the door the orderly stopped. "Better go in alone, sir," he suggested. "And likely you won't need help when you come out."

What the devil did the chap mean by that? "Thank you," answered Bobby civilly, and strayed into the office with a weak lurch for which he hated himself. There was a group of half a dozen officers, and for a second the young blue eyes wandered among them, and suddenly stopped short, glued with startled sur-

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prise on a soldierly figure almost as tall, statelier by far, than his own. Was he dreaming? Was this—Bobby choked and coughed on an audible gasp—could it be Pershing?

Somehow the group divided and dropped off a few feet on each side, and the boy stood, pale and swaying, in his uniform of an American aviator, in the centre of the room, before the Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Force. Things about him swam. Had he done something unspeakable that the C.-in-C. himself must punish? Was it, possibly, that he had had the cheek, with his name—? He saluted sharply.

"I sent for you, captain," spoke a pleasant, deep voice, and the boy's dazed eyes met a famous smile.

Was it proper to correct a mistake of a great man? He did not know. He flushed scarlet, wondering, and the instinct to refuse honors not his decided.

"Beg pardon, sir—only lieutenant," Bobby brought out. He was sick then at his own presumption. What did his little title matter? His own voice sounded strange. He licked his lips and gasped out loud again. The famous smile broadened. There was something marvellously engaging, marvellously reassuring, about this great man.

"I seldom make mistakes in the rank of my officers," spoke the friendly tones. "This time I'm right. I sent for you to have the pleasure of telling you. Also that I have recommended you for the Congressional Medal. We Americans call that the highest decoration in the world."

The boy stood wide-eyed, petrified, swaying, a mere dumb lump, staring at the splendid figure of a soldier before him. He was conscious of seeing nothing but four stars on broad shoulders. The shoulders turned a bit.

"General," spoke the voice which seemed now to Bobby to have been known to him and beloved by him all his life—and for the first time he was aware that another soldierly presence, in British uniform, this one, stood a step back of the American—"General Haig," spoke the C.-in-C., and laid a hand on Bobby and slewed him about, "this officer of mine has done a thing which might be called a miracle. He's given back to America a name lost to us almost a hundred and fifty years. He's redeemed it and cleaned it, and given it back glorious. General, I wish to present to you Captain Benedict Arnold."

PANTHER! PANTHER!

By John Hall Wheelock

THERE is a panther caged within my breast,
  But what his name there is no breast shall know
  Save mine, nor what it is that drives him so,
Backward and forward, in relentless quest:
That silent rage, baffled but unsuppressed,
  The soft pad of those stealthy feet that go
  Over my body's prison to and fro,
Trying the walls forever without rest.

All day I feed him with my living heart,
  But when the night puts forth her dreams and stars
    The inexorable Frenzy reawakes;
  His wrath is hurled upon the trembling bars,
The eternal passion stretches me apart—
    And I lie silent, but my body shakes.

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GEORGE WASHINGTON, CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY

By Eugene E. Prussing
Of the Chicago Bar

[FIRST PAPER]

PROFESSOR JOHN BACH MACMASTER, in the second volume of his "History of the People of the United States," at pages 452–3, notes the death of Washington with this comment:

"George Washington is an unknown man. When at last he is set before us in his habit as he lived, we shall read less of the cherry tree, and more of the man. Naught surely that is heroic will be omitted, but side by side with what is heroic will appear much that is commonplace. We shall behold the great commander repairing defeat with marvelous celerity, healing the dissensions of his officers and calming the passions of his mutinous troops. But we shall also hear of his oaths, and see him in those terrible outbursts of passion to which Mr. Jefferson alluded, and one of which Mr. Lear describes. We shall see him refusing to be paid for his services by Congress, yet exacting . . . the shilling that was his due. We shall know him as the cold and forbidding character with whom no fellow man ever ventured to live on close and familiar terms. We shall respect and honor him for being, not the greatest of generals, not the wisest of statesmen, not the most saintly of his race, but a man with many human frailties and much common sense, who rose in the fulness of time to be the political deliverer of our country." *

Washington, the man, is unknown. Upon this text, I offer this sketch.

Washington came of a race of captains. It will not be necessary to go back to Washington's ancestry beyond this country to prove that.

Colonel John Washington, the immigrant, and his brother, the former being Washington's great-grandfather, left England during Cromwellian times because they were loyalists, and by way of the West Indies came to Virginia at Jamestown, about 1659. They settled on lands between the Rappahannock and the Potomac, in what is to-day Westmoreland County. Colonel John Washington acquired much land, as well as fame and title as an Indian fighter, and was a noted man in his time, full of enterprise and energy.

His residence, known as Wakefield, was on the bank of the Potomac River, near Pope's Creek, and there he married his second wife, a daughter of Colonel Pope. His first wife and two children had died soon after their arrival in Virginia. He was an extensive planter, and besides was associated with one Colonel Nicholas Spencer in bringing colonists to Virginia from the mother country. For such services he and Spencer received from Lord Culpeper five thousand acres of land on the Potomac, between Epsewasson and Little Hunting Creeks, and now known as Mount Vernon.

He was a member of the House of Burgesses in 1665, was commissioned a colonel and proved his valor in aid of Bacon's Rebellion and in putting down the Indian incursions, which were of yearly occurrence. Colonel Washington commanded the joint forces of the Maryland and Virginia Rangers, and stopped for all time the depredations and massacres east of the Blue Ridge. The last stand of the red man in this territory was made on what was afterward known as the River Farm of the Mount Vernon estate.

* I have omitted from this paragraph a statement which seemed to me upon investigation not entirely justified by authority. Yet I do not regard Washington as "a cold and forbidding character." He was dignified, cautious, and seldom familiar, which misled many men into thinking him "difficult," cold, and forbidding. Even Hamilton in his youthful anger thought so.

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Colonel John Washington died in 1677, at the age of fifty-four, after eighteen years of American enterprise and industry, and lies buried in the family vault at Bridge's Creek, near Wakefield. His estate was probated in Westmoreland County, showing that he left a will and ample provision for his family. To his elder son Lawrence he devised the homestead, Wakefield, and his share of the five thousand acres held in common with Colonel Nicholas Spencer at Mount Vernon.

He provided further that a tablet inscribed with the Ten Commandments should be presented to the church at Wakefield in Washington Parish, named after him. This was procured from London.

"Thus it will be seen that Colonel John Washington the immigrant was not only a very wealthy and very prominent man, but also a very pious one, which from every available source of information was a striking characteristic of his early descendants." *

His son Lawrence Washington was born at Wakefield in 1661, and married Mildred, the daughter of Colonel Augustine Warner. He died at Wakefield in March, 1698, at the age of thirty-seven and lies buried there. Little is known of his career, but his will, probated March 30, 1698, in Westmoreland County, shows him to have been wealthy. After making numerous bequests to friends and distant relatives he divided the rest and residue of his personal estate, which appears to have been considerable, between his wife and three children.

To his eldest son John he gave the ancestral home, Wakefield, to Augustine he left large landed interests up the valleys, and to his daughter Mildred the twenty-five hundred acres on Hunting Creek and the Potomac, which had been set apart to him in a partition with the Spencer heirs. These twenty-five hundred acres are that part of the Mount Vernon estate which immediately surrounds the mansion house. Augustine Washington bought them from his sister Mildred and had tenants for some years there. In 1733 and 1734 he lived there with his second wife, Mary Ball.

Augustine Washington was the father of General George Washington, the eldest son of this second marriage. Like his famous son, he was truly a captain of industry. He was well educated, active, and a successful business man of large affairs. Not only was he sent to Appleby in England for what we would now consider a high-school education, but he sent there his two eldest sons, Augustine and Lawrence, born of his first marriage, and undoubtedly would have also sent his next son, George. He was prevented by his early and untimely death on April 12, 1743, when but forty-nine years of age.

Augustine Washington was an important man in the community. He owned six plantations on the Rappahannock and the Potomac and in the country back of them. He owned the ferry across the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, and was part proprietor and manager of the iron-mine and works at Accotink, in which he had a twelfth interest, and represented the remaining owners, a company with headquarters in London.

He was elected a member of the board of trustees of the town of Fredericksburg in 1742, and so must have been a proprietor of land in that city as well as being a resident of what we now know as the Cherry Tree Farm across the Rappahannock from that city. There he lived after the first house, which he built at Mount Vernon, was destroyed by fire.

Like his grandfather Colonel John Washington, Augustine Washington engaged in transporting emigrants from England to Virginia, and among them found a schoolmaster for his son George. Parson Weems's legends indicate that he took a keen interest in the moral training of this son, and was one of the chief factors in his mental and moral development, and no doubt his mental characteristics descended to, and were developed in, the boy.

It is well known that George Washington received his physical characteristics from his mother, together with certain elements in his disposition. He loved frequently in his youth and had a hasty

* Authorities are not cited in this article except in the text. They will perhaps appear in some later publication of the matter. It is but fair to say that the story of Washington's forebears is compounded from the various well-known books on the subject accessible in most large libraries and largely from that of my friend Charles H. Callahan, Esq., entitled "Washington, the Man and the Mason."

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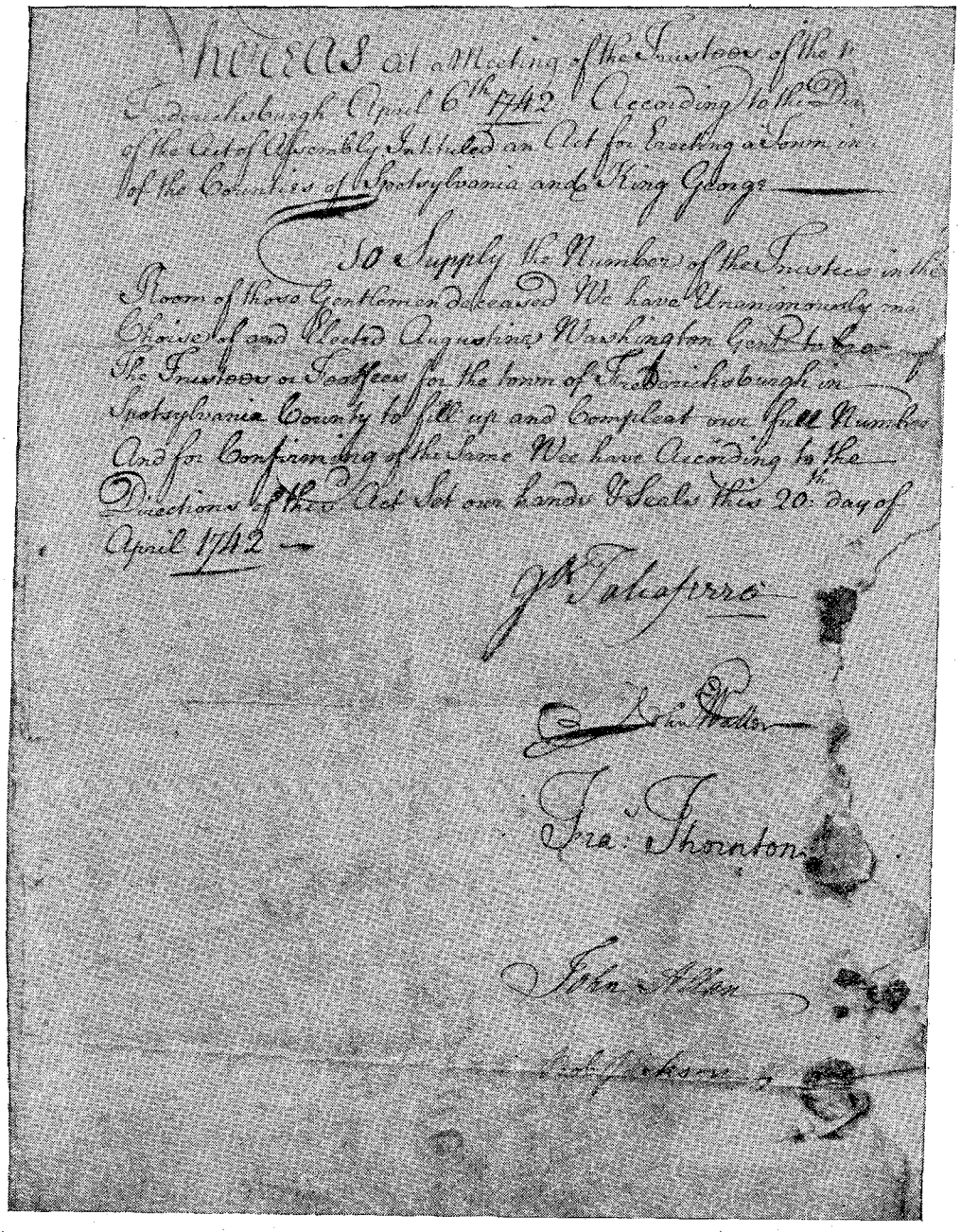

Copy of Augustine Washington's election to the board of trustees of the town of Fredericksburg, Virginia.

temper, but he learned to control both these tendencies properly, and, while never perfectly in command of himself at all times, he realized his faults, kept the faith he pledged with his affections, and could and did apologize when he exceeded a just anger.

Two of the greatest qualities, however, which our Washington discovered in his whole career, integrity and enterprise,

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were probably acquired chiefly from his father, for he it was who had been abroad for his education, went repeatedly to England on business, "adventured" in immigrants, plantations, and iron-works, and was the trusted agent of foreign capital. He also donated four hundred acres of land to found a public school in Westmoreland County. He was the captain of his own vessel as well as of the industries of his neighborhood.

When he died after a brief illness in 1743, in much the same manner as his illustrious son did many years later, this Captain Washington left a large and valuable landed and personal estate, and by his last will amply provided for his sons, Lawrence and Augustine, born of his first marriage (to Jane Butler), and his second wife Mary Ball and her children, George, Elizabeth, John Augustine, Charles, and Samuel. The careful draftsman of Augustine Washington's will referred to his alliance with Mary Ball as his "second venture."

To Lawrence he left the Mount Vernon twenty-five hundred acres with the mill he had built thereon, and the big brick barn, still standing, together with some land at Maddox Creek in Westmoreland County, and his interests in several iron works.

To his daughter Betty, afterwards the wife of Col. Fielding Lewis, he gave two negro children and required Lawrence to pay her four hundred pounds sterling in cash.

To Augustine he gave Wakefield and some negroes, three of which Lawrence was to buy from the proceeds of the iron works and present to him.

To John Augustine he left seven hundred acres on Maddox Creek in Westmoreland County, and to Charles he left seven hundred acres in Prince William County.

To George he willed the Cherry Tree Farm on the Rappahannock opposite Fredericksburg and a share in other lands, as well as ten negroes.

To Samuel he gave seven hundred acres on Chotank Creek in Stafford and one half of lands on Deep Run.

To his wife Mary Ball he left the crops "made on Bridge's Creek, Chotank and Rappahannock waters" at the time of his death, and the privilege of working the "Bridge's Creek quarters" for the term of five years after his decease, during which time she "might establish quarters on Deep Run."

He required Lawrence and Augustine to pay half his debts and bequeathed to them one half of what was owing to him. In a codicil he left to George one lot of land in the town of Fredericksburg.

Mrs. Washington enjoyed not only the specific provision above mentioned, but had the use of her childrens' estates until they arrived at twenty-one years of age. In fact, George Washington said after her death, more than forty-six years later, that he had never received anything from his father's estate during her life.

Lawrence Washington, the eldest brother of George Washington, was born in 1718 and, like his father and other forebears, was an enterprising man. Educated at Appleby, he returned to Virginia in 1738 or 1739. He joined the English expedition under the command of General Wentworth, in the service of Admiral Vernon, to attack the Spanish city of Cartagena, in Colombia, South America, as a member of the Virginia infantry. When this proved a failure he returned to Virginia with the remnant of its brave but unfortunate forces, the command of them having devolved upon Captain Washington after the death of Colonel Gooch.

He thereupon built a home on his father's estate on the Potomac to which he gave the name of Mount Vernon, in the spring of 1743, just about the time of his father's death, and shortly afterward married Ann, the eldest daughter of Colonel Fairfax, whose plantation, Belvoir, adjoined this.

Ann Fairfax, first mistress of Mount Vernon, left a mansion for a cottage, for Mount Vernon was then an unpretentious dwelling, constituting but the middle portion of the structure we now know, but its location and its vistas and nature's beauties were wonderful then as now.

Lawrence was devoted to the army and the church. He soon became adjutant-general of the Northern Neck, had the rank and pay of major, and devoted himself to farming and the iron industry. Though a conservative member of the Episcopal Church, he was a firm believer in religious liberty, and on occasion, at least, opposed the narrow-minded local policy and advocated the admission of other sects into the State in the interests of its progress.

He was active in local affairs, became a member of the House of Burgesses, secured the passage of a bill incorporating the city of Alexandria in 1748 and,

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with Lord Fairfax, Colonel William Fairfax, George William Fairfax, and others, became one of its first trustees, as the bill provides, "for designing, building, carrying on, and maintaining said town and laying off its streets and market-place."

He took a prominent part in what was known as the Ohio Company, the object of which was to establish amicable commercial relations with the Indians, and open up for settlement the vast country south and east of the Ohio River and west of the Blue Ridge. The Ohio Company was composed of the ablest and wealthiest men in the colony, with Thomas Lee, president of the council, at its head. Such men as George Mason, William and George William Fairfax, Lawrence Washington, and, later, Governor Dinwiddie were among its directors and stockholders.

They obtained a grant from the crown under certain favorable conditions of five hundred thousand acres of land in that section of the territory "on the western waters of Virginia," which lies north and west of the Great Kanawha, and south of the Ohio. They pursued a plan to secure the rich fur trade of the Ohio valley, and to hasten the development of the territory beyond that great river known as "the king's part," in distinction from the Virginia part on the eastern bank. They established trading-posts at regular intervals of some fifty or one hundred miles, and hoped to form a chain of settlements from tide-water on the Potomac up to and down the Ohio River.

It has been suspected that it was really an attempt to try out the claims of England to disputed territory, in which France was becoming active, beyond the Alleghanies to the Rockies, comprising the great and fruitful valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi.

Christopher Gist, the famous pioneer and explorer, was employed to examine the country, select suitable locations for settlements, and make a report. He started on his journey August 1, 1749, and, taking an old Indian trail up the Potomac, penetrated the unknown forest and followed the headwaters to the divide and then down the Ohio and Kanawha Rivers, traversing portions of the country beyond the Ohio, returned to his home on the Yadkin River in North Carolina, in the latter part of May, 1750.

He soon went to Williamsburg, Virginia, and reported the results of his journey to the company. Pleased with his descriptions, discoveries, and negotiations, they immediately prepared to push forward the movement, and, regardless of French protests or menaces, Mr. Gist, under sanction of the Virginia legislature, proceeded in the same year to survey lands along the Ohio as far down as the Kanawha.

In the midst of these activities the executive head of the Ohio Company, the Honorable Thomas Lee, died, and the responsibility devolved upon the next in command, Major Lawrence Washington.

Major Washington was then showing symptoms of serious debility. He had never fully recovered from the effects of the Cartagena expedition, and had worked so hard since as to tax his enfeebled constitution to the utmost. Under the advice of his physician, he made a journey on September 28, 1751, to Barbados, the southernmost island of the West Indies, next to Colombia, and more than fifteen hundred miles southeast of Mount Vernon.

He was accompanied by his brother George. They reached their destination on the 3d of November. This was the only time that George Washington travelled beyond the boundaries of the United States. He acquired there the smallpox, which detracted from his good looks ever afterward.

It required only a few weeks' residence on the island to show that Lawrence would not improve there, and he decided as a last resort to go to Bermuda's delightful shores.

George was sent back to Mount Vernon to bring Lawrence's wife and infant daughter to Bermuda, but before he could do so, letters from Lawrence reached Mount Vernon saying that he was returning at once. "If I grow worse I shall hurry home to my grave." He reached Mount Vernon in May, and on July 26, in the thirty-fourth year of his age, he fell a victim to consumption.

Of his four children only Sarah, a few months of age, survived him, and she died several months later. Ann Fairfax

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Washington, his widow, married Colonel George Lee within two years.

Lawrence Washington in his will, dated June 29, 1752, admitted to probate in Fairfax County on September 26 of that year, provided amply for his wife and, subject to that provision, bequeathed his entire estate to his infant daughter, but in the event of her death without issue directed a distribution of his estate among his brothers. To his brother George he left, in case of the death of the wife and daughter, all his land in Fairfax County including Mount Vernon and the improvements thereon, and also an interest in other lands, and named George one of the executors of his will. When Sarah died a little later, George acquired Mount Vernon, then an estate of two thousand seven hundred acres.

George Washington had been since his sixteenth year a member of Lawrence Washington's household. Lawrence had stood to him for four years in *loco parentis*.

George had learned the art of surveying, had been commissioned county surveyor of Culpeper County, had surveyed many thousands of acres for Lord Fairfax in his dealings with tenants and purchasers, had been Lawrence's assistant in matters of the Ohio Company, and, but a year before, had succeeded Lawrence as adjutant-general of the Northern Neck with the rank of major, at the age of nineteen, and was receiving as pay one hundred and fifty pounds Virginia currency per annum.

Lawrence Washington had purchased two hundred acres adjoining Mount Vernon from the Spencer heirs, so that he held at the time of his death twenty-seven hundred acres there, besides many thousand acres in other counties. The Mount Vernon estate upon the death of Sarah Washington descended to George, subject to the widow's use for life, and though then but twenty-two years of age, George promptly bought the widow's rights, after her marriage to Colonel George Lee, for an annual payment of twelve thousand pounds of tobacco, which he promised to make as long as she lived, or, in lieu thereof, the commuted rate per pound in cash.

Before he was of lawful age, therefore, George Washington, "my beloved brother," as Lawrence called him in his will, in addition to the legal title to the lands left him by his father, acquired this even then magnificent estate on the Potomac, and shortly after got the full right to possess it at once. He early became a country magnate.

This young man was six feet and two inches tall, strong, large-boned, and fair. He was trained to endure hardship and practise energetic enterprise by hard work on his mother's farm and in the frontier fields as a surveyor.

He had the friendship of Lord Fairfax, the greatest proprietor in Virginia, and also that of his cousin and agent, Colonel William Fairfax, and the latter's son, George William Fairfax the surveyor, all of whom had shared Lawrence Washington's fondness for the youth, and had done and continued to do all that they could to forward his career.

He had met Sally Cary Fairfax in 1749, the bride of his bosom friend, George William Fairfax, and had been inspired with an admiration for this splendid ornament of her sex, who had become his kinswoman according to Virginia ways because she married the brother of his brother Lawrence's wife.

She also became the inspiration of his mental activities at seventeen, and taught him to read and enjoy Shakespeare, Addison, Pope, *The Spectator*, and many other books with which she was familiar in her father's splendid library at Ceely's on the James.

She, her sister, and their friends drew him into amateur dramatics, and he tells us that he yearned to, if he did not actually, play Iuba to her Marcia.

The young bachelor proprietor of Mount Vernon now devoted himself to his farm and his militia duties. The former made and kept him an early riser all his life, keen and observant, who did half a day's work before breaking his fast. The latter took him far up and down the great valleys of the Rappahannock and the Potomac, and made him acquainted with all his neighbors, humble and polite. He was the local leader by virtue of his office and his succession to his brother and father, and soon developed the qualities in himself which entitled him to the position. Both farming and soldiering

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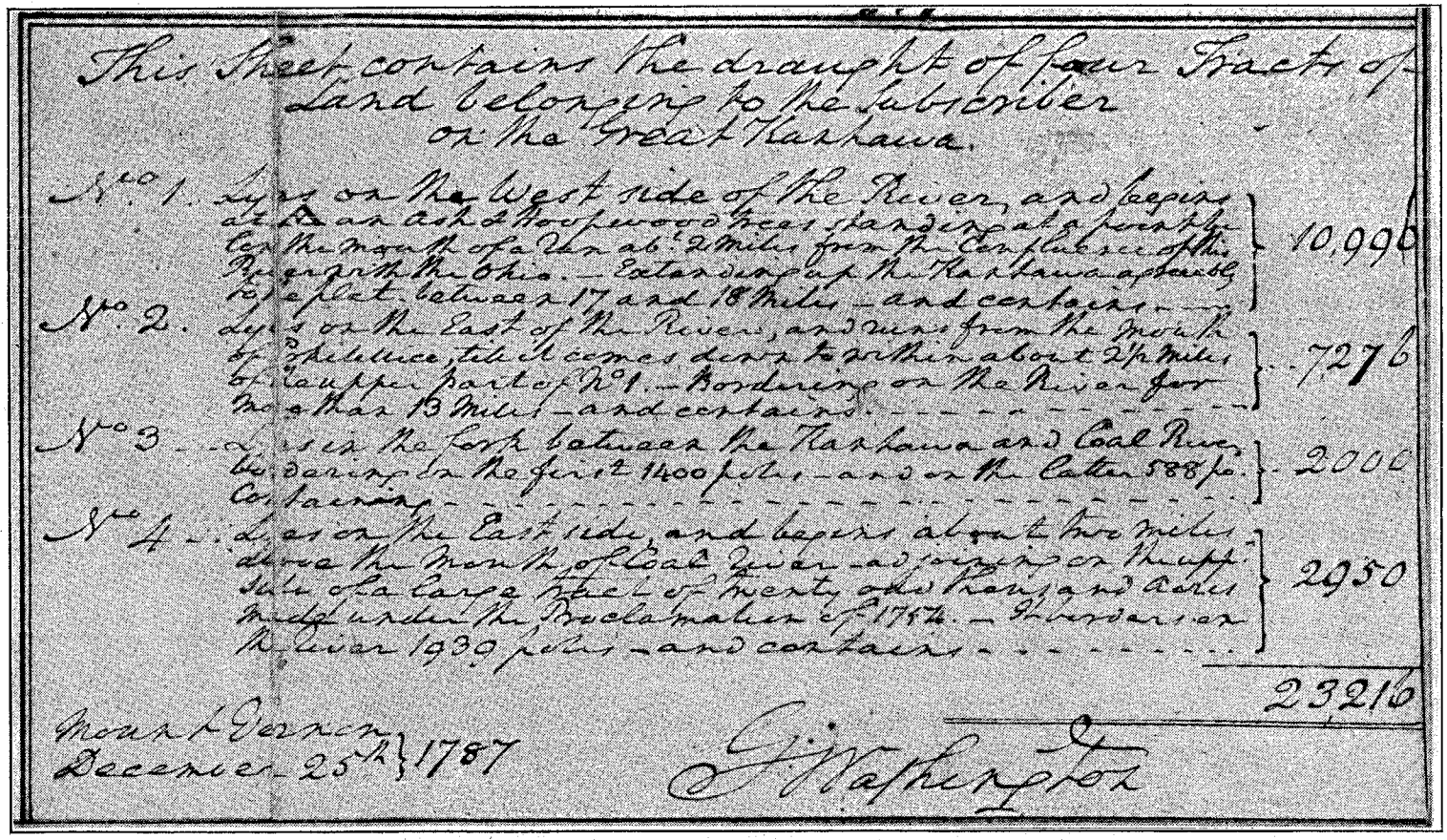


This Sheet contains the draught of four Tracts of Land belonging to the Subscriber on the Great Kanhawa.

No. 1. Lyes on the West side of the River, and begins at a Sycamore & Ash Bush growing near the Bank, twenty Poles above the mouth of a Run about 2 Miles from the Confluence of this River with the Ohio. — Extends down the Kanhawa along the Bank of the River between 17 and 18 Miles — and contains — 10,990

No. 2. Lyes on the East of the River, and runs from the mouth of Pellisee, (which comes down from about 2½ Miles above the upper part of No. 1. — Bordering on the River for the space of 13 Miles — and contains — 7276

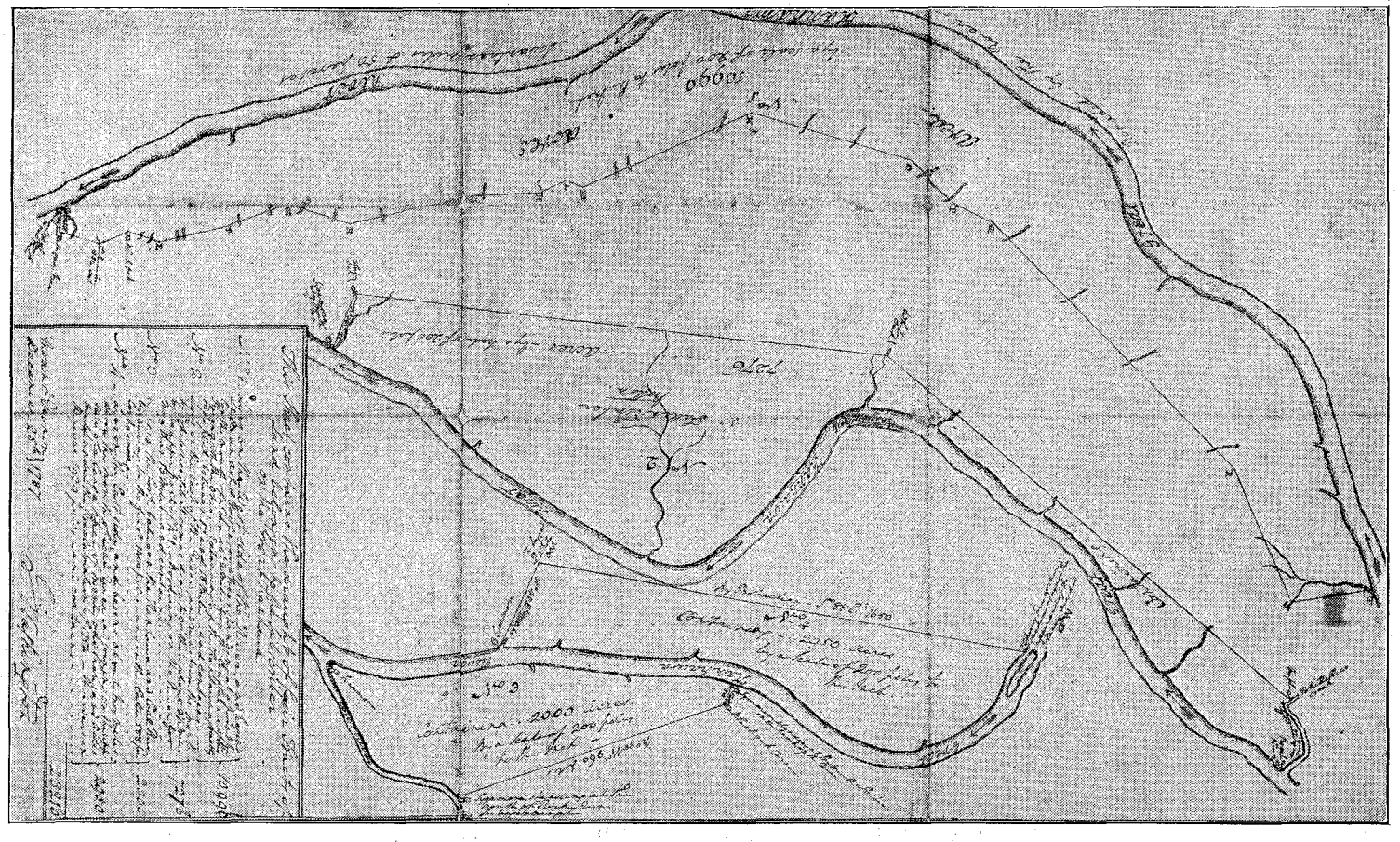
No. 3 — Lyes on the Creek between the Kanhawa and Coal River beginning at the first 1400 Poles — and on the Eastern 588 Po. Containing — 2006

No. 4 — Lyes on the East side, and begins about five miles above the mouth of Coal River — and runs up on the Kanhawa side a large Reach or Straight of the River twenty odd Miles and a half, under the Proclamation of 1754. — Bounded on the River 1930 Poles — and contains — 2930

23216

Mount Vernon December 25th 1787

G. Washington



Survey of four tracts of land upon the Great Kanawha River owned by George Washington.

The river is cut into three sections and grouped for convenience. On the opposite page is a full-size reproduction of Washington's note appearing in the lower right-hand corner.

In the collection of Charles Allen Munn, Esq.

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kept him in the saddle daily from four to ten hours, all his life, and maintained that mental and physical energy and capacity which always distinguished him. Together they bred that sanity and caution which is said to have aroused John Adams's envious anger even when gazing upon Stuart's portrait of his otherwise revered and feared predecessor.

The Ohio Company was one of the charges left him by his brother Lawrence, and it was not unnatural, therefore, when the reports came that the French were threatening the Ohio posts of the company and were stirring up trouble among the Indians who lived between the Blue Ridge and Lake Erie, that George Washington was keenly interested in what would be done about it.

Lieutenant-Governor Dinwiddie, a stockholder in the Ohio Company as well as the king's representative in the Old Dominion, cast about for an agent in October, 1753, who would be bold enough to venture over the mountains and carry his message to the French commander, who had penetrated the wilds below Lake Erie on his way to the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers to seize the point of vantage now known as Pittsburgh.

It was interest and enterprise as well as patriotism that prompted the volunteer offer of Major George Washington to take the perilous journey though he was but twenty-one years of age. And no wonder the old Scotch governor, as he handed him his instructions, on October 30, 1753, said in his broad brogue: "Thou art a braw laddie."

The story of that bitter winter trip from Williamsburg to the French fort just south of the present city of Erie, across the six mountain ranges, and through the deep forests, over the great rivers, amid hostile Indians and inimical French, with only three companions, part of the time, and only one on the return, has passed into history.

The diplomacy, persistence, prudent care, and wise observation of the young ambassador, his hairbreadth escapes from death in treacherous assault and floods, his careful notes of his observations, and his hurried marches despite the bitter snow, sleet, and ice and other fearful conditions, are fairly comparable with the greatest efforts of military or other enterprise.

His classic report of eight thousand words, written without rest in the twenty-four hours after his return to Williamsburg on January 16, 1754, made at the command of Governor Dinwiddie and published by him there, and soon after in London by the home government, made him famous on this continent and in all the chancelleries of Europe, and formed the basis of the English declaration of war against France.

That year, and for four years thereafter, Washington's activities, though at war, were not chiefly military. He was the business captain of the war in Virginia. He was practically his own quartermaster-general. He belabored the governor, the council, and the House of Burgesses constantly for provisions, munitions, arms, and appropriations. He made numerous trips between Fort Cumberland and the Alleghanies and Williamsburg, the capital of the colony, and berated the authorities and bemoaned their dulness in his letters. The spirit he displayed and developed was inspired by military enterprise, but had a basis also in the Ohio Company interest, to which reference has been made.

Thackeray has summed up some of the consequences of the French and Indian War in a way which will bear quoting here.

> "It was strange that in a savage forest of Pennsylvania a young Virginia officer should fire a shot and waken up a war which was to last for sixty years, which was to cover his own country and pass into Europe, to cost France her American colonies, to sever ours from us and create the great Western Republic, to rage over the Old World and distinguish the New; and, of all the myriads engaged in the vast contest, to leave the prize of the greatest fame to him who struck the first blow."

Enterprise, patriotism, and fame eternal were thus woven together.

To encourage enlistments, which were slow upon his call for troops to engage in this war, Washington advised Governor Dinwiddie to offer some bounty in excess of the ordinary small pay which Virginia allowed her militia. In the spring of 1754 Dinwiddie, therefore, by proclamation in the king's name, promised to

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those who should engage to serve the colony in its attempt to repulse the French from what she regarded as her territory, though it afterward turned out to be part of Pennsylvania, two hundred thousand acres of the land which they were expected to conquer, to be divided in such proportions among officers and men as should be later determined.

In 1759, when the war in Virginia was over, Washington and his men had become entitled to this vast tract of land, and he made himself the trustee to secure from a busy and negligent home country the faithful performance of Dinwiddie's promise, which had been confirmed by the later proclamation of the king.

Meanwhile, in March, 1758, on one of his numerous expeditions to Williamsburg from Fort Cumberland in pursuit of the sinews of war, Washington had met the widow of Daniel Parke Custis, the beautiful Martha Dandridge Custis, and shortly afterward became engaged to marry her.

The only letter of that time which she preserved, written in camp, indicates his feeling and runs thus:

"July 20, 1758

"We have begun our march for the Ohio. A courier is starting for Williamsburg and I embrace the opportunity to send a few words to one whose life is now inseparable from mine. Since that happy hour when we made our pledges to each other my thoughts have been continually going to you as another self; that an all powerful Providence may keep us both in safety is the prayer of your ever-faithful and affectionate friend,

GEORGE WASHINGTON."

What became of his interest in Mrs. Fairfax under these circumstances is "another story."

Washington resigned from the army after the successful campaign against Fort Duquesne, on the ruins of which he planted the British colors, in November, 1758, and in January, 1759, married the widow at the White House, her residence with its six chimneys, in New Kent County. He acquired with her a family consisting of a beautiful daughter of four, named Martha or "Patsy" Custis, and a lively son of six, John Parke Custis, commonly and deservedly known as "Jack."

The late Colonel Custis's estate was considered one of the largest in Virginia. Exactly what it consisted of has long been doubtful because the records of the General Court at Richmond and other records bearing upon the subject were destroyed by fire after the capture of that city at the end of the Civil War, and the papers of Washington relating to the distribution of the estate were all supposed to be lost in the passing years.

"How much Washington got with the widow" has long been a matter of curiosity, debate, and surmise, and naturally the amount has been magnified. No one seems to have carefully investigated the subject. Chief Justice Marshall and Washington Irving in their respective standard lives of Washington agree that the amount was large, and the latter places it at fifteen thousand pounds sterling, or seventy-five thousand dollars, which, to put it into modern proportions, would need to be multiplied by about ten.

George Washington Parke Custis, in his "Recollections," assumed that Washington received from his wife one hundred thousand dollars, and this has been generally accepted.

In Washington's ledger "B," in the Library of Congress, there is a note that the accounts which he kept with his wife's children as their guardian were to be found in "the little marble covered book" which he used in rendering his accounts to the General Court. This has disappeared.

When the writer of these lines became interested in the subject-matter, while preparing a book which he has been engaged on for the past five years, and which will be published shortly under the title "The Estate of George Washington Deceased," it became necessary as a part of that preparation not only to investigate the records of its subject but to go back into the life of Washington to answer the question which forced itself upon his attention at every turn, and which undoubtedly his readers will wish to have answered: "*Where did he get it?*"

In pursuit of that inquiry a careful study was made not only of the subject but also of all the sources of Washington's million-dollar estate.

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Washington's ledgers, which begin with his eighteenth year in 1749 and end in 1792, are marked respectively "A" and "B," and then refer to a transfer of all accounts to a ledger "C," which presumably ran down to the time of his death. The latter was either lost in the Alexandria warehouse fire of 1859, which consumed many of his private papers, or has passed into the collection of some one who has not published the fact of his ownership.

Ledger "A," which begins in December, 1749, covers a period of twenty-three years, ending in 1772. It was a large stout volume of nearly four hundred heavy pages, and was bound in pigskin.* It is ruled like a cash-book, and contains his cash accounts with the debit on the left-hand page and the credit on the next. Both pages are numbered alike, *i. e.*, the first two pages used are numbered one, the next two are numbered two, and so on through the book.

After a series of pages containing cash entries, a series of double-entry ledger accounts is interposed, the pages being numbered in the regular manner indicated above. Then there is another series of cash-entry pages and then a batch of ledger accounts follows, and in like manner this persists throughout the book. Nearly every word of the book is in Washington's beautiful handwriting, not quite as round and firm in the beginning as in the end, but careful and precise at all times.

In April, 1918, I went through the body of the ledger and found no account concerning the estate of Colonel Custis or his children. Surprised at this, I turned to the index in the first part of the book, and found three accounts noted as follows:

	PAGE
"Estate of Colo. Custis dec'd.	57"
"Custis, Patcy Miss	59"
"Custis, Jn° Parke	64"

Turning to find the pages of the ledger thus indicated, the pages appeared to be missing. In running through the cash accounts I had found a number of entries of receipt of money for these accounts, but I could not find the ledger accounts.

I thought some error had been made in the indexing, and so I began a careful examination of each of the sheets of the book from page 50 to page 65, within the range of which the Custis accounts were said to be by the index. This revealed only the *irregularities* in numbering caused by the missing pages—page 56 was followed by page 58 and not by page 57, 58 by 60, and 63 by 65, but offered no explanation.

In *handling* page 56 again and also page 58, which followed immediately, I noticed the leaves to be of *unusual thickness*, and, holding them up to the light, I saw that each was double thick, and that in fact what appeared to be one sheet consisted of two sheets which had been pasted together, face to face, and that thereby ledger pages numbered 57 debit and 57 credit and 59 likewise were within on the backs of the others. The entries were quite visible through the paper and clearly revealed the existence of the accounts there. Turning to page 63, which preceded the lost page 64, the same thing appeared. In each case the next two pages were glued together and contained entries visible by holding them up to the light.

I called the attention of the official in charge of the manuscript division of the Library of Congress to the facts, and to the careful work done in the pasting of the pages, which had escaped detection of all the many students and careful searchers of the book since the death of Washington, including Bushrod Washington, Chief Justice Marshall, Jared Sparks, Washington Irving, J. M. Toner, and perhaps hundreds of others.

The careful work of the repair man in the Library of Congress enabled a disclosure to be made after several days' preparation of the sheets.

The first pair contains the account of "the estate of 'Danl. P. Custis, Esq., deceased,'" the next, the account of "Miss Patcy Custis," and the last pair shows the account of "Mr. John Parke Custis," all in the handwriting of Washington, beginning shortly after his marriage to the widow.

The account of "The Estate of Danl.

* The volume since the discovery related below has been taken from its binding by the authorities of the Library of Congress, and each page has been carefully repaired and mounted and the whole incased. The binding also is preserved. The book, therefore, must be referred to in the past tense, though its substance still exists. A photostatic copy is in the Massachusetts Historical Association Library at Boston.

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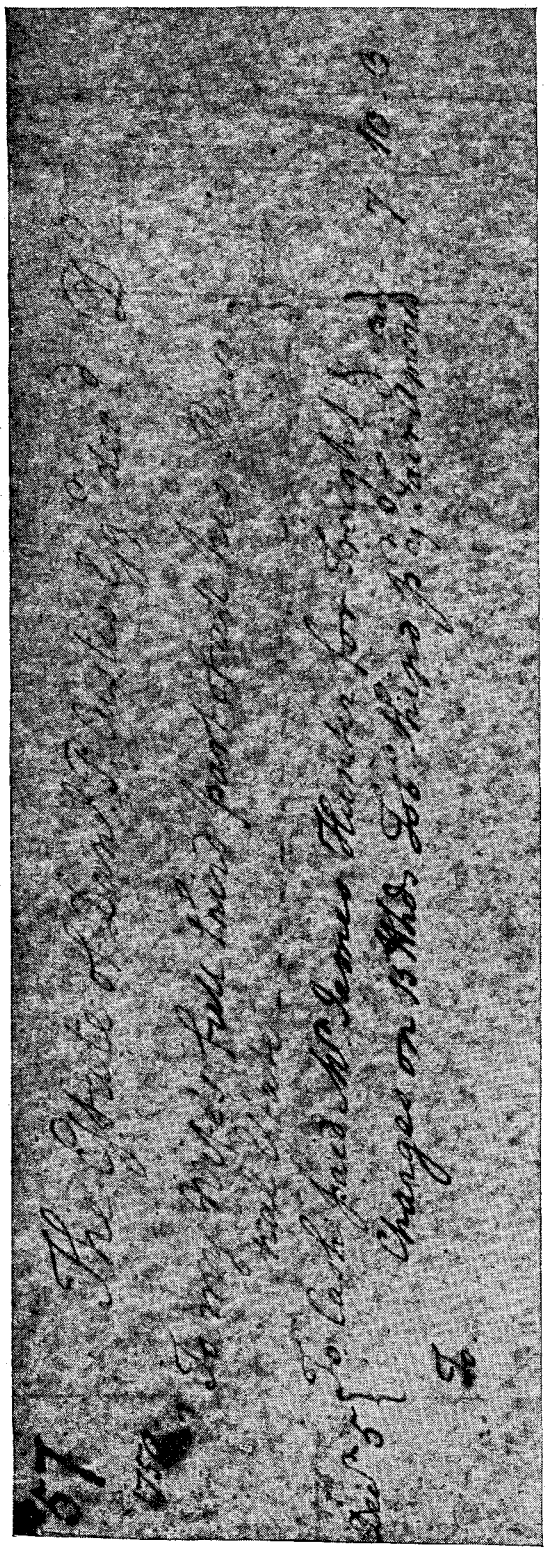

The account of "The estate of Danl. P. Custis, Esq., dec'"
Reproduced from Washington's Ledger in the Library of Congress, Washington.

P. Custis, Esq., decd.," is charged "To my Wife's full third part of all his Personal Estate ——," but the amount is not inserted. It is made certain, however, by the entries in the children's accounts.

"Jno. Parke Custis" and "Miss Patcy Custis" are each credited with a "third part of the Estate of Danl. Parke Custis, Esq., decd as per settlement"—sterling £1617, 18s. and currency £7618, 7s. 11½d.

The pound in Virginia currency was worth only three and one-third Spanish dollars in sterling money, while the latter was valued at five Spanish dollars to the pound; the rate of exchange on London fixed this value.

Calculating the amounts so credited them on this basis we find that each received from the father's estate eight thousand and ninety dollars and fifty cents in sterling, and twenty-five thousand three hundred and ninety-six dollars and sixty-five cents in Virginia currency, the two making the total sum of thirty-three thousand four hundred and eighty-seven dollars and fifteen cents. Mrs. Custis, the widow, was entitled to receive the same amount and it passed to Washington as her husband, under the then existing law, which made the husband and wife one, *and the husband that one.*

In substance, therefore, Washington received as the administrator of his predecessor's estate *a total sum* of one hundred thousand dollars, in part in sterling and in part in Virginia currency.

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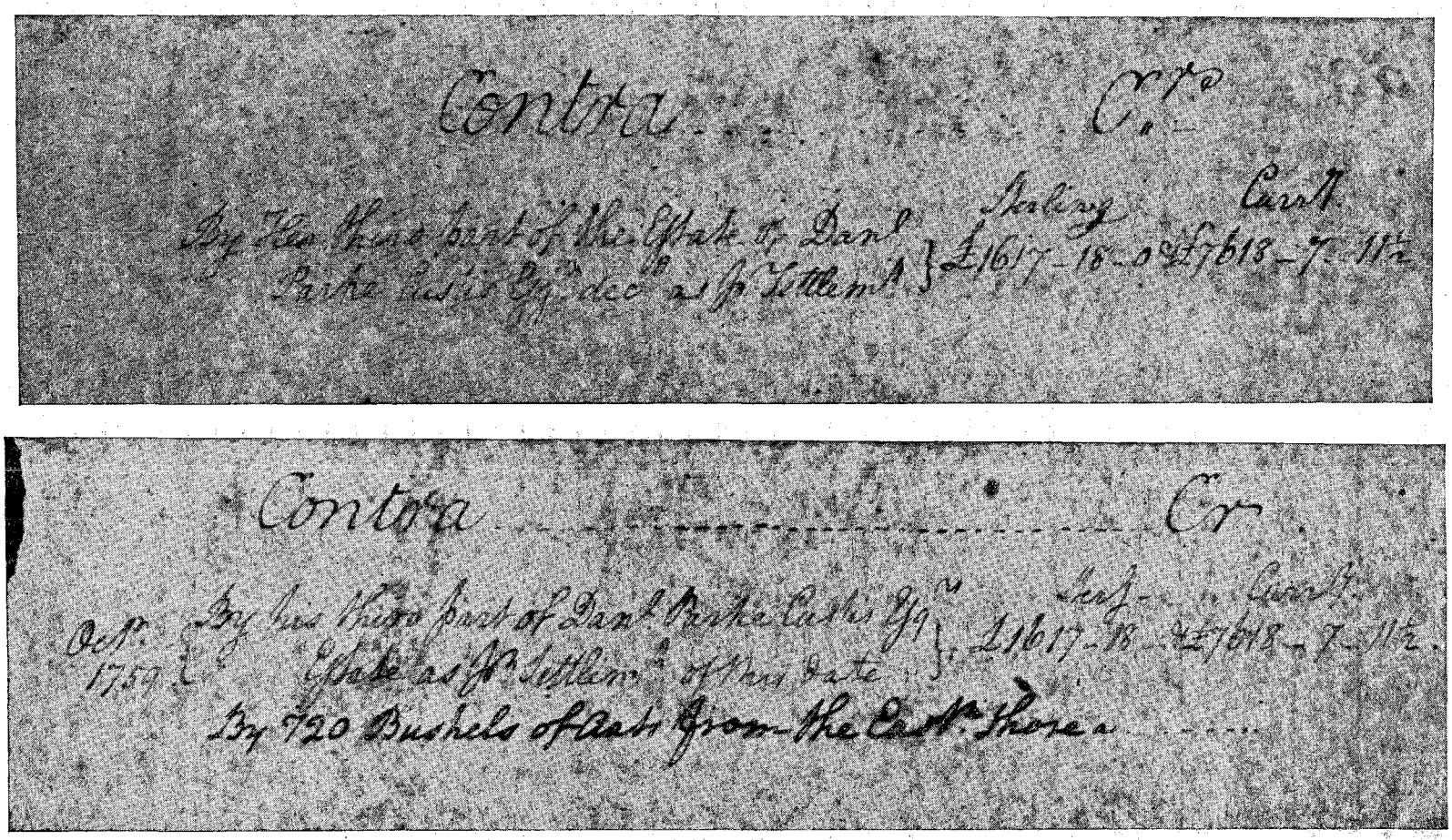

The accounts of "Miss Patsy Custis" and "Jno. Parke Custis."
Reproduced from Washington's Ledger in the Library of Congress, Washington.

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This furnishes irrefragable proof that the story of the three black crows has been applied to that part of the Custis estate which the general received with the widow, the actual amount being only one-third of the amount supposed.

The photographic reproduction of the accounts of the estate of Daniel Parke Custis and Miss Patsy Custis, shown on preceding pages, is the first publication of this disclosure.

The entries on the debit side of the John Parke Custis account were illegible, but fortunately the entries on the credit side were clear and also proved the interesting fact. This unquestionably leaves to Washington's credit the great bulk of the estate of nearly one million dollars which he left at his death to Mrs. Washington and to her and his heirs in his will.

The Ohio Company enterprise was practically dissolved by the French and Indian War, and after peace was finally restored in 1763, although Washington made efforts to revive the undertaking, there was a conflict with other similar efforts made in London by Walpole and others which prevented the consummation of any of them, and all became futile in 1775 by the outbreak of the Revolution.

In the course of his surveying experience from 1748 to 1750, Washington acquired considerable lands from Lord Fairfax and Colonel William Fairfax, both on the eastern side of the Blue Ridge and in the valley of Virginia, for his services and by purchase with his earnings. The Custis money he received went largely into land also.

Washington was elected a member of the House of Burgesses in 1759, soon after his marriage, and held his seat continuously for either Frederick or Fairfax until he was chosen a delegate to the First Continental Congress in 1774.

The fifteen years of legislative training and business experience which he thus acquired have never been fully exploited by his biographers or historians of his time.

Only his relation to the Fairfax resolves and similar resistance to the stamp tax and tea duties have been detailed. We are left to guess what he did from day to day and year to year, in committee and in the House, or socially and privately, to train him for that ability and soundness of judgment which he later displayed in the national field, in the Revolution, the Constitution, the presidency, and the French crisis.

But there is a record of his endeavors as a business man from 1759 to 1774, the years of his career as a private gentleman and Virginia legislator, though little of it has been emphasized in the books.

A few of its items are these:

In 1759 he succeeded his wife as administrator of the estate of Daniel Parke Custis, her deceased husband, consisting of one hundred thousand dollars in cash and securities, belonging to her, and through her to him, and to her son and daughter, in equal shares.

He also succeeded to the long guardianship of the two children's shares in this personal estate and doubled its value in the seventeen years in which he administered it.

He was guardian and manager of "Jack" Custis's forty-five thousand acres of cultivated and wild lands. These were scattered through half a dozen counties in tide-water Virginia, and were farmed in part by many slaves, managed by overseers, or were leased on shares to tenants. Their product must be planted, husbanded, reaped, watched, warehoused, and then shipped to and sold in English and West Indian markets, and the returns secured, collected, and accounted for.

The result of his labors was that young Custis became at twenty-one years of age the richest young man in the Old Dominion.

Mrs. Custis had been advised in writing by her lawyers to get the ablest manager in the colony to superintend this vast estate if she would conserve it, a thing she was herself not qualified to do, and that she ought to pay him any salary he might reasonably ask for the service. That she chose wisely in marrying the young colonel, and got the best of a good bargain, is the opinion of many besides Mr. Moncure D. Conway, who scores the point in his "Barons of the Potomac."

Washington furthermore managed his own estate of Mount Vernon, increasing

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it, through these the years of his prime, from twenty-seven hundred to eighty-two hundred acres. He ran the mill his father established, conducted fisheries at wholesale along his nearly ten miles of river-front, teeming with shad and herring, shipped flour and salted fish to England and the West Indies in annually increasing quantities. He maintained a ferry across the Potomac at a profit and to the great convenience of the public, built a village of houses at Mount Vernon, and enlarged the mansion-house to double its original size. He established half a dozen "quarters" for his slaves on the various farms of his estate, increased their number by leases from his neighbors, and watched the welfare of these dependents with prudent care and fair-minded discipline. Their ignorance, shiftlessness, and general unprofitableness, as well as their unfortunate place in society, were a source of his constant anxiety and conscientious yearning to see them freed, and their condition and that of the colony improved accordingly.

In 1763 and for five years thereafter Washington managed the great Dismal Swamp enterprise. This involved the drainage and lumbering operations on forty thousand acres of "spongy" forested land below Norfolk in Nansemond County, Virginia. It required the building of a number of miles of canals, the maintenance of yards and docks at Suffolk, the building of roads and camps, and the usual labor of timber-cutting and shipping on a large scale.

To this Washington devoted the greater part of six years as managing director of a company of twelve "adventurers," of whom this list survives: William Nelson, Thomas Nelson, Robert Burwell, John Robinson, George Washington, Thomas Walker, Fielding Lewis, Anthony Bacon & Co., J. Syme, Samuel Gist, Robert Tucker, and William Walters.

A little later he bent his efforts to create the Mississippi Company and to procure for it a grant of several millions of acres of land in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys from the crown. He was the manager of the enterprise and for some years it engaged his best endeavors. He invited the participation of his Virginia friends, and from 1765 to 1772 struggled, but in vain, in competition with London and court influences, for the royal favor. Then the Revolution dissolved all the rainbows of hope in that direction.

Throughout the years 1759 to 1772 Washington was constantly engaged in the patient endeavor to compel the British Government to make good Governor Dinwiddie's promise to give the Virginia veterans of the French and Indian War two hundred thousand acres of land on the western waters. It took him thirteen years to get justice done. He constituted himself, with their full approval, of course, the agent and trustee of his soldiers, advanced all the expenses of survey and allotment, and finally distributed the lands to officers and men in due proportions, so that no complaint by them or their heirs seems to have remained of record.*

*In that connection an illustration of his painstaking methods is to be found in a letter, of which a copy exists in the letter-book record in the Library of Congress, dated June 24, 1771, which is here given as amended and completed on inspection of the original letter, recently shown me by E. Byrne Hackett, Esq., of New Haven, Connecticut.

Fairfax County Virga.
June 24th. 1771.

Sir,

Your letters of the 15th of Decr from Georgia and 20th of April from Charles Town, came duly to hand. In answer to them I have only to inform you that my advertisements (which you speak of) issued in consequence of Instructions from our late Governor and Council, and that I have nothing more to do in the affair, than to receive, and deliver in to them the several claims of the respective Officers and Soldiers who Imbarked in the Service of this Colony in the year 1754 (Under a Proclamation of the then Lieutenant Governor, offering a reward of 200,000 Acres of Land to all those who should voluntarily engage in an Expedition to ye Ohio for certain purposes) among whom your Son was one, & well entitled not only by Proclamation, but by his Merit and Bravery to a Lieutenants share of the Land, which no doubt he, (if any of us do), will obtain, as I have exhibited your claims to that end.

Nothing final however is determined, in respect to this matter you will stand on the same footing with the rest of the Claimants provided you contribute in the same proportion towards the Incident Charges attending the Survey &c which is now set about & for which each Subaltern Officer has already been called upon for the respective Sums of Six pounds and four pounds ten shillings curt Money of this Coly, in order to prosecute the Work; It will behove you therefore to give some Person a power of Attorney to act on your behalf who must be furnished with the means of contributing your quota's past & to come, for the furthering of the Business, which must from the Nature of it be accompanied with trouble and expense, &, I know of nobody better qualified to serve you in this matter than the One who first exhibited your Claim, I mean Mr. Alexander Craig, who is a resident of Williamsburg—A Man of very fair Character, and lyes more in the way of receiving your instructions, and communicating any Information which may be proper for you to receive than I should or any else that I could recommend.

It may not be amiss to add for your further Satisfaction, that all the Claims are now in, consequently the proportion and Value of the Land, which may fall to each officers share, now fully known, and that we have many difficulties, and some uncertainties to pass through, before our Right to these Lands can be fully recognized—such powerful Solicitation is there from People of Power in Great Britain for the Lands to the Westward of us, where our Grant was Located —and such the opposition we met with; tho' it is hoped that the equity of our right will at length prevail, in which case

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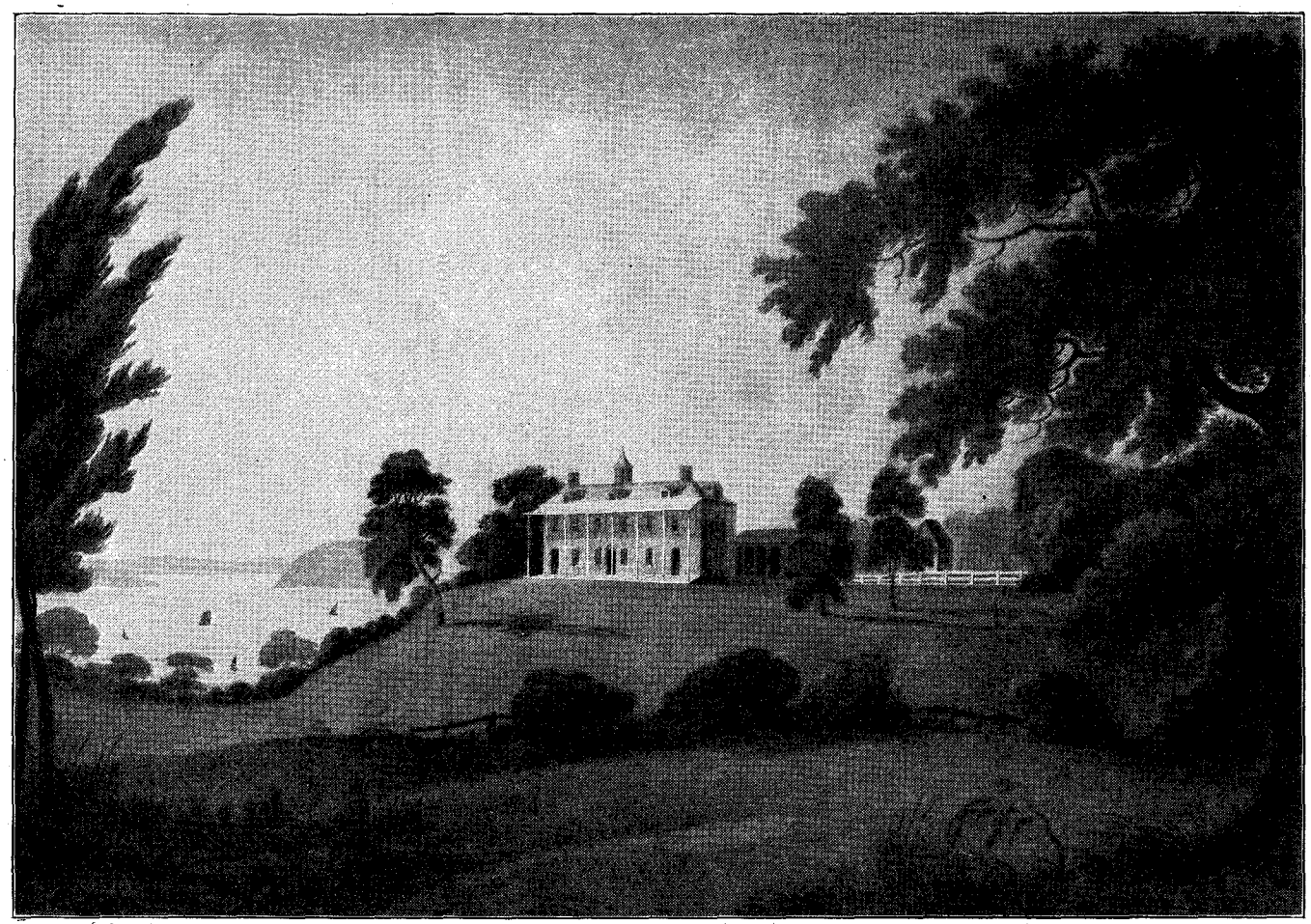

Alexander Robertson Delineavit — Francis Jukes Sculpsit

MOUNT VERNON in VIRGINIA

The Seat of the late Lieut. General **GEORGE WASHINGTON,**

Commander in CHIEF of the Armies of the United States

London Pub.d March 21.st 1800 by F. Jukes N.o 10 Hanbury Street — and by Al. Robertson Columbian Academy Liberty Street New York

In the collection of Charles Allen Munn, Esq.

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Washington received ten thousand acres of this land on his own account and purchased much more in the open market from those who preferred a bit of cash in hand to much land in the bush. He made the journey to the Ohio in 1770 and selected the lands along the Ohio and Kanawha Rivers, and other streams best suited to agriculture, for his soldiers and himself.

He further caused Colonel William Crawford and his brother Valentine in this and the subsequent years to locate for him many claims in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the present West Virginia, until such purchases, together with his share of the bounty lands, amounted to fifty-three thousand acres of the best bottom-lands on the Ohio, Great Kanawha, and Little Miami Rivers, as well as the Great Meadows, on which he had surrendered Fort Necessity, and a great tract in the heart of the now famous Connelsville coke region. Incidentally he also acquired two large farms in Maryland, and jointly with General George Clinton, while waiting for the signing of the definitive treaty of peace with England in 1783, he bought six thousand acres in the Mohawk Valley near Utica, New York. Washington had no money at the time, but Clinton loaned him twenty-five hundred dollars for the purpose, on his note at seven per cent interest, which was promptly repaid, partly out of the first crop Washington raised after the Revolution and partly from sales of the land.

It was work of this kind which employed the ripening years of the busiest and biggest man in Virginia just before the Revolution. It was thus he became acquainted with his neighbors and fellow countrymen. It was because of these peaceful pursuits and great engineering enterprises that he learned to know the needs of the colonies and foresaw their future. It was his informed vision which made practical the possibilities of expansion when the French and Spanish menaces were removed or made innocuous by the Seven Years' War. So it was that he became the leader of the Old Dominion, of the South, and finally of the entire thirteen colonies, and felt and knew the rights, the interests, and the sentiments of each.

Therefore, when the clash of the tea tax, the stamp duty, and the Boston massacre came, he was clear in his mind that the rights of Englishmen were being infringed at the behest of an ill-balanced German autocrat, and for several years he rejected the idea of separation from England, insisted on repeal of the unconstitutional laws, and a return by Parliament and the crown to legitimate methods.

When all protests failed and the First Continental Congress met in 1774 it was for these reasons, this experience in peaceful pursuits and just interests, that Washington stood forth as the great captain of industry, and Patrick Henry said of the members of the Congress: "If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina is the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is by far the greatest man on the floor."

And now in modern phrase, written by John Drinkwater for the glory of the only man fairly comparable with him:

> "When the high head we magnify
> And the sure vision celebrate,
> And worship greatness passing by,
> Ourselves are great."

---

the Land will be worth the trouble and expenses notwithstanding its remote distance from Navigation.

I am very much obliged to you for the favourable opinion you are pleased to entertain of me—I wish I may always continue to deserve it, and approve myself

Sir

Your Most Obedient Servant

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

To

John Polson Esq., Now in Jamaica, to the care of Mr. Hugh Polson Sheriff of Kingstone.

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THE CRYSTAL IN THE ATTIC

By Glory Thomas

Illustrations by Rudolph Tandler

THE room was very quiet, but it was not a dead quiet. There was a mellowness and warmth in the atmosphere that could not be entirely attributed either to the softly shaded lights or to the fire that glowed steadily in the old-fashioned fireplace. Mrs. Denton was sitting in the corner of the big divan, reading one of the French books Sheila had given her for Christmas, and occasionally glancing from it to the pocket "Larousse" which lay beside her. Across the room, the light from the lamp on the table falling over his shoulder onto the evening paper, sat Mr. Denton.

It was a pretty picture, the lamplight making iridescent pools of color in the drapery of Mrs. Denton's tea-gown, and softening the effect of the room. It was this way that they always sat for the hour or so after dinner, and it was always just this picture that Sheila unconsciously saw when she thought of the word home. The grandfather's clock in the dining-room struck ten, and Mr. Denton looked across the room at his wife.

"I think I'll be going up-stairs in a while, dear," he said, throwing aside the paper.

"I would, Peter; you've been looking tired lately. I'm glad we're going to the country next month; you need the rest."

"Oh, I'm all right, Helen. I've worked a bit too hard over the book, perhaps. I wonder how Sheila will like it out at the old place. There won't be much of this beaux and late parties business for her, I'm afraid," and Mr. Denton's eyes lit up with an unexpected twinkle as he thought of the social life at "The Willows."

"Sheila worries me a little lately, Peter."

"Overdoing it, you mean?"

"No, not that. But she used to go out on parties with all the young people, and it was never with the same boy twice in succession, but lately she's narrowed down to seeing just that McHenry boy, and I don't like it." Mrs. Denton's perplexed sigh told more clearly than her words how little she liked it.

"Well, it seems to me most girls do narrow down sooner or later. Sheila's going to get married one of these days, you know."

"I know, Peter; but Sheila's still pretty young, and she isn't the girl she'll be in a few years. She's going to develop, and she's going to do big things when she gets out of this rut of parties and——"

"Why, Helen! Can't a girl do big things after she's married?"

Mrs. Denton smiled at her husband, but her eyes were still troubled.

"Of course she can, dear, if she marries the right man; but Sheila wouldn't know the right one if he did come along now. Of course I may be mistaken, but I think she might as well bury herself alive as marry Sid McHenry. I know that all he'll do with life will be to make a little money, show a mild interest in politics, and play poker. His mind couldn't even soar to bridge, and I'm sure his idea of literature is confined to the sporting and financial sheets of the newspaper."

The twinkle faded from Mr. Denton's eyes, and he started walking up and down the room with his hands behind his back, a habit he had when his attention was really engaged.

"Are you sure she's in love with him?" he asked, after a few minutes.

"Not sure, no, dear; but she's been reserved lately, and she's been with him so much. Oh, I wish you two were closer!"

She had not meant to say it, but in her mood of helplessness before the situation she apprehended, it had slipped out.

Before Sheila came out Mr. and Mrs. Denton had been obliged to travel on

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business, and for several years Sheila had spent her winters in boarding-school and the long, quiet summers with her aunt in an Adirondack camp. The last two years, since the family came back, she had been busy dashing to dinners and dances, and to house parties in summer. Sheila and her father had been close chums when she was a little girl, and in her tomboyish school-days they had ridden around the farm for hours together. Sheila would come running up in her diminutive riding-habit, and say: "Where's Peter?" There was something almost like a caress in the way she called her father "Peter." When she came back from boarding-school, however, there had been a strange shell of reserve about her which Mrs. Denton had pierced, but Mr. Denton had been swamped with work, engrossed in writing a book, the success of which meant a great deal more to the family than Sheila could realize. He had been aloof, as he always was when absorbed in his writing, and that first aloofness had intensified Sheila's reserve till it had become almost a breach between them. Peter Denton felt this keenly, his wife knew, and when she saw the hurt look he turned away quickly to hide, she would have given a great deal to call back the careless remark. A few minutes later she came up to her husband and, laying her hand on his shoulder, silently asked forgiveness.

"I may be mistaken," she said. "It may be only a passing affair. I wish I knew."

"Well, we can't do much about it to-night, Helen, and perhaps when she gets to the farm she'll see things differently. Shall I leave the light in the hall for her?"

"Yes, do. She'll probably be in late."

Mrs. Denton picked up her husband's newspaper and laid it on the table, and turned out all the lights but one, which she always left burning when Sheila was out. She stood for a few minutes looking at Sheila's picture—the one that stood on the table by the lamp. The wide, wistful eyes that looked out at her from the face in the frame seemed to be asking her for advice.

"Wait, Sheila! Wait! There are bigger things than a McHenry, with his polo and parties, in store for the little girl with the poetry in her eyes," she said out loud to the picture, before following her husband up-stairs.

Several hours passed. The house grew still except for the grandfather's clock, which was carrying on a reproachful monologue. "She should be home—I wish she'd come. She should be home—I wish she'd come." When the hands were at half past two the storm-door closed with a metallic clang. There was the sound of a key in the lock and the inside door creaked ajar; then a girl's voice, pitched very low, with a poignant note in it, half sleepy, half pleading:

"Please go now, Sid. It's too late to come in. I've had a heavenly time, and thank you loads, but do be good now and say good-by."

"But, Sheila, it's to-morrow you go. Don't you feel at all the way I do about it? I just can't go till you tell me one way or the other."

"Sid—I can't—I don't know; and I must go in."

"But, darling, I want you so much. Why won't you marry me? I can give you anything in the world you want, and that's more than most boys can say. Your family will get used to the idea of me. You like me; you've said you do. Please say 'yes,' Sheila!"

Sheila stood, her hand in his, a little dazed. It was very inadequate, spoiled-boy love-making—not at all what Sheila had dreamed of. Yet he was right; she did like him. He seemed so in need of help. All the foolish, wild things he did only seemed to endear him to her, even though at the same time they made him grow further and further away from the ideals she had always had. But now, when he talked this way, making all the big decisions so imminent, she had an hysterical desire to run away from the whole thing. She wondered why she felt that way. He was the sort of person she had seen her friends marry, but she had always known she wanted some one different, a little more like the people she read about. As she thought of the "some one," she drew her hand away.

"I've explained it all, Sid. You know I like you, more than like you, but I——"

"Sheila, are you still looking for that darn Greek god of yours? Believe me,

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"Sheila, are you still looking for that darn Greek god of yours?"—Page 430.

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you won't find him. They don't exist outside of books. Why, just be honest. Can you think of a single one of our friends that's the least bit like him?"

"No. But there must be——"

"Sheila, don't be a baby, looking for Prince Charming. You think too much, dear. Now listen. I'm awfully in love with you, and you like being with me. What more do you want?" and Sid laughed. He had a contagious laugh, which was one of the things Sheila liked best about him. He was right; she did think too much, and at times when she had that funny tied-up feeling from brooding, his laugh could drive it away like sunshine and wind.

"I don't know, Sid, I——"

"Come here, little girl, and you'll know it's all right."

Deep in Sheila's heart there was the feeling, perhaps intensified by "little girl"—she'd always hated to be called that—that it wasn't ever going to be, but she was very tired, and a long succession of parties had robbed her of the power to dig down and find the real Sheila, and easier to find, and nearer the surface, was the "why not" of the just New York Sheila.

She took a step forward. There was a little silence, while the clock ticked "She can't do it—he's not the one. She can't do it—he's not the one."

"Sheila, does that mean——"

"I don't know, Sid."

"But you've always said you'd never let anybody——"

"I know, Sid, but please go now. I'll write. You must say good night," and she slipped in and closed the door. She stood for a minute looking at her reflection in the hall mirror, as if it were some one from whom she wanted very much to learn something. All she saw was a small, flushed face, yellow hair rather carelessly fixed, and two startled, abnormally bright gray eyes. She stared for a few minutes, and then, as she gathered up her things, a sob brought the words to her lips: "I wish there was somebody to tell me what to do." But Mrs. Denton was asleep and couldn't repeat the words she had said to the picture.

It was a clear, breezy day with plenty of sunshine when the Dentons arrived at the farm. Sheila was excited at seeing the old place again. It was seven years since she had been back. The brook was tumbling and laughing over the rocks down the lane of willows by the pasture, and everything looked just as she remembered it. As they drove up the long gravel drive she felt the thrill she used to feel when she was about to start off on a canter with Peter. It was queer to think she had called him that; he was so distinctly "father" now. Everything was the same, even old Jeanne, who stood by one of the pillars fingering her apron as the car stopped in front of the house, and Sheila forgot that she was a great, grown-up débutante as she jumped out of the car and flew into her old nurse's arms. It was one of those thrilling home-comings when everything is right. Mr. and Mrs. Denton had rented the farm while they were abroad—to Henri and Jeanne's disgust. The two old French people had been with the family for years, and had taken their duties as caretakers very literally, keeping everything as much as possible as it had always been, to the amusement of the tenants, who were friends of the Dentons. And now to have the family back! "Et Mademoiselle Sheila! Mais qu'elle est grande, et si jolie, mais pas encore un mari!" and there was much laughing. Henri must immediately take Mr. Denton to see the garden, and Jeanne, with many whispers, led Sheila off to see the great-grandchildren of the very same Maltese kitten she had romped with when she was "une toute petite fille," while Mrs. Denton was busy with the new Irish servants, who were looking extremely haughty and completely unmoved by the surrounding display of emotion.

Two happy hours followed. There is nothing in the world that has the magic power to change grown people into children again as a glimpse of their old homestead. It is a very universal transition, but every one believes it to be peculiarly his own. The Dentons were no exception. Each one made solemn pilgrimages to his favorite haunt, claiming motives prosaically practical, if not strictly truthful. Mrs. Denton crept down the stairs leading from the attic with an armful of miscellaneous articles, among which were

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distinguishable a pair of small shoes, and what looked suspiciously like "Miranda," Sheila's old rag doll. When she bumped into Sheila coming in search of her, she assumed a businesslike air and stated that some one must undertake the job of clearing the attic soon. Mr. Denton could not be found anywhere in the house, but on being called, came walking from the direction of the stables.

"Treadwell and I will have to do some work on the old barn if we expect to find room for both cars," he remarked casually, as he hitched his chair up to the table. But if one were to judge by the appearance of his coat, he had been contemplating parking one of them in the hay-loft.

They had a large and festive dinner, laughing inordinately when Mr. Denton said, as he had said hundreds of times before: "Ah! butter-balls from our own garden!"

After dinner Sheila broke the spell. She became first extremely quiet, dropping out of the "do you remember the time?" conversation they had been carrying on; then she grew restless and walked about the room, aimlessly glancing at the covers of some of the magazines the tenants had left; finally she stood looking out of one of the darkened windows. At last the telephone gave the prolonged toll call.

"I'll answer it, mother," and Sheila darted from the room, closing the library door behind her. Mr. and Mrs. Denton went on talking.

"Wasn't that the time we were so frightened about Sheila and the little mare, Peter?"

"Yea, you remember, she took her out and played cowboy with the Randalls' cows."

"I knew she didn't get in till after dark, and we were nearly wild, but I'd forgotten the reason."

There was a pause. Mr. Denton looked at his watch.

"Twenty minutes after— Hmm! Sheila doesn't seem to realize it. I thought every one was always supposed to stop talking then."

Mr. Denton got up and started walking up and down the room, whistling softly. The murmur of Sheila's voice drifted in faintly from the next room.

"Who's she talking to do you suppose?"

"I don't know, Peter. Sid McHenry, possibly."

There was another silence, and again Mr. Denton took out his watch.

"D'you say he had a lot of money?"

"Yes, dear; why?"

"Oh, nothing! Only he won't have it long at this rate," and Mr. Denton's watch snapped with an angry click.

"I'm going to take the police pup out for a walk, Helen. Say good night to Sheila for me when she gets through, will you?" Mr. Denton kissed his wife good night. She heard him picking out one of his canes from the rack in the hall. She called out another cheery good night, and sat looking thoughtfully into the fire, as his footsteps faded down the gravel road.

In a minute Sheila came into the room again with an assumed air of casualness. Without taking her eyes off the fire Mrs. Denton held out her hand to her. Sheila drew up a stool and sat down close beside her mother. For a while neither of them spoke. The fire, with its gentle stirrings and indescribable cosey sounds, gradually harmonized their moods. Sheila leaned her head against her mother's knee, and Mrs. Denton slowly smoothed the silky hair that looked quite tawny in the firelight.

"Do you love him, sweetheart?"

The head nodded a little uncertainly.

"I didn't know you'd noticed, muddy—yes, I think I do."

"I see," and Mrs. Denton tried to keep her anxiety from showing in her voice. This was a shy little girl of hers, whose confidence was not easily won. Mrs. Denton had always vowed that when the time came she would not interfere in her child's choice, but when common sense, experience, and, above all, instinct, told her it was all wrong, how could she just stand by?

"Sheila, everybody falls in love in his own way, of course, and there isn't much one person can tell another about it. But before you marry, I want you to find somebody that in your eyes is pretty close to perfect. At least, you wouldn't have one imperfect inch of him the slightest bit different for the world."

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"Mother! That's the way books go on about it. The Prince Charming idea is only real in books. Mother, girls are different nowadays; their eyes are wider open, and I guess that's the trouble. Real Love is always shown blindfold, isn't he?"

Mrs. Denton's glance became more fixed. Youthful cynicism is a hard thing to grapple with. She ignored Sheila's remark and went on.

"And another thing, when you're in love with a man, really, being with him or even thinking of him ought to make you wonderfully happy and content, and not worried."

"You don't understand, mother, how much more practically every one looks at things now. It was just books and illusions and old-fashioned dreams that used to make people feel that way, I'm sure." But it was a suspiciously damp cheek she pressed to her mother's as she stooped to kiss her good night.

"I wish you'd talk to your father about it," Mrs. Denton whispered, as she returned the kiss.

Sheila straightened up and answered a little coldly:

"He couldn't understand." At the door she turned to add: "Besides, I—I am happy." But she didn't convince Mrs. Denton, nor did she completely convince herself.

A few days later Sheila was alone in the house, Mr. and Mrs. Denton having started out for town in the motor early in the morning. It was gray and dismal out-of-doors, with a high wind swaying the poplars. Sheila was ashamed of herself for being so completely bored. She had wavered between the alternatives of putting on heavy clothes and going for a tour of inspection around the farm, or of staying indoors by the fire. It seemed more lonesome in the house, somehow, but she finally decided to stay in, as Sid had promised to telephone during the morning. Sheila could remember in the days before the family went abroad how she had looked forward to days alone on the farm; long days alone with the books, and no one there to tell her to go out and get some fresh air. It was a distinctly disagreeable sensation to realize that she had more inner resources then than she could summon up now. All that a rainy day, and a chance for solitude, had meant in the last two years was a rallying of the clans and endless rubbers of bridge. Without noticing its title, she picked out one of the books from the well-stocked book-shelves and carried it over to the big chair by the fire. Opening it at random, her attention was caught by some descriptive passages, devoted to the eligibility of the hero. "Oh!"—she almost said it out loud—"why are people allowed to write books about people who never could exist? It just makes other people discontented, and mixes things all up. Here's this beastly hero; he's been out West and done big engineering feats and mastered men. He's only twenty-eight, and, what's more, adds the polish of a New York bachelor to his rugged qualities. That just doesn't happen. It isn't only that I don't know any men like that; none of my friends do. They don't exist." Then, glancing at the book again, she became absorbed in it, and against her will was once more the Sheila of long ago, with the unsullied illusions. On and on she read, sharing the emotions of the heroine. She was deeply in love with her engineer hero, and things were entirely in his hands. She admired him and looked up to him a great deal too much to try to win him with any of the arts at her finger-tips. She could only show him her best and hope that that was what he needed. Sheila compared them to herself and Sid, to whom she said anything that entered her head, often to be misunderstood, but never fearing criticism. She read on a few pages. At last the hero won his lady, and home from the week-end, back in his bachelor apartment, was busy trying to express his feelings to her, with pen and paper.

"Dearest Person:

"Even these old diggings are different. The room seems to be smiling. But your picture on my desk, so cool, and formal, and distant, makes me wonder if I only dreamt the things that happened last night. That's why I'm writing to you now, dear, because if I dare to send this it must be true. I've often wondered, when I've looked back over the funny scattered

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life I've led, whether here and there at the crossroads I had taken the right turning. But darling, darling, if the sum of it all has won your love, there hasn't been one regrettable instant in the whole from start to finish."

Sheila looked up from the book. In her pocket was a letter that had arrived in the morning mail from Sid. Phrases from it flashed through her mind. "Quite a party last night. Wish you were here. Can't seem to have much of a time without you."

"There I go doing it again," she thought, checking herself. "That engineer is just invented. In real life a man that wrote letters like that would probably have long, shiny hair and wear a flowing tie." She dropped the book on the floor with an impatient gesture.

It was almost time for Sid to telephone if he was going to do it at all. Sheila experienced a sense of excitement at the thought. Dear old Sid, there were certain things that were pretty nice about him—his laugh, and his gay, companionable streak. At last the bell rang. Sheila ran to answer it at the extension in the hall. "Hello!" It was a warm, friendly "Hello!" she sent out. She had begun to fear he never would call up. A strange voice drifted back to her. "Is this Mrs. Denton's house? This is the expressman. The meat from New York is at the station." In a changed voice Sheila thanked him and said good-by. As she turned from the instrument her eyes filled with tears. That she had been working on her imagination all morning never entered her head. To her mind there could be but one cause for her disappointment. The second time the bell rang it was Sid. Sheila fairly bubbled over, but the usual response was lacking, and Sid answered in monosyllables. At last he interrupted her.

"Look here, Sheila, dear, I called up specially to-day because things have come to the point where I've simply got to know where I stand. You don't know how hard it is being here in town without you, and—well, there are loads of things going on and people wanting me to do things, and, of course, I've been acting just as I said I would, as if we were engaged and everything, but I've been thinking it over, Sheila; you said you wanted a certain amount of time to make up your mind, and—well, I've just got to know one way or the other.

"Hello! Sheila? Can you hear me?"

"Yes, Sid, but——"

"Please, Sheila, you must answer me."

"But, Sid, aren't things all right just this way?"

"I'm sorry, dear, but I'm afraid they aren't for me."

"Sid, don't you think if you really felt as you've said and written that you do, you could wait a little?"

"It's just because I do love you so much that I can't wait, darling. You must know now how you feel."

Then central's nasal voice breaking in: "Your time's up. Deposit another quarter for three more minutes, please."

Sheila's heart was beating fast. Why did it all seem so complicated? Then Sid's voice again:

"Hello? Sheila?"

"Yes, Sid. Oh, I don't know what to do. It must sound foolish to you, but I don't know what to say."

"Listen, dear; I've got to go back to the office. I'll call you up again to-night. Will you tell me then?"

"Not to-night, Sid."

"Yes, dear, to-night. If you don't know then, there's no use. Good-by, darling, I've got to run. Please see things my way by to-night. Good-by, dear."

"Good-by, Sid."

For a minute Sheila stared at the little black instrument. It didn't seem quite fair. She walked back into the other room and picked up the book she had tossed aside. As she put it on the table she glanced at the cover and read, "Where the Silence Broods," and below it in gold letters, "Denton." She turned to the fly-leaf, again the title, and on the next page, "E. P. Denton, 1898." Her father had written it. She wondered why she had never seen it before. It must be one of his first books. So he, too, was in the conspiracy to fool people. And in the back of her mind always the thought: "To-night. I've got to know to-night."

After lunch she slipped into warm

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clothes, and for an hour or so walked the wooded lanes around the farm, her mind travelling on ahead. When she came back there was a set, determined look about her soft red lips. She glanced at the clock. There were two more hours before the family would get back and before Sid would telephone. She wondered how to fill them. She reached for the book again, but shook her head as she read the title. "Dreams like yours have fooled me, daddy; no more brooding for me. If this is what real life has to offer me, this is what I'll take." The book still in her hand, she started up the stairs in search of occupation. On the landing she remembered her mother's injunction to clear the attic, and ran up the next flight of stairs two at a time.

The attic reached all the way across the house, and was the most story-book of attics in every way. Four tiny dormer-windows let in the light, which now in the clearing sunset streamed in golden and slanting from the west. Decrepit trunks were tucked in under the eaves, an old-fashioned spinning-wheel stood leaning against the brick chimney. At one end of the room a long mirror with a jagged crack down the middle was propped against the wall, and stacked in the centre of the attic were a crib and a rocking-horse, Sheila's old blackboard and boxes and boxes of books. It was easy to see why no one had as yet tackled the job of clearing it. Sheila was overcome with the immensity of the undertaking. Then she smiled. It wasn't going to be Sheila playing in the attic, but the new Mrs. McHenry, grown-up and efficient, starting in housekeeping. I'll tackle the trunks first, she thought, and, kneeling down, pushed open the creaking top of the biggest one in the corner. A faint odor of mustiness mixed with an almost imperceptible whiff of lavender greeted her nostrils. The trunk was so closely packed that the clothes seemed to be amalgamated, wrinkle fitting into wrinkle. On top was an old Paisley shawl. Sheila dug down till her hand touched something cool and slippery. Drawing it out into the light she unfolded masses of creamy yellowed satin. Something dropped to the floor from its folds. Sheila stooped and picked up an oval miniature, badly painted but full of charm, the picture of an old-fashioned bride, head held high, eyes smiling. Sheila turned it over; on the back was painted in tiny black letters: "To Helen, with love, from Peter, who's no artist!" Sheila smiled and examined it more closely. The hair was smoothed off the forehead and dressed in a close knot low at the neck. The dress was of the huge-sleeved, tiny-waisted style, more unbecoming than any women have ever adopted. Nevertheless, the resemblance was striking. It might have been a portrait of Sheila herself, except that the mouth was smaller and the expression of the eyes that of a person more at rest with the world.

Sheila walked over to the mirror and, slipping out of her sport suit, put on the faded satin. She stood looking at her reflection, and then at the miniature in her hand. The similarity was uncanny! "To Helen, with love, from Peter!" The practical Mrs. McHenry tiptoed from the room a conscious intruder, leaving just Helen or Sheila—which was she?—and the shadowy Peter.

As if in a dream Sheila walked over to the small trunk by the spinning-wheel. Sitting on the edge of one of the boxes of books, the miniature still in her hand, she examined its contents. There was a bundle of childish letters, an unfinished fairy story—Sheila remembered writing that—a cluster of shiny yellow curls—how excited she had been when shorn of those; she had stood up slim and short-haired like a boy; and underneath, at the very bottom, a tiny riding-habit. Sheila could almost see before her the little girl that was herself and yet wasn't, and a wave of motherliness swept over her. Fiercely she wanted to guard the dreams and ideals that glowed back of the wide gray eyes; and Peter must help her. The bright cover of one of the books in the box beside her caught her eye. It was a gayly colored volume of nursery songs. How she had cried over the verses of "Pimminie's" death until Daddy Peter had been obliged to improvise an extra verse with a happy ending, and how exalted she used to feel when they all sang: "'Come,' said the wind to the leaves one day!" Oh, but life had stretched out

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sweet and full and rich with hazy promise in those days! And now that she had climbed up from the shadowy valley of nursery land, what could she see ahead in the clear enlightenment of youth? Sheila's eyes grew fixed and her expression less like the face in the miniature. The horizon looked rather bleak after looking back at the colorful shadows in the valley. There would be the wedding, of course. Most of the ushers would probably be extremely festive—most ushers were—and Sid's friends would be sure to be. Muddy and Peter would be smiling and trying to make her believe that they felt that it was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened, but she would know. Then she would be leaning over the balcony in her going-away clothes, holding her bouquet high, ready to toss it into the crowd. Some of the bridesmaids would probably cry, Agnes Dowd for one. Then the mad rush to the waiting car. Then Sheila and Sid, riding off somewhere alone, Sheila smiling a little at Sid saying the things she'd always know he'd say. "My, but you're pretty, little girl," and "above all"—he wouldn't say that, of course, but he'd think it—"you're mine." Glimpses of scenes flitted across Sheila's prophetic vision: a married Sheila in ecstasies over some decorative scheme about the house, and Sid exclaiming: "Haven't you got too many colors? Why not have a few things match? . . ." Sheila reading out loud, "Dark brown is the river," and a laughing Sid saying: "Why all the poetry? I bet they'd rather have me read them one of the newspaper's bedtime stories." Sheila shuddered a little. But, then, that's the way men were. To think of anything else was just dreaming. Life wasn't made up of dreams, and wishes seldom came true. She might as well, right now, along with the Sheila of nursery land, have one last game in the realm of dreams.

She reached into the box again and drew out a fat red book with uneven edges, tied around with a narrow ribbon. She untied the ribbon. On the fly-leaf was written in a fine, slanting hand, "My book and Peter's," and below it in parentheses, "and Sheila's when she grows up."

The book was divided into three parts: the first mostly close writing, the second what seemed to be mounted letters, and the third clippings. Sheila felt the shadowy Peter drawing nearer, and with another glance at the miniature turned the page.

She skipped through the book, back and forth, reading a letter here, glancing at the clippings, and always turning back to the writing that explained it all. It was more engrossing than the most skilfully written book, and as full of faith and poetry as if Thurston had written it, and true, every word of it true. As she read, the wide-eyed Sheila of the curls and the fairy story crept back into her heart, through the door that had so nearly been closed to her for always.

First Sheila looked at the back of the book. At the top of one of the clippings was a photograph of a man of twenty-nine or so, a strong face, and about the eyes a familiar twinkle. Below it she read: "The first photograph of E. Peter Denton to appear since his novel, 'Where the Silence Broods,' was published." He was nothing but a boy, Sheila realized with a start, like any of the boys she knew, except that the things she had wanted, but never found, were there shining out of the face in the picture. The clipping beneath the photograph was too long to have been taken from the book review page. Peter's first novel had caused a real stir. A brief account of his life followed. Ordinary enough at the start: the life of a boy born in comfortable surroundings—school and then college. Perhaps he had worked harder at college than the average, but he had found time to make friends, and had been well liked. After he left college his life followed rather closely the description of the young engineer's career in "Where the Silence Broods," the one whose authenticity Sheila had doubted.

The next paragraphs were devoted to discussion of his book, in terms of praise that brought a glow of almost personal pride to Sheila's eyes. He was compared to the best of the contemporaneous English writers in his unusual combination of strength and subtlety.

There were clippings about each of his books in turn, all in the same tenor, with the exception of a few that disagreed with some of his views. None could deny his

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"Oh, Peter, wishes can come true if you stick to them long enough, can't they?"—Page 439.

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skill or the unfailingly helpful mission at the back of each of his books.

Sheila turned back to the front of the book, where in Mrs. Denton's simple, sincere phrases was set out the account of her first days with Peter—a plain enough little journal, but on each page another of her wishes was granted, another of her dreams was realized. Sheila's eyes filled with tears. Here and there Mrs. Denton referred to some letter Peter had written her. Sheila found them, too. They were full of depth and originality, unexpectedly whimsical and inexpressibly tender. When she had finished the last one, Sheila held the book close in her arms. The man she had loved instinctively just as father had suddenly become her creed and her lode-star. "And you were just a boy. Oh, Peter, wishes can come true if you stick to them long enough, can't they?" She said the words out loud and the sound of her voice broke her revery.

The attic was growing dark, and Sheila suddenly wanted to get back to lights and people. Putting on her own clothes, but still clutching the miniature, she started down the stairs. As she reached the landing she heard the car at the door, then the sound of the telephone. It must be Sid. Mr. Denton was answering it in the hall.

"Hello? Just a minute. I'll see." And with his hand over the mouthpiece he called: "Sheila! It's Sid McHenry. He seems very anxious to speak to you."

Sheila came down the rest of the stairs.

"Father, just—just tell him I can't come to the phone."

Mr. Denton delivered the message, and then held out his arms for his welcome-home greeting. As Sheila stood face upturned he held her off for a minute and, looking into her eyes, asked laughingly: "What's the matter, dear? Don't you want him any more?"

Much to his bewilderment, Sheila turned away quickly, and nestling close against his shoulder, murmured back in a muffled, sobby little voice: "I don't want anybody but just you, Peter—for years."

But Mrs. Denton, who had recognized the miniature in Sheila's hand, understood, and stole up the stairs unnoticed.

THE ANNIVERSARY

By Gamaliel Bradford

THE mighty tides of fate still ebb and flow.
The mighty moons of fortune wax and wane.
Death and disaster out of pleasure grow
And God's high ecstasy returns again.

Some green, delightful oases are found
In the enormous desert of despair,
Some lovely acres of enchanted ground,
Some sunny regions of celestial air.

But that which grows where nothing flourisheth,
And that which blooms where ruin else would be,
And that which heals the sting of even death
Is love—and I love thee and thou lov'st me.

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BEDS UNDER STARS

ANOTHER CRUISE OF "THE DINGBAT OF ARCADY"

By Marguerite Wilkinson
Author of "Bluestone," "New Voices," "Beauty," etc.

WHEN I was a little girl I despised the princess in the fairy-tale who could not rest easily on her seven quilts of silk and down because, underneath the last and lowest of them, a rose petal lay crumpled. Now I have compassion for her, for those who recline on sevenfold silk and down spread between themselves and rugged reality never rest at all. If there be no crumpled rose petal, the thought of one suffices to disturb them. Pillowed upon a softness that thwarts or denies reality, we may have witless slumber and illusory dreams, but valid repose is for those who do not fear that which is hard. Our rest is on reality.

Our peace is in reality. This thought I have found growing near the gnarled roots of trees that have sheltered me in the woods at night. I have found it, also, flourishing in chilly sand at the heavy ocean's edge. Whenever and wherever I have slept upon the ground at night I have caught glimpses of it by the light of the first stars. And I have looked at it again in the morning as soon as a new dawn has made it possible to see thoughts growing. I have tried to transplant it into my mind.

Whenever and wherever I have found this thought growing I have found rest. The ground, the underlying reality for our bodies, that from which there is no falling away, is the best of all beds. It is the bed of heroes before they die in battle and find rest in it forever; it is the bed of hermits who keep vigil for the soul's sake; it is the bed of the quaint company of the poets who wander up and down the highways of the world forever, seeking the tunes that will echo longest in the minds of men and the images that men's tears will never wash away. The ground is the bed on which Christ slept in the wilderness. It is the clean refuge of the poor. Resting on it makes the body firm, the mind joyful.

To find this firmness and joy, to achieve this rest upon reality, nobody needs to endure more than all manhood and womanhood should be able to endure. It is not necessary to be uncomfortable night after night. Times will come when no amount of foresight can prevent a certain amount of discomfort. But such humorous hardness should symbolize for us that discipline of heart and mind without which we reach no intellectual or spiritual reality. As a rule, after the first two or three nights in the open, aching bones are either a myth or a stupidity.

It seems strange to me now to remember that, whereas my ancestors, for thousands of years, could have had no other bed, I lived for thirty years in a world full of groves and wild skies without ever spending a night on the ground under the stars. Then it came to pass, at last, that my husband and I set out on our first adventure, the seven weeks' cruise down the Willamette River in the boat which we built ourselves and christened *The Dingbat of Arcady*. Our first night on the ground was spent near Albany, Oregon, in a forest of maples.

After a hot supper cooked by the water's edge we made our boat fast to a sapling and then, carrying our blankets and two long strips of heavy canvas, we entered the grove. We found a superb maple with a stretch of level earth under it about eight feet square on one side, and sloping away from the roots. It was summer and the branches above were in full leaf. I leaned against the trunk and watched while Jim loosened the earth in the open space with a hatchet and made a slight hollow (as travellers do in the Western desert) for the hips to rest in. This is an essential of comfort. The spine grows weary when held at an angle all night by a flat surface.

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When the earth was arranged, which took not more than five minutes, we spread out the canvas and laid woollen blankets on it. As much depends on blankets underneath as on blankets on top when sleeping on the ground. Then came light cotton blankets—the "sleep-between" which could be washed easily and served as protection against the dust that always gathers in wool. On top of this we put more woollen blankets. We kept the second strip of canvas at hand for protection if it should rain. We had no tent.

No roof stood between us and heaven—none but the broad, deeply cleft leaves of our tree. On one side even these did not hide the sky. On that side there was not even a mist to mask the street-lamps of the eternal cities above us as a light fog from the harbor sometimes veils the stars that are New York at night. Climbing through that aperture in the branches on rays of starlight, my vision rose into the everlasting blue and my spirit followed.

No walls were between us and the voice of the river to deaden the long sound of its chanting—none but the walls of quiet air through which that chanting came. My lips moved with the desire to shape words to the tune of it and I gathered vague syllables together into heaps in my mind as I listened, only to throw them all away again at last. It had to be a song without words.

There was nothing between us and the nervous life that plays sensuously upon the surface of the earth. The ground whispered when an insect moved in it or over it. The hush of night was broken, occasionally, by the passing of the little night-hunters of the wood, scurrying across leaves and twigs to and from their hidden homes, talking with their quick feet. Sometimes something fell. Then silence closed in again deeper than before. The air near my face was moist and full of sober fragrances. I wanted to stay awake all night and get the uttermost joy out of the experience. But even as I resolved to keep watch over the world with the stars I lost them. . . .

In the woods, although I wake earlier than when I am at home, I usually wake more beautifully and gradually. If the wood be thick, or the day cloudy, my first awareness of waking is the half-conscious answer of the mind to the calling of birds near at hand that seem, in my dreamy state, to be very far away. At first I lie quiet with no desire to move a finger, opening my eyes for an instant from time to time to see the robust trunks of trees define themselves and emerge from vanishing mist or kindly shadow. Then I realize that the tip of my nose is cold. I lift a hand to my hair and find that it is heavy with dew. I turn stiffly. I listen consciously to the bird song. One by one more trees add themselves to the number of those that I can see. A shaft of keen light falls through arching branches upon the floor of the grove. The grass becomes visible, stiff and spangled. If there be flowers near my bed I notice them. Then it is time to get up.

On the first morning of our trip the waking and rising happened in this way. I walked slowly down to the river, getting used to my legs almost as if I were learning to walk. The stream was smooth from bank to bank as if the ripples still slept. It steamed with light, white mist. An evanescent foam or scum clung to the small reeds near the bank, and in quiet places bubbles floated. A fish jumped. The sun stared at me ruddy and imperturbable from his low house in the East. I saluted him. Then I plunged in for my morning swim. My mood that had moved to an expectant andante now quickened to a happy allegro. I gathered some pieces of dry wood barkless and bleached, like the bones of a tree, and made a fire and cooked breakfast. The day had begun.

On the next night of the trip and on several succeeding nights, although there was as much beauty to be enjoyed, there was more hardship, for it rained. On our second night out we camped with the maples again, but in another grove, farther down the river. When we had been asleep only a little while we were awakened by a noise strange to us, the shy, slow, perturbed fluttering of the top branches of the trees shifting in an intermittent breeze, and the first gentle pattering of rain upon their leaves. The thought of a shower roused us, for, as I

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have said, we had no tent. We had been too poor to buy one. We put all of our clothing under the canvas folded on top of our blankets. Then we waited, wondering whether we should soon feel the rain.

For quite a long time not a drop of water came through to fall upon us. The leaves held the first fallen drops until their surfaces must have been thoroughly wet. Then the shower became too heavy for them to hold and they began to drip. From layer to layer of leaves the water fell, and then onto our canvas. It was like William H. Davies' lyric "The Rain," exactly like it.

> "I hear leaves drinking rain;
> I hear rich leaves on top
> Giving the poor beneath
> Drop after drop;
> 'Tis a sweet noise to hear
> Those green leaves drinking near."

When the rain did splash through on us at last we did not know whether to keep our faces out and let our hair get wet or to duck under the blankets and feel smothery. We decided to let them get wet. In the morning my hair was drenched and I looked very bedraggled, like pussy with wet fur, but otherwise I was quite dry and warm. We put on sweaters and hunted for wood dry enough for a fire. Under fallen trunks of trees or in hollows of dying trees we found plenty and made our matutinal coffee without much difficulty while occasional drops of rain sputtered against the hot sides of the pot.

Since then we have learned to carry calcium carbide which, when dropped into water, makes a gas that burns well and will dry twigs for a fire in no time. In this way fire can be had in the wettest weather. We have learned, also, to dig a V-shaped trench inverted at the head of the bed when rain is expected. The water then drains off at both sides of the bed and not into it. Rain is beautiful, but I do not love it the better for having it flow down my neck at night. We were novices in those far-away days, and had not learned how comfortable it is possible to be out-of-doors even in wet weather. Nevertheless, we were quite cheerful. We were like children in our enjoyment of the thought that we had slept out in the rain all night and cooked breakfast in the rain successfully.

When rainy day followed rainy day and rainy night followed rainy night for the better part of two weeks I must admit that we were not always cheerful. Once we agreed that we would keep a fire burning all night. I was to keep watch until twelve, for Jim had been rowing all day and was far more tired than I. Then he was to keep watch for the rest of the night while I slept. But at twelve o'clock Jim was sleeping as deeply as the logs he should have been chopping up for the fire, and I simply could not rouse him. I turned in and let the fire die.

Through all the rain we kept well. Not a twinge of rheumatism, not a hint of a cold did we have although we travelled down-stream most of every day in the leaky little *Dingbat*, barefooted because we thought that wearing wet leather might bring on chilblains, and although we slept at night in blankets that did finally get damp, since there was never sun in which to sun them.

Then came a day when we saw the sun again, hot and glorious—a day of emeralds and diamonds. In the strong light we saw that everything we owned was—muddy. We must have washing day at once while the sun was out. But we needed to go on down the river, too, for we were short of certain kinds of food that could be bought only in towns. How could we do the washing and the travelling too? That was the question.

Jim answered it. He bored a hole in the middle of the cover plank at each end of *The Dingbat*. Into these two holes he inserted two sticks about five feet tall. From the top of one to the top of the other he tied a stout cord. That was to be the drying line. Then, while *The Dingbat* floated on down-stream, carefully guided by Jim, I leaned over the stern with a cake of laundry soap in one hand and a dingy garment in the other, rubbing and scrubbing to my heart's content. We left a thin trail of suds in our wake. We flaunted personal banners in the sun. At noon, when everything we owned was washed and dried except the big cotton "sleep-between," we rounded a bend in the river and thought for a moment that we were drifting into the *Dingbat's* home port—a boatman and a washwoman in Arcady!

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It was only a strip of shelving pebbly beach that we saw, with a clump of birches white in a dazzle of sun and flutter of air. But a virginal freshness of atmosphere made the place delightful to us who had struggled long with the rain in thick dark groves. In all directions we saw wild, untouched country. No sign of man! What a place for a rest and a frolic! It was very hot. Jim decided to stay for a couple of hours and row on down-stream later in the day when it would be cooler. We stopped, put on our bathing-suits, and walked into the river.

We had a delightful afternoon. I sat down joyfully in the current where the water was on a level with my shoulders, and ducked my head under from time to time to let it have the fun of tugging at my hair. We washed the blankets and hung them on bushes to dry. Then I gave myself up to delight in the weather. I was wild with golden sun and blue water and white solitude. One swim was not enough for me. All afternoon I ran in and out of the river. Jim washed the boat and then rested quietly. It was not until about five o'clock that we packed our clean, dry things into a clean, dry *Dingbat*, and pulled reluctantly out of the port of Arcady to finish the day's cruise. We had to travel until about eight o'clock to make up for our afternoon of leisure. We did not know then that it would have been wiser to remain where we were.

But soon after we had left Arcady behind us I felt a strange, drowsy pain waking in my feet. At first I paid no attention. The pain persisted and grew worse. A sudden twinge when I moved one foot eventually challenged attention. I looked at my feet and saw that something quite unprecedented was happening. They were rosy purple, and in form resembled the chubby feet of Michelangelo's cherubs. I tried to stand and discovered that it had become an agony merely to bend them at the ankles. I sat down in limp distress. It was an exceedingly bad case of sunburn, the result of my intemperate revelling in sun and water.

It was evident that we could not camp for the night anywhere where walking would be necessary, and that we had better stop at the first flat beach. When we found a suitable place my feet had swollen to about twice their normal size and were aching furiously. Jim lifted me out of the boat and set me down on the shore like a pathetic bundle. We had no curative lotion with us, nothing that could be used but a little lard left over from cooking. Jim made a bed on the beach and put me into it with my melancholy feet uplifted on a typewriter and a suitcase. It was only toward morning that the pain eased somewhat and permitted two or three hours of slumber.

Even so I was awakened early by a shadow directly over my face and I looked up into the countenance, humorous and pointed, the two beady eyes and sharp snout of a friendly little pig. To show him that I was not good to eat and did not intend to be eaten, I said, "Hello!" Whereupon he replied with an exquisitely modulated "Oi, oi, oi," that made me think of the Greek syllable without the rough breathing. After this polite salutation he trotted away. For me, however, he was symbolic. Never since then have I let intemperate pleasure lead to sunburned feet. So Apollo taught me, as he taught the Greeks of old, that there is temperance even in beauty.

By the time my feet were well again we had stopped all of the leaks in *The Dingbat* with pitch and oakum, and we sometimes found it convenient to sleep on the floor of her while she rocked quietly all night on the lonely waters of that little river. When evening came we would tie her securely by her long rope to some sapling on shore and then let her float inside of a log boom, or in some shallow cove. At first, when we slept in her in this way, we covered the floor with branches of the firs, laying our blankets on top of them. It was a fairly good bed, though less comfortable than the ground in the forests. Then, one day, we met a farmer, who told us that there might be wood-ticks in the fir branches and offered us hay instead. We took big armfuls of it from his little red barn and offered to pay for it, but the farmer would accept nothing. It was only hay, he said! We spread it out where the fir branches had been and rested fragrantly on it while our boat was tipping and slipping about gently on water that lapped softly against the fourteen-inch planks that were her

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sides. We could watch the moon light a silver pathway for the feet of some spirit like Christ. . . .

But the strangest bed that we have ever slept in we found at Oregon City, when we had floated that far down the stream. A big fall spans the river at that point, and to pass it one must go through locks. We knew this, and when we were near enough to the place to make it by eight hours of hard rowing, we were told that if we reached the locks before five o'clock of that day we could get through. Jim did his best, pulling hard on the oars all afternoon. We did not stop for food, for we had cold things for luncheon and enough raw potatoes to provide a dinner. All day we hurried down-stream.

After many hours we heard the roaring of the falls ahead. Riffles sing soprano and rapids a beautiful combination of alto and tenor, but big falls boom in basso profundo. The current quickened perceptibly as we bore to the left, hugging the shore as we had been advised to do. Faster and faster we moved. We got into the swift guard-locks stream. Jim stopped pulling and made it his only care now to keep the boat to the left and close to land. Ahead of us we saw the gates of the locks. At the right, between the dam and the locks, was a paper-mill, evidently running on a night-shift. At the left of the locks was a perpendicular bluff about ten feet high. We went on and soon brought up hard against the gates of the locks. They were closed. What to do next we did not know. We hallooed.

At first nothing happened. Then a man, coming out of the paper-mill, saw us. He said that the locks would not be opened until eight o'clock next morning, when some large boats would go through. Then we realized our plight. Bluff to the left of us, gates in front of us—falls to the right of us—volleyed and thundered! Behind us was a current up which only motor power could have pulled *The Dingbat*. We had no food for the evening meal but potatoes, still raw, and we had travelled far. The thought was disconcerting. The kind man realized our plight.

"You can't get your boat out," he said, "and you'll have to spend the night here if you want to stay by your things. Wait a minute. I'll speak to the boss."

The boss came out and looked us over.

"You have your wife along," he said meditatively.

Jim admitted what was obvious.

"Well," said the boss, with a hospitable wave of his hand, as if he were welcoming us to the dear old Waldorf-Astoria, "well, if you can get up to it, you can spend the night in my heap of junk!"

We followed the gesture and noticed what we had not seen before, several heaps of shavings on top of the bluff and three sections of iron pipe. Each section must have been about seven feet long and six feet in diameter. Jim looked at me with a gleam of intelligence in his eyes and I answered with an understanding gleam. It could be done. We would spend the night in one of those pipes! We thanked the boss and accepted his offer. He grinned and told the kind man who had discovered us to help us up the bluff.

This man, who turned out to be the night-watchman for the mill, just come on duty, crossed a high bridge from the mill to the bluff and told us to pull over to the left. This we did and Jim threw our long rope to him. He pulled us up-stream a short distance and into a niche where the current was not felt. Then he tied the rope to a tree on the bank above us. Jim managed to get our blankets and other necessaries hoisted up to him by the use of oars and another rope. Then, with some assistance, he scrambled up himself. And finally the two men hauled me up, bumping and scraping against the bluff in clumsy fashion. We were landed.

After that all went well. The heaps of shavings were clean, refuse from the pulp-mill. We spread them thickly on the bottom of the interior of one of the pipes. On the shavings we spread our blankets, all but one, which covered the back of our strange house. The canvas covered the front entrance in a similar way. Our house was ready for us.

In front of our front door we sat down and built a fine little fire of shavings and small blocks of wood. We cooked our potatoes, a plentiful, if somewhat plain, dinner. While we were eating, the night-watchman came over for a social smoke with Jim. He told us, as men always do

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in the open world, the story of his adventures. They made ours seem a little bit tame. Once he had rolled all the way down the side of a mountain on his horse, breaking a large number of his bones. He had been unable to work for a year after that, but he was fairly well mended by this time and glad to have a quiet job. He was a zestful man and good company. The stars were out when he shook the ashes from his pipe and left us, assuring us that we would be perfectly safe.

Then we crept into one of the queerest shelters ever inhabited by a teacher and a poet. If you should ever be troubled with insomnia as a result of sleeping on a box spring and hair mattress with coverings of linen and silk, my friend, I suggest that you row all day on a sunny river and then, at nightfall, find a large, clean iron pipe, line it with shavings, spread out your blankets thereon, eat a dinner of plain boiled potatoes, turn in, and find your cure.

Such surprises as the finding of a pipe suitable for a residence when the need of shelter is great have been rare in our experience. But we have often had the finest of æsthetic surprises. Once in Southern California Jim and I started on a short trip that yielded most gracious memories.

We had built a second oblong boat like *The Dingbat of Arcady*, already mentioned, to take the place of that dear, queer first craft, sold for two dozen cans of salmon before we left Oregon. This second boat was larger than the first and better built, for which reason we called her *The Royal Dingbat*. We were near Coronado at the time, and wanted to row her out through the bay to the main channel of San Diego harbor where the water rides in at high tide between North Island and Point Loma.

We expected to spend the night at the extreme end of North Island, almost desolately lonely in those days, where the ocean washes one side of a sharp angle and the water of the channel washes the other side. We expected to camp there all night and fish early in the morning when the tide, turning toward land, would bring fish in with it. But *The Royal Dingbat*, like *The Dingbat of Arcady*, was too clumsy for speed. We stopped at intervals to fish for mackerel, of which there were many in the bay, and as a consequence it was late when we reached our destination. The moon was not up.

Jim cleaned the mackerel that we had caught, and I cooked them over a fire of driftwood flaming green and golden. Then we decided to get to rest at once that we might be up early. We took the long rope fastened to the end of *The Royal Dingbat* and carried it up the beach to the tide line, where vegetation begins. There we tied it to a stake firmly fixed, so that our boat would not float away in the rising water.

Then we carried our blankets up above the tide line and spread them out according to our custom. We were to sleep on sand lightly covered with growing things, and sand is said to be the worst of all beds for a camper. But it was too beautiful under the open sky to remember that. In California the days are topazes, the nights, sapphires. Lofty and serene the sky bent above me, showing sharp frost-points of the stars, like diamond-tipped spears of gods fallen on a sapphire floor. The Milky Way was like the record of some gorgeous rout and pursuit through heaven. When a fog comes in, this light of sapphires and diamonds is beautifully beclouded. The blue becomes opaque, as if milk were poured into an azure goblet. But on this night, I remember, there was no fog. I remember the blue-and-white wonder above me and the chanting of the ocean. After long looking and listening I lost consciousness.

The next morning we were awakened by the untroubled sun, just as Homer must have been awakened very often, although he could not see it, like an opening daffodil, when he had slept beside the "wine-dark" sea. The first rays of it, falling obliquely, touched our cheeks delicately with a warmth always unknown to night, waking the sleeping flowers and waking us. Then I saw that my bed had been made in Paradise. Around the edge of our old brown camping-blankets the wild beach primroses blossomed in lavish glory. Growing among them were pale-purple beach verbenas, each fragile flower-head borne upon a sticky stem and exhaling an intense and seductive perfume. Beside these blossoms the hearty

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garden verbena might have seemed blowsy and crude. Verbena and primrose, pale purple and clear yellow side by side, blessing the bed that I lay on as well as ever Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John could have blessed it, surrounding me with beauty, head and hand and foot, drooping over my face as I looked up to greet the sun! When we had made our camp the night before we had not known!

For those who take to the open road in all honesty and simplicity, who are not afraid of reality, such pleasures are numerous. Nor is California the only land where they may be found. In the East, too, even in late autumn or in early spring, such surprises may await the camper around the bend of any road. One of my happiest memories of waking up in the open belongs to a trip made to Delaware Water Gap in the first week of April.

We were driving in our little ramshackle Ford and we had a tent with us, for that is always necessary for privacy and protection in thickly settled Eastern country. As we drove through New Jersey the willows were yellowing and the brush in the swamps reddening for the spring. The birds were returning for their season of mirth. The day was slightly overcast with clouds, but mild and pleasant. Twilight came early. When it came we began to look for a place to spend the night, but it was dark before we rolled along to a curve where a narrow, rutty dirt road turned off from the main road into a strip of light woodland and fallow beside a swift and narrow stream. We stopped, cooked our supper with water from the stream, and pitched camp in a hollow near it.

In the morning, when I opened my eyes, I saw that we had rested in a bed of dog-tooth violets. Looking out across the earth with my eyes on a level with it made them seem like an army of yellow elves coming to storm the citadel of my mind. I capitulated at once. When we arose that morning there was a blessing on us and we knew it. We made coffee, fried bacon, and toasted bread joyfully. Then, before we went on, we covered the remains of our fire with water, earth, and moss, that no black ashes might make an ugly spot in that perfect place.

We went on toward Delaware Water Gap, driving rapidly and living frugally with our bodies, but for our spirits it was to be a day of miracles. At noon we stopped on a country road that crossed a brown-shadowed stream that looked as if it might be a happy home for trout. We had only tea and bread and butter for luncheon, so, while I prepared it, I suggested to Jim that he try a cast or two. At the first cast he pulled out a fine trout which we promptly fried and shared. Again we were blessed. We went on happily.

Early that afternoon we found the trout-stream for which we were looking and, as a light haze descended upon the land near it, between the little hills that guided the flowing of it, we pitched camp in a meadow still clad with last year's grass, now being lifted by new green blades. The trout-brook made promises to us all night long of what it would do for us next day. The mild air gave us slow, deep breathing. Again we were blessed.

Morning came warm and sparkling. We took our tackle and pushed up-stream, fishing as we went. Above the meadow where we had camped the stream ran through wilder and more troublesome country, over mighty boulders, between rough and jagged banks covered with dense undergrowth and brooded over by stalwart trees. We found a clear, delicious spring and drank deeply.

After a long walk we were hot and came upon a pool where it would be just possible to swim a few strokes. Below it were two great rocks and a plunging gush of waters between them. We went in swimming. Cold, cold as ice recently melted, but stinging sweet to the spirit that loves hardship, was that clean water. Shuddering for a moment when the water first clashed upon us, then rising to feel the kindly warmth of the sun, we were blessed once more. If death should be like that. . . .

I sat enthroned between two boulders with water rushing headlong across my shoulders. It seemed as if such cool, clear energy must wash away not only the fevers and foibles of this world, but even many faults. In that chilly dazzle of flying sunlight and leaping water I could not

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think ill of any one, not even of myself. When I changed my wet clothing for dry I was clean of heart. And on the way back I picked long streamers of ground moss and little vines newly budded out, a few sprigs of arbutus, and one bloodroot, the wonder-star of April. We caught few fish that day, but we were content.

At supper-time it was cool and a light wind blew up. The wind grew bolder and colder. By ten o'clock as much of a gale as the little valley would hold was blowing over us. For once the tent would not stay in place over the top of our car, or indeed, anywhere else. It was made of light (though waterproof) material, and we were afraid it would be torn to ribbons if we left it up. We took it down and tucked it over us, flat on the ground. The wind ripped and tore at it even there, and sometimes it slithered coldly across our faces. The night grew colder and colder. Jim let the water out of the radiator of our car. A film of ice showed on the water in our drinking-pail. The ground under us stiffened and then froze hard. Yet under the blankets and the tent, wrapped in our warmest clothing, we were not cold.

Rising in the morning was another matter. When I went out to make a fire the gale blew this way and that. We were obliged to set our small stove inside of the car in order to cook on it. I washed hands and face in the stream in which I had been swimming happily the day before, and the cold of the water and air now made my fingers stiff and numb so that I fumbled badly with the frying-pan and coffee-pot. But when I was once warmed through by a good breakfast I got joy of that gusty morning, such joy in hardship as I had never known before. Truly, I had been blessed.

These things, frost and wind, realities of the physical life to which we had gone back for a time, were they not fit symbols of the stresses of life that we had left? These things, frost and wind, had been conquered by man, the indomitable, long ages before my birth. By claiming our share in the heritage of conquest might we not conquer also, in the end, that world of steel and stone realities wherein men and women of to-day face dangers and difficulties more subtle than any that their forefathers knew?

Other beds I have had where the children of this world could not have rested easily. In hidden lanes we have cut heaps of weeds and set up our tent on them. A bed of nettles has more than a figurative meaning for us. We have used reeds to cover wet and boggy ground when, for one reason or another, it has been impossible to go on to a better place. A bed of dried leaves is one of the finest to be had, as all country children know, and autumn is the best time in all the year for real campers. But it is good, at all times, to rest near big trees. Once, on Sevenoaks Common, on the Pilgrims' Way to Canterbury, in England, I made friends with an old beech-tree. It was in this manner.

In England summer days were opalescent, softly clouded and shot through with light fire. It was the end of May. The holly-bushes had just put out their new leaves, delicately thorny, shiny, almost translucent, and quite unlike the thick, opaque leaves we know at Christmas time. The wild berry vines were blossoming. The ivy had sent out an apostolic succession of new and sensitive shoots along the climbing ways and over the ground. The bracken was uncurling. The trees were in new leaf. Many of them were not perpendicular, but ran at sudden angles one with another and bent in several ways. In the midst was a great beech. In front of it, at a short distance, so that we might look at it, we put up our tent while the soft sunlight of an English afternoon fell away to ghostly yellow among all the mingled greens and made a silent symphony of the colors of rest. We ate our supper and sat idly watching the night coming.

The night was like a fairy corridor cut in moss-agate, misty and magical, through which we moved haunted by whims and strange wisps of thought born with our bodies and souls of the experience of our race. I watched the shadows deepen around the old beech, thinking how the young Shakespeare might have slept out in this same country, under such trees, or how Chaucer might have walked on this very common many a time, picking the daisies that he loved. The tree became a stalwart Shakespeare, a portly Chaucer,

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a symbol of the mellow greatness of the English mind at its best. If the leaves of it had changed suddenly to the crimped white ruff worn by the bard of Avon and if he had spoken to me of the "darling buds of May," I should not have been greatly surprised. If the branches of the beech had suffered metamorphosis and become the smock that Chaucer wears in his portrait in the National Gallery, I should have taken it, I think, as a matter of course. I should have waited to hear him say,

"O yonge fresshe folkes, he or she,
In which that love up groweth with your age,
Repeyreth hoom from worldly vanitee,
And of your herte up-casteth the visage
To thilke god that after his image
Yow made, and thinketh al nis but a fayre
This world, that passeth sone as floures fayre."

We spent many a beautiful night camping on the English commons, treated always with courtesy and kindness by all classes of people with whom we came in contact. Nor did we find anywhere a dirty, unpleasant, or unsightly bit of country. Every inch of rural England that we saw had been loved so well that it had been kept undefiled. May travellers say as much for this country in the future!

We camped once on "'Am Common" (Ham, preferred) near Richmond, by advice of a kind policeman, only to discover next day that it had been against the law for us to put up a tent there, or to run our little motorcycle combination into a space between clumps of bushes. Nobody knew that we had done it, however, and we were not molested. Nor should I have known that it was against the law if I had not seen a sign next day denying the privilege of camping to all gypsies and to other peculiar people like teachers and poets.

The bushes around us were furze—what the friendly policeman had called "fuzz-bushes." They were merry with golden bloom. And never, even in California hills, have I heard such a full chorus of bird song as woke on Ham Common that morning. Cuckoos called out loudly, as they never do with us, that summer was "icumen in." The larks and other English birds that we did not know tossed carols into the air as fast as a fountain tosses spray. It was a jubilant festival.

But, after all, it is in one's own country that the bed under stars is dearest. It was good to return in the autumn to the red-and-golden woodlands of New York where there is a tang of wildness in the frosty air unlike anything that ancient England's cherished garden ways can offer. Resting under red-and-golden trees while the first fallen leaves rustle crisply on the ground makes me think, always, of how beds in the open prefigure the last narrow bed in which I have to lie some day.

This thought came to me, not tormentingly, not even sorrowfully, once when I was sleeping in a cosey hollow at the top of a hill in New York, in a grove of trees red with autumn. Wood smoke from a dying fire scented the air. The thought of death became grandly inevitable in my mind, as death is in actuality, but it was not unlovely. To give back to the earth the body broken by life's hardness, to let it be dissolved again to feed the roots of upstanding trees and through the roots the fruits of them—that did not seem terrible in the night. I ought to be glad, I thought, to be renewed in such beauty. To let the flesh become a rainbow might be enough. Perhaps many years later, I told myself, young people glad of that into which I had been translated would come to this very place to enjoy, with senses more acute than mine and a finer understanding, all that I had known and loved.

To scatter abroad over the earth the separable parts of my spirit, like red leaves in a wind—perhaps that would not be altogether tragic either. My dreams and deeds, capable of mutation and combination through some splendid chemistry unknown to me, might yet be immortal and indestructible in the world that I have known. Facing the firm realities of rest upon the rugged earth had enabled me to face the final reality of which we know nothing save that it is real for us all.

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BUTTON SWAN

By C. Grant La Farge

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERMAN LEROY EDGAR

THE other day, being caught in a "tempest," as Elizabethan Rhode Island calls a thunder-squall (*never* a thunder-storm, mind you), I had to make a harbor in Third Beach, where there is a lee in any breeze from the westward, though I was none too sure of the holding-ground. On this point I consulted a local fisherman, with whom I then had that kind of conversation so common between those who know the vagaries of the sea. He told me how he had seen me sailing past him, hauling his pots, as I made the entrance to Sakonnet River, running before the stiff sou'wester in the rough tide off Sachuest, and how she was a-flyin' and he could see by the way I was handling the tiller that I was having a great sail. So I told him what was the truth, that in a steep jump and dead before the wind I was always in fear of a jibe. I guess every boatman is, especially when there are backstays to think of.

This led to talk of sailing, tides and tidal currents, and keeping one's bearings over longish courses in thick weather, and so it was I discovered that he did not know how to sail a boat. A native Rhode Islander, born within a mile of the beach, a professional fisherman for over twelve years, at sea every day—and he did not know how to sail a boat! The gas-engine has done it. I might have known it; perhaps I did without noticing it overmuch. But this brought the whole thing before me, flashed its sudden light upon the great change that has been wrought in the longshore life since the days when I went fishing with Button Swan.

He was a Newport fisherman, which is to say, one of the most characteristic products of the New England coast, and is also to speak of a race now as extinct as King Philip's Indians, and of ways of life quite vanished, probably forever. As all this was part and parcel of what made Newport the Colonial seaport town that I remember, that gave it a savor now gone from it, trampled out by the trolley and the merry-go-round and macadam and all the other evidences of "progress," it is worth recording. Those were the days when the old stock owned the farms and brought their lusty sons up to work them; when the slow ox-teams drew the great loads of strong-smelling seaweed from the beaches innocent of excursionists; when Easton's beach was the homely, unsophisticated fashionable bathing-place, and the lonely marsh behind it, now diked and, well, damned, was the haunt of snipe and rail, of ducks and all the bay-birds; when some remainder of the old gentlefolk still lived in the dear old houses on the wharfs, and I used to call upon the two ancient ladies in one of them who remembered the day when my great-grandfather left Newport to win the battle of Lake Erie; when the serried nets did not yet line every shore and beset every tide-way that is the fishes' avenue, so that the great bass and the fierce bluefish and the swarming schools of mackerel abounded, and there were weakfish and scup galore.

In those days lived Button Swan. Once there was a famous Newport fisherman named John Swan, but commonly called "Jorn Sworn" in our native dialect. Under his protecting wing he took a little boy, one William Henry Munro, who went along with him on his boat. The boy's diminutive proportions earned him the nickname of "Button"; his uncle's name became attached to him, and so he remained Button Swan to the end of his many days. It is with a youthful experience of his that I introduce him, O, ye cruisers in power-boats who think that those are fishermen you see put-put-putting from buoy to buoy.

Somewhere about the middle of the last century there fell upon the New England seaboard a tremendous gale; what

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we of the shore call a no'the-easter. It strewed the coast with the bones of tall ships and it carried away the Minot's Ledge lighthouse. From Point Judith—we local folks call it P'int Jude P'int—to Newport entrance the course is northeast, and the distance is ten nautical miles. Off Point Judith that gale caught John Swan and Button, in their little open sixteen-foot Newport fishing-boat, and in the terrible sea that wind and tide make in those waters they beat the long, long gray miles of spindrift, dead to windward every foot of it, and came safe into Newport Harbor. That was, I do verily believe, the very utmost showing of absolute seamanship, of craft and vigilance unterrified, that could be found. That it has been equalled I have no doubt; it cannot have been surpassed.

There was another little sail of Button's that would have been the end of any but one who was as much a part of his boat as its keel, and as at home upon the sea as a gull. In September of 1869 we had "the Great September Gale," a southeaster that drove vessels ashore in the harbor, that lifted the roof off our barn and blew it into a field, that broke all the south windows of our house and uprooted the elm-trees along Paradise Road. Button was fishing in Hull's Cove, the little bight north of Beaver Tail, when that storm broke, which it did very suddenly. He had some warning, and got out before the full strength of it was upon him, but it was in a fearful gale that again, wind abeam, this time alone, he came unscathed into harbor.

They were wonderful things that the Newport fishermen did with their sturdy little ships, whose design was peculiar to the place. Before I tell of what they did and how, I shall speak of the craft themselves. Sixteen feet, sometimes eighteen, was the standard length; rather broad, and with a low free-board. Lap-straked, and no part decked over; fairly deep keel and inside ballast, under the floor. There were two thwarts, the longitudinal space between them occupied by a well, boxed in like a broad centreboard casing, and divided by a fore and aft partition into two compartments. The well, from holes in the bottom of the boat, remained always full to the load water-line of clear green sea water. Abaft this, what may be called the cockpit with transoms. The mast was stepped clean in the bows just forward of a third short thwart, and held in place by a hinged iron clamp, so arranged that it was quickly cast off and the mast taken down and laid lengthwise of the boat to make her ride at anchor more easily in a seaway. The rig was of the simplest: a mainmast with single halyard and a main-sheet. The sheet was made fast, not to a cleat, but to a pin under the rail, by a sort of looped half-hitch, so that the strain on the sheet held it securely but a quick jerk cast it off. There were sweeps and thole-pins for rowing, and a scull hole alongside the rudder. The anchor was a three-pronged grapnel, called killick, the hawser being bent at the foot of the shank; it was loosely held at the head by a turn of marline. Thus a straight strain on the hawser brought none on this loop, but when the killick was wedged in rocks, a quick strong yank on the hawser, hove short, broke the marline and upset the killick. This was a very important matter, for these boats were constantly anchored in places from which they had to depart without any loss of time whatever. They were always painted dark green, the upper strake white, and a line or so of bright red or yellow; inboard, according to the owner's fancy. I know of only one that might be said to be decorated—one of John Swan's, in which he took devotees of fishing to their sport and which had some pertinent mottoes for landsmen painted along the rail, such as: "Heave to Leeward."

In sailing qualities they varied, as boats will, but in some essentials were alike; they made well to windward if not pinched too close; were quite fast for their size and rather short rig, off the wind; quick and reliable in stays, and very stiff. They did not smash and pound into the seas, but rode quietly and smoothly over them. It was this buoyancy, their stiffness and the quickness with which they could be handled, that made possible such exploits as I have spoken of. Into the building of these stout little vessels went craftsmanship such as that Norman ship-building art that so splendidly assembled the open-timber roofs of

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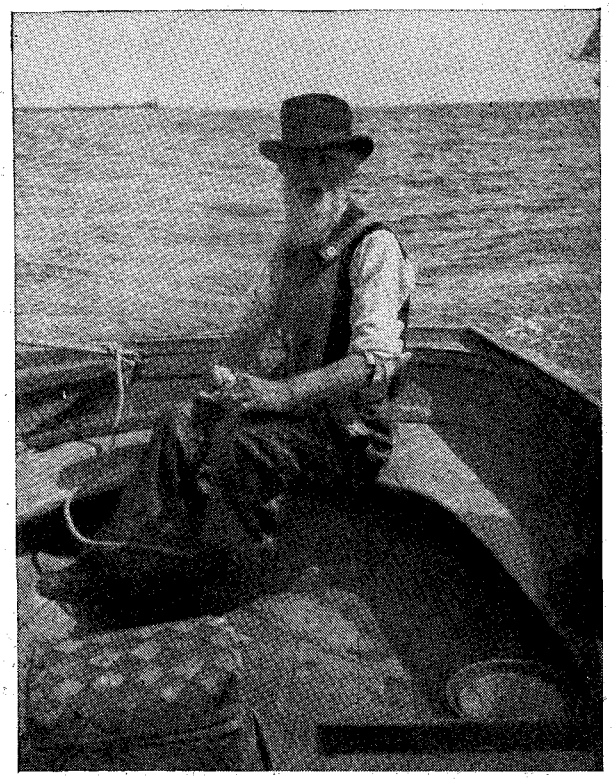
mediæval France and England. Each fisherman built his own boat and the occasion of his doing so was a waterside event. Never were there more blissful days for a boy than those of the winter—it must have been in the last of the '70's—when Button decided to build. Oh, those long Saturday afternoons when, school being dismissed early, I followed my beaten path to Jim Hart's boat-shop on Long Wharf!

Long Wharf was a place of boat-shops then, but as Button made Jim Hart's his headquarters, that was to me *the* shop of all Newport. Always, on those afternoons, there assembled there a little accustomed coterie. Hart, tall, bowed, gaunt, and spectacled, a very gentle soul and honest boat-builder, talked sometimes of California in '49. Mr. Hammett, the bookseller, about whom clung some delicate aroma of his calling, discoursed upon books and learned matters. They sat in a friendly circle, those nice old native Newporters, and gossiped about old times and the sea. All the while, back in the endlessly fascinating shop, amidst ropes and anchors, blocks, forms, all sorts of rigging and tools and boats a-building, Button plied his craft. There was no



Fishing . . . was something that meant niceties of accurate boat-handling.—Page 452.

green lumber went into such a ship; every stick and plank had been seasoned to perfection. Keel of clear white oak and planks of sweet-smelling cedar that made such lovely shavings as he cunningly shaped each strake to fit its compound curve. And the knees—oh, the knees! No miserable makeshift shapes those, sawed as best the grain would permit. When the good Lord made New England apple-trees grow in such fantastic crooks and bends, he must have had in mind the needs of the boat-builders. Button had amassed a strange collection of these crooked limbs, and of their tough, close-grained wood he made knees

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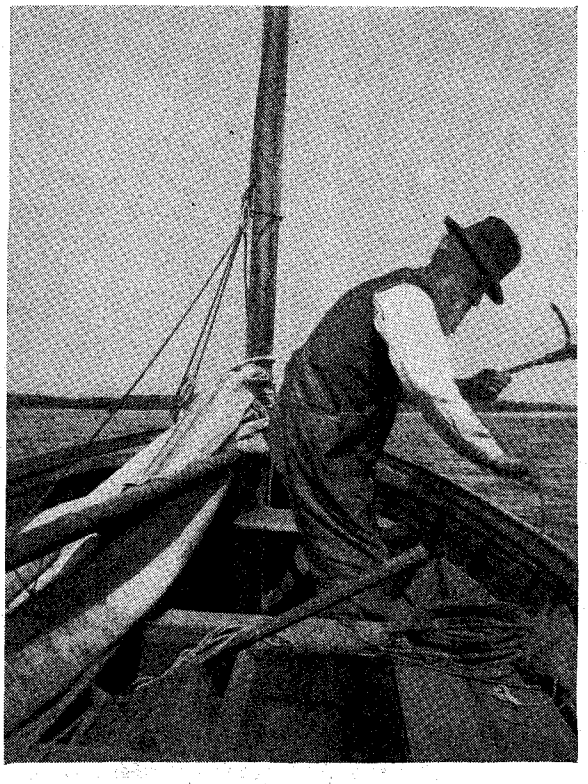
that received scarcely a cut across the grain. So passed the late winter months, and in the spring the fisherman was ready to go down to the sea in his new vessel.

Fishing, for that breed of men, was something that meant niceties of accurate boat-handling beyond the comprehension of those who haul pots and traps with engine-propelled craft.



Heaving anchor.

Aside from the common exigencies of weather, the two prime matters they had to reckon with were the tides and the character of the bottom. As the tides pour into and out of Narragansett Bay and the waters east of Long Island Sound, they make very strong currents, running in various and changing directions, and subject to many modifications with different winds. These currents are further complicated by obstacles such as shoals, rocks, and reefs. As you sail out of Newport a great red can buoy tells you that everywhere outside it is all the water you need for any ordinary draft; a little beyond it rides the light-ship, from which you may conveniently take your departure and lay your course for wherever you may be bound, to Cuttyhunk or Cadiz. But from inside that buoy, all the way to the shore, stretches as grim a set of teeth as ever ground ribs and planks to splinters—Brenton's Reef. All around and through it, the veering tide currents raise a broken, lumpy sea, on it the big waves dash into foam. If you are prudent, you will give it a good berth.

But it is just amongst such ragged ledges that many of the fishes feed, and there Button and his like went after them, not timidly and haltingly, but with firm assurance. Right into the very edge of breakers, in places that looked to the unaccustomed nothing short of impossible. We go by the buoys and the charts, most of us, on greater or lesser marine

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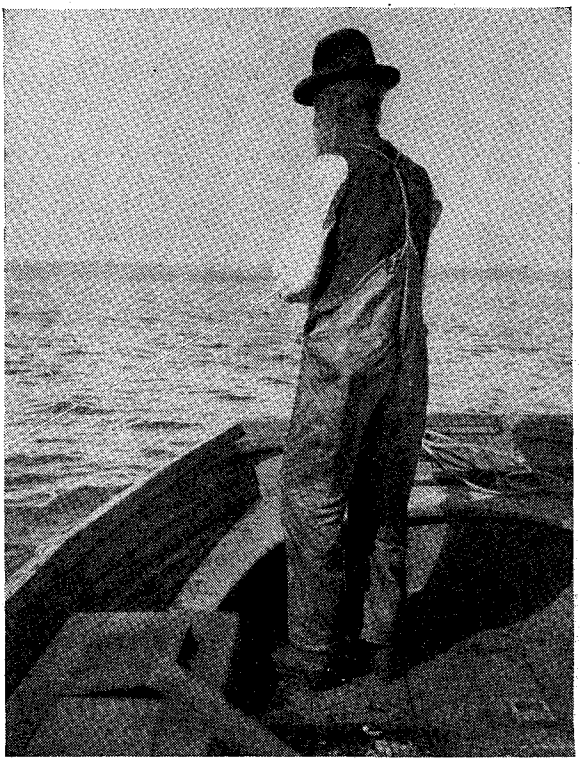
highways that are all staked out. To Button those buoys were sometimes a convenience, as among the innumerable range marks, by which he placed himself accurately on the exact spot where his anchor should be hove. But as for using them to find his way, they were to him about as are street signs to us in districts we travel daily. He knew the bottom of those waters as you know the stairs in your house.



He fished with hand-line.—Page 454.

A day's fishing with Button always meant fish of some sort, though you seldom knew for sure just what they were going to be. Early in the morning I would go down to Long Wharf's row of old-time boat-shops—now no longer there. In front of Jim Hart's was the little bronzed bow-legged man waiting for me, and ready to predict that the light northerly breeze will hold for a while, but that it will be in from the south'ard later on. We climbed down to the little skiff and he sculled out to his boat, lying at her moorings. If I looked in the well I would see lobsters, for those were the days when they were so plenty that it paid to use them as bait, and he could get all he wanted from the pots he had at various convenient points. What were the fishing prospects? "Well, no bluefish have been taken yet, but it's about time for 'em. That southeast blow r'iled the water up considerable and they been gittin' some big barse down to Graves P'int. If it comes in to the south'ard early enough and blows kind of mordret, might be wuth while to try for 'em on the reef; the tide'll be right. And anyhow, there's plenty tautog, so we'd ought to git somethin'."

So, to be prepared for everything, we sailed to another wharf where, from Pete Albro's fish-market, we took aboard a box of fresh menhaden carefully packed in cracked ice, and then, rounding Fort

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Adams, with fair wind and the end of the ebb, we dropped down past Castle Hill and Butterball Rock to Brenton's Reef. Although an offshore breeze made the sea smooth, the reef was breaking in dazzling white, for the great rollers of the recent storm were still coming in from the ocean. Until the flood-tide made and the wind shifted, Button was not ready to try the reef, so we held on to Seal Rock Ledge beyond. But don't suppose we went around Brenton's Reef to reach it. There is a gap in the reef, with good water; it is narrow and, as the old Eldridge Coast pilot used to say about Wood's Hole, "no place for strangers." But it was a plain short cut by an alley for Button, *provided there was enough sea running.* For the only safe way to steer through that gap is with the hissing foam close on either side of you to show you the course.

Seal Rock Ledge was a simple matter of picking up some ranges and heaving anchor. Then we set to work. He fished with hand-line, I with rod and reel. The under side of the well-cover made a bait board; on this he deftly cut up the big green lobsters into juicy morsels that were tied to the hooks by the bait-threads each one was provided with. The tautog is not exactly a game fish, but he is a stubborn fighter, and when he runs to good size—my best was fourteen pounds—takes some pulling; he is, moreover, a most excellent table fish and one of the best for chowder. If you want to know just how marvellously good to eat he can be, here is the receipt.

First catch him off the rocks on a crisp blue October day. Then make a big hot fire and in it heat a lot of stones, thoroughly. Bury a barrel in the sand to within a few inches of its top, and have ready a great heap of fresh rockweed. Scale the fish—*don't* skin him—split him and sprinkle with salt and pepper, fold him again and sew him in cheesecloth. Put a bed of rockweed at the bottom of the barrel, then your piping-hot stones, then a layer of rockweed. On this the fish, and then fill the barrel with rockweed, cover with an old canvas, and go take a swim. In fifty minutes dig out the fish and praise God. Corn and potatoes, to say nothing of soft clams, cooked in the same way, are a revelation to those who have not met them. Of course, some way of regulating the use of the Eighteenth Amendment helps quite a bit.

Inside of an hour the flood-tide was making and the wind died all away; then a dark-blue line to the southward showed that the sea breeze was coming fresh. It was time to move. We had a good catch of tautog, a few big flounders, and the usual assortment of inferior fish, some of them to be kept for baiting lobster-pots. So lines were coiled or reeled, anchor raised, and we got under way for the reef. Now was to come the real showing of expert knowledge.

Bass feed in broken water. When a heavy sea smashes against the rocks it tears up the seaweed and whirls about in the turmoil all the marine life that shelters itself there, crabs, shedder lobsters, small fish, many crustaceans. The great fish then has the table spread with his choicest fare, and it is into that tumultuous banquet that your bait must be cast. That means that if you are fishing from a boat, it must lie at the very edge of the breaking seas.

In principle the thing looks simple: to use the balance of opposing forces, the wind and the tide. The ledge to be fished, an irregular jagged mass of submerged rock, had to be approached from windward or very nearly so, the boat lying in a sort of bight in the reef, with rocks to leeward and on one hand. The tidal current, setting across the wind and away from that side of the reef, would hold an anchored boat clear of danger and broadside to the fishing-place; this so long as the balance of forces held right. With falling of the wind the tide would swing the boat out of reach of the ground; with slackening of the current the wind would drive her into peril. There was about an hour of safety to be counted on, and during that time a watchful eye forever kept. But if this looks simple in theory it was far from being so in practice. It needed the closest judgment to determine that the elements were right; it needed something more than that to sail into the edge of that riot of sound and motion and to trust to the little killick. But Button did it with the same impassive unconcern, the same apparently deliberate movements that were never

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misplaced, as though he were picking up his moorings in a tranquil harbor. Then as the boat danced on the steep seas, lobsters were cut into little bits and heaved overboard and some menhaden squeezed into the water—"chum" to attract the fish. A plump, oily menhaden had his fat sides neatly sliced off with a sharp knife; one of these, split down the middle, was folded on itself, the hook passed through it, the bait-thread tied about it, and it was cast into the surf and allowed to sink. Then all the chogset and sculpins and such bait-thieves went at it for all they were worth; the strong wash of the sea dragged it about over the ragged bottom; the hook and the line caught on ribbon-weed as it was slowly reeled in again. The bite of a bass, even a huge fish of fifty or sixty pounds, is a little nibble, not unlike that of the small fish; but these disappear from the scene when the big fellow comes around, so there is generally a cessation of the miscellaneous submarine activity before the great event. And if the nibble *is* a bass, and your strike hooks him, the subsequent proceedings are a very different affair from the tame struggles of any of the lesser sorts.

On the day I am telling of we caught no bass. A moment came when to none but the practised eye was there any change in the conditions of wind and water. And you would never have guessed from his demeanor that Button, busy with his own line, with renewing your and his baits, occasionally asking you "Feel ary one?" was all the time watching with unflagging vigilance; but he hauled in and said we had to leave. And indeed, by the time the little man had tidied up the boat, gone with his strange gait forward into the eyes and coiled down his hawser, hoisted his mainsail, taken the tiller and filled away close-hauled into the lively breeze and the jumping sea, you saw a change in the way that sea was breaking where you had just been fishing. It was like the flight of birds from a coming change in the weather.

I sailed with him for years. With him I fished all the waters about our shore, from the first biting of the tautog in the windy spring until, with almost frozen fingers, we hauled the big cod sluggishly out of the depths as winter was closing down. He told me, over and over again, everything I ever asked him to tell me, and time was when I really knew a good bit about these fishing-grounds. But that last perfection of skill I never learned, try as I might; and you can learn it in only one way: live upon the sea.

Noon was near. What next? A little way to the eastward, terns were screaming and dipping down to the water with their springy, crisscrossing flight. Button thought it probably meant a school of bluefish and suggested we take a turn at trolling. It's a poor way, so far as sport is concerned, to catch any kind of fish, but I agreed, with the proviso that if we took any we should go ashore and plank one for lunch. So eelskins came out of pickle and were drawn over the long-shanked rigs and we had a brief spell of lively work with these voracious mackerel. Then we headed for Gooseberry Island and ran in through a narrow passage, set with rocks, that looks troublesome but is really quite simple, into a pleasant quiet cove, anchored in still water under the lee of the island and landed on the rocks. There were no bath-houses then on Hazard's Beach.

Before we went ashore Button gaffed a big bluefish out of the well, cut its throat, scaled it, cut off head and tail, and split it very clean and close to the back-bone. He also extracted from the well a thick hickory plank he kept in soak, and nailed the fish to it. We made a lively driftwood fire, and he propped the fish up in front of it. That was as near being fresh fish as mortal man can well accomplish. When it was about done, it was spread with butter and given a final browning. If there is anything better to eat, I have never had it. By the way, did you ever eat fresh American cheese with a pilot biscuit dipped in sea water? Try it.

The afternoon was left, and some run of the flood-tide. The pleasantest and most profitable sport was bluefishing at the Dumplings, so we put to sea again, beat out of the passage, crossed the reef, and squared away into the bay. We anchored in quiet, deep water, the deepest in all Narragansett Bay. Good fun that

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used to be. The tide carried your line well out and you got either bluefish or nothing. You'd be drowsing, very likely, when there would come a sudden, savage onslaught upon your tackle that woke you up with a start as the tip of your rod was dragged, perhaps, under water. Then a tough tussle and at last the darting, snapping, steel-blue fish was hauled near the boat and Button made a sure stroke with the gaff, hoisted him aboard, grasped him firmly between his oilskin-clad knees, and took the hook from jaws that would bite off a careless finger. Once running, they came along as fast as you could handle them, and then, all at once, it was over. Up anchor and head for the harbor.

The sun was near its setting as I chose the fish I wanted to take, and Button cleaned them. Utterly contented, I landed at the old wharf, said good night to him, and went home. It all seemed a part of the natural, settled, permanent order of life, as things appear to you when you are young. He is gone. The seaworthy little craft have vanished as completely as have the long ships of the vikings. The fish are gone. The rocks, the winds, and the everlasting tides remain. To me they must always sing of the days I knew when Rhode Island bred seafarers, men who sailed, when her fishermen were such as Button Swan.

LOVE WALKED WITH ME

By Charles W. Kennedy

MANY an hour of many a day
I walked alone a winding way
Through fields of clover, up the hill,
Where pines croon low, and waters spill
From rock to rock, from pool to pool
Moss-edged with velvet crisp and cool.

Many an hour, by many a way,
I watched the pageant of the day;
Saw beauty veil in golden mist
The willow boughs that Spring had kissed;
Heard beauty run in golden notes
That filled the air like dancing motes;
Found beauty's footprint, found her trace,
But never met her in her grace,
Although the heart stood still to hear
The rustle of her presence near
Stealing from her worshippers,
Stirring as the tall grass stirs,
Or creeping through the scented clover
At hide-and-seek with those that love her.

On a new hour of a new day
Love walked with me that leafy way,
And life found fragrance and heart's ease
Amid the quietness of trees.
Yea! all the hours of all the day
Love touched the known, familiar way
With magic from the heart of May—
Then in each secret, shadowy place
Mine eyes saw beauty face to face.

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THE GREAT RACE—ECLIPSE AGAINST THE WORLD!

By Max Farrand

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM CONTEMPORARY PRINTS

"FOR myself, when reason returned, I found that I was raised on tiptoe, grasping with no feminine hand, the arm of my neighbor (an entire stranger to me, but who, in his turn, was so preoccupied as to be insensible to my familiarity) and holding in my breath, as if a single expiration might have interrupted the gratification I enjoyed—mechanically but heartily, I had swung my hat in the air, in honor of the victory."

We probably should not describe our feelings in quite such a stilted way, but most of us who have lived through the excitement of a great athletic victory should consider ourselves fortunate if we did nothing more unseemly than grasp "with no feminine hand" the arms of our neighbors and wave our hats in the air. But when we realize that this was written nearly a hundred years ago, and that it is the confession of a dignified and conservative gentleman who had gone to a race-course for the first time in his life, it becomes more interesting. The occasion was a race in the spring of 1823 between a Northern and a Southern horse for $20,000 a side. It was more than an ordinary horse-race for large stakes, however, and in order to appreciate its importance it is necessary to relate certain events of the preceding months.

In the summer of 1822 a horse-lover and horse-breeder, Mr. James J. Harrison, of Brunswick, Virginia, had been having astonishing success on Southern race-courses with his horse, Sir Charles. At the same time in the North, Mr. C. W. Van Ranst, of New York, was having similar success with his horse, Eclipse. It so happened that both of these horses were grandsons of Diomed, the famous winner of the first Derby, who had been imported from England by Colonel Hoomes. In the early fall the owner of Sir Charles challenged the owner of Eclipse to a race on the Washington course in November. The phrasing of the challenge is so characteristic of that time that it is worth quoting in its entirety:

BRUNSWICK, VA. 30th Sept. 1822.

To the Owner of the American Eclipse.

SIR—I did have a great desire to attend the Long Island Races this Fall, and in all probability should have done so, if the owner of the golden Sir William had not given notice, that he should run him at Lawrenceville, 4 mile heats, and that he wished every race horse in the nation could meet him. I met him with Sir Charles and they ran single handed, and sir, I have to inform you that this Golden horse, that commanded the wind to stand still, and all creation to bend before him last winter in South Carolina, has now taken a western direction to seek his level with the depreciated currency of that part of the country; and as I have been told that Eclipse is a fine race horse and would be benefitted by southern fame, I have thought proper to offer you the only opportunity in my power, for him to realize the character necessary for a fine stud—Now you have it in your power to try his superiority, for if he can beat Sir Charles, he may stop his running career, as he stands victor in the southern states. I will run Sir Charles against the American Eclipse, over the Washington Course, four mile heats, agreeably to the rules of the course, the 15th or 20th of November next, *for Five or Ten Thousand Dollars*, provided I have due notice of the same by the 15th or 20th of October next. Now, sir, you have it amply in your power to test Eclipse as a racehorse, and I think the world will not say the proposition is illiberal, as Charles has already run two

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races, and in all probability, will run two more in the season, admit you accede to the proposition, as the New Market races will commence the 8th of next month, and then I propose to meet you on the half way ground. I am, respectfully,

JAMES J. HARRISON.

Mr. Van Ranst accepted the challenge, the date was fixed for November 20th, and on the 1st of that month the cashier of the Bank of the United States in Washington issued a formal certificate that each of the two owners had deposited in his hands $5,000 as "the forfeit mentioned in the agreement between C. W. Van Ranst and J. J. Harrison."

Horse-racing was almost the only form of out-of-door sport in which people indulged in those days, and great interest was naturally aroused in this event. The fact already stated that both horses were grandsons of Diomed gave an added interest, but a greater significance was found in its being a challenge of the South to the North, and the race was always referred to as the "National Race." Great was the excitement when Eclipse started early in November to make the trip to Washington. It was remarked that "the newspapers pay as much attention to the movements of Eclipse as Court Gazettes in different parts of the world bestow upon the perambulations of crowned heads." The New York papers each day reported the bulletins received from his owner. Before the days of railroads and box cars it was no slight undertaking to transport so valuable an animal from New York to Washington, and it was a relief to all concerned when the news was finally received that Eclipse had arrived safely and that he had come, as Mr. Van Ranst wrote, "as quiet as he would have been in his own stable, and in as fine condition as when he left home."

On the 20th of November one of the Baltimore papers reported that "the road between this city and Washington for the last two days has been thronged with travellers all going southward," and on the day before the race it was announced that the city of Baltimore was nearly depopulated by the departure of its inhabitants. "The bets are immensely heavy. We have heard of one bet tendered on Sir Charles of 800 negroes valued at $300 each, . . . More interest is excited, more money is betted and more persons will be on the ground than at any race we recollect in the United States." It was said that a million and a half of dollars were wagered on the result. On the day of the race over ten thousand people were reported to have been on the course, "a greater number than had ever before congregated in Washington." Undoubtedly the papers were given to exaggeration then as now, but in New York interest was so keen that it had been arranged to have a special messenger come direct from the course with the news of the result. It was expected that he would arrive by noon of the day following. Accordingly it was announced that in case Eclipse had won the race a white flag would be the signal and would be displayed from a conspicuous flagpole.

When the *New York Evening Post* went to press, at two o'clock on the afternoon of the 21st, it reported to its readers that the express had not yet arrived and, incredible as it may seem, it promised, if the news came later, to get out *an extra edition* for the benefit of its subscribers.

Lest one should be accused of exaggeration, it may be well to repeat an amusing account that appeared in the *New York Commercial Advertiser* and was widely copied in other papers:

"Yesterday was a day of great anxiety among the sportsmen of this city, in fact we may say among those who are not sportsmen, for the interest in the great National Race seemed to be universal. It was understood that an express was engaged to leave Washington with the news of the result, the moment the contest should be decided, which was expected to arrive in this city by 12 o'clock; and such has been the language of bravado and boasting upon the subject at the south, that no one dreamed that the *owner* of Sir Charles, instead of *Sir Charles* himself, would bolt.

"About half past 11, one of the signal flags was displayed, to the delighted eyes of hundreds who at once believed their bets secure. But by 12 o'clock, it was discovered that there was a mistake—the watchman upon the wall having mistaken the wing of a wind mill on the Jer-

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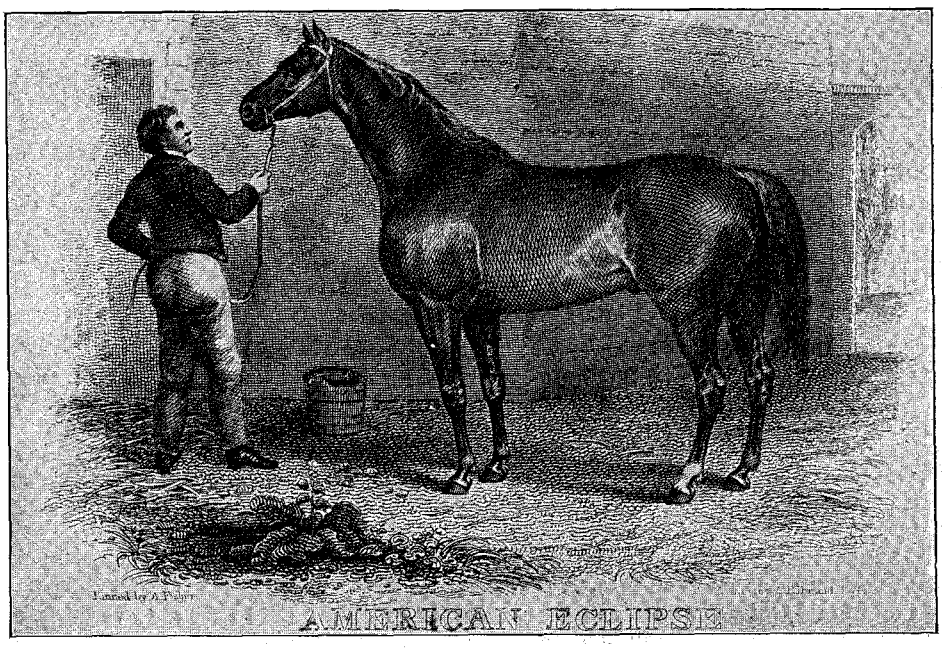
sey shore for the appointed signal of victory. The hours of one, two, and three rolled heavily on, without tidings, which induced many to believe that it was about time to change Eclipse's name. In the meantime, the faces of our citizens gradually lengthened, while the eyes of the Virginians, Carolinians, and Georgians, sparkled with joy and triumph. Had Eclipse led the field, all believed we should have heard the news. The Citizen's Coach arrived, but no news. Night at length set in, and Old Mistress Darkness hung up her curtains—but still there was no news. Surely, said the wise ones, '*Sir Charles has beaten, and Crawford will be President.*' In this state our jockies went to bed; but some of them were so deeply 'in for it,' that they rolled and tumbled all night, without enjoying anything more refreshing than fitful naps and feverish dreams. Morning came, and the downy pillows were early deserted. But let those at a distance picture to themselves the universal disappointment when the mail arrived with the intelligence 'that there had been no fight.' The very appearance of Eclipse—his bone and muscle—and bright eyes, and distended nostrils, breathing defiance, having produced a lameness of Sir Charles, and induced his owner to leave the field—and his five thousand dollars stake-money into the bargain. The effect is quite remarkable, the faces of the Southerners being quite as long today, as those of the Gothamites were last Evening."



Reproduction of the frontispiece to *American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine*, of February, 1830. From the original painting, the property of Charles Henry Hall, Esq., of New York.

What had really happened was that the Southern horse, Sir Charles, had gone lame and as the race consisted of three heats of four miles each Mr. Harrison was fearful of the consequences. He accordingly had mercifully withdrawn his horse and forfeited the five thousand dollars. Mr. Van Ranst wrote to his wife that he was greatly disappointed, for he had counted upon winning very much more than that. In order to offer some compensation to the large number of spectators who had come a long distance, it was agreed to have an exhibition race of a single heat of four miles for fifteen hundred dollars. The exhibition race was run the following day, when the lame-

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ness of Sir Charles proved to be so genuine that he could not finish and Eclipse won easily.

In the excitement which followed—it may well have originated in the exhilaration of the banquet that night—another race was agreed upon. The Southerners were naturally eager, and their first offer was for a race at $10,000 a side. But the Northern horse had won and it was therefore possible for his owner to name the conditions. He declined to race Eclipse in the South, and when the Southerners doubted whether Sir Charles would ever again be in condition to race, Mr. Van Ranst offered to race his horse on the Long Island course against any horse the Southerners might produce for $20,000 a side. The challenge was promptly accepted on behalf of the Southerners by Mr. William R. Johnson, of Petersburg, Virginia, and the date was set for the last Tuesday in May of the year following. Thus arose the cry in which the Northerners delighted: "Eclipse against the world!"

Again the money was deposited in a branch of the Bank of the United States.

This was more than an ordinary horse-race. The long-standing sectional jealousy and rivalry between the North and the South had been rapidly developing into a direct antagonism of interests, and this occasion offered a welcome opportunity for a display of feeling between the two sections. Newspapers and travellers' note-books are filled with references to the race with such expressions as "The North against the South!" "The Free States against the Blacks!" and "It was indeed made quite a party question; all the Free States wishing success to Eclipse, and the Slave States to Sir Henry."

It was the year before the presidential election and, in a desultory way, the campaign had already begun. There happened to be no sharply defined political parties, and so many candidates were in the field for the presidential office that it was and still is referred to as the "scrub race for the presidency." John Quincy Adams stood out more conspicuously than all the others in the North, while the machine candidate and the most prominent from the South at this time was William H. Crawford, of Georgia. There was not a little superstitious feeling that the race might forecast the political election, and the *New York American* on the week before the race announced: "The decision of this sectional sporting feeling may, and by some will, be received as indicative of the result of a more momentous question; and we are ourselves willing to commit the cause of Mr. Adams to Eclipse, and give Mr. Crawford what chance there may be for any Southern racer."

At last the time approached for the great event. The race was to be run on the Union Race Course, which was in the town of Jamaica, Long Island, about nine miles out of New York. The people of the latter city were not accustomed to such exciting sporting events, and some of the descriptions in the papers of the interest aroused and of the preparations made were both naïve and amusing. The accommodation of the large number of visitors was a serious problem and, if one may judge from the complaints of foreign travellers who had the luck to reach New York just at this time, the problem was not successfully solved. It is little wonder, for one of the English travellers recorded that "What occasioned the city's being unusually full was the arrival of about 20,000 people, chiefly Virginians and southerners, who had come to see a great horse race which was to be decided in the neighborhood of the town."

There were many people, of course, who could not go to the race-grounds, and for their benefit a primitive forerunner of the modern baseball score-board was devised: "Mr. Niblo, an enterprising inn keeper of the city, announces that immediately after the termination of the match race between Eclipse and his antagonist, on Tuesday, he will despatch a rider on a fleet horse, with the result, which will be made known by displaying a white flag from the top of the Bank Coffee House, if Eclipse should be victorious. If his opponent should win the race, then a red flag will be raised to denote the fact. By this arrangement, the result will be known in the city in about forty minutes after the race is run. Should the race not take place, the United States flag will be displayed to indicate that result." The clerk of the Fulton Market, thereupon, announced that that important establish-

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ment would be cleared and prepared as a "place of reception for those ladies and gentlemen who may not have it in their power to attend the race tomorrow, but may desire to be early informed of its result. The market being opposite the white flag at Brooklyn, which will be hoisted about two o'clock, affords a convenient place of expectation."

But every one who found it possible went to the race and every one who could do so travelled in a carriage. There were all sorts of notices and advertisements announcing special boats to Brooklyn and setting forth the advantages of some particular route to reach the course. But from the main ferry it was said that the carriages stretched in an unbroken triple line all the way to the grounds. They were driven rapidly and in such close connection that when one of them stopped suddenly the poles of at least a dozen carriages broke through the panels of those preceding them.

In describing the extensive preparations that were being made for handling the expected crowds, one of the papers ended "and finally a sufficient number of peace officers, together with the sheriffs of Kings and Queens, will attend to preserve order." And it was well that so much care had been taken, for it was a record-breaking crowd of which the estimates ran from fifty to over one hundred thousand. For a quarter of a mile on either side of the judges' box the crowd was packed so tightly that it was only with the greatest difficulty that the course could be cleared for the race.

In a stand directly opposite the judges' box some of the elect were gathered. In the front of the jockey box sat John Randolph, the great though eccentric congressman from Virginia, who was said to have wagered upon the race much more than he could afford to lose, but who was planning a trip to Europe out of his winnings. Josiah Quincy, of Boston, a few years later to be president of Harvard, was also there, and many another character well known in the political, social, or sporting world.

The Southerners had been given until the moment of the race to produce any horse they pleased upon the course, and great mystery surrounded their decision. Several days before half a dozen of the best horses in the South were brought up, and all that was known was that one of them would be chosen. By the day of the race, the 27th of May, the choice had narrowed down to two, but Cadwallader Colden, who was so much interested that he had gone to the field very early in the morning, reported that both of the horses were walked about and treated alike, and that both were in readiness for the race. It was not until the signal was given from the judges' box to bring up the horses that the competitor of Eclipse was seen to be Henry, a half-brother of Sir Charles. He was just under four years old, and according to the rules of the course he had to carry the regulated weight for a four-year-old—one hundred and eight pounds. This was felt to be more of a handicap to him than the one hundred and twenty-six pounds carried by Eclipse as a nine-year-old.

The race consisted of three heats of four miles each with half-hour intervals between. The track was a flat oval of a mile, consisting of a straight stretch of a quarter of a mile on either side and a quarter-mile turn at each end. Just before the race it was learned that Mr. Purdy, the regular jockey of Eclipse, had had some difficulty with the owner and had refused to ride. Accordingly, the horse was ridden by one William Crafts. Henry was ridden by a Virginia boy, John Walden.

The witnesses, judges, and even riders, differ as to some of the circumstances in this interesting race; but the main facts are generally admitted. In the first heat Eclipse had drawn the left or inside station next the poles. The starting signal was the single tap of a drum. The horses came up evenly, they got away together, but Henry was apparently the quicker and by hard riding he was given a lead of about three lengths in the first quarter-mile turn. This advantage he maintained pretty steadily for over three miles. On the last quarter-mile turn Crafts made a supreme effort to bring Eclipse to the front. Whip and spur were used freely, and as they finished the turn and swept into the home stretch over half the lost ground had been recovered. Eclipse was evidently distressed, however, and Wal-

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den, turning around to look at his competitor, was apparently not disturbed, for he kept Henry at his steady pace without resorting to either whip or spur. His confidence was justified, for his horse won easily and in the record-breaking time of seven minutes, thirty-seven seconds.

"The result was so different from what the northern sportsmen had calculated upon that the mercury fell instantly below the freezing point." The betting, which had been even, changed to three to one in favor of the Southern horse, and even at those odds there were few or no takers.

That his horse had been mismanaged, as well as beaten, was too much for Mr. Purdy, and with tears running down his face he besought Mr. Van Ranst to allow him to ride in the next heat. When he appeared "he was welcomed with tumultuous cheers from the multitude."

In the second heat it was Henry's turn to be on the inside, and his rider promptly made use of this advantage again to take the lead from the start. But Mr. Purdy, knowing that to win the race he must rely more upon the endurance of Eclipse than upon a burst of speed, pressed closely behind, forcing a harder pace than in the previous heat. This was kept up for three miles, and on the quarter-mile turn, at the beginning of the fourth lap, Mr. Purdy made his run. He first closed up the slight gap so that the horses were running nose and tail, and at the sharpest point of the turn he tried to pass.

"At every spurt he made to get ahead, Randolph's high-pitched and penetrating voice was heard each time shriller than before: 'You can't do it, Mr. Purdy! You can't do it, Mr. Purdy! You can't do it, Mr. Purdy!' But Mr. Purdy *did* do it." Some said that by making a demonstration as if to pass on the outside he led Henry's rider into turning his horse a little in that direction in order to force Eclipse farther out. Whether or not that happened, Mr. Purdy at just the right moment fairly lifted his horse up and made a dash on the *inside*. It was taking a big chance, for the other rider by turning in might drive him into the poles. The important thing is that it succeeded, and by the time the turn was completed Eclipse was fairly ahead. Whip and spur were freely used to keep him to the top of his speed, and his lead was slowly increased. It would seem as if Henry's rider realized that the heat was lost, for he apparently made no effort to regain his place. In fact he seemed to hold his horse back, allowing Eclipse to win with a lead of at least two lengths. The time of this heat was seven minutes, forty-nine seconds.

"The air was now made to resound from every quarter, with Purdy forever! and, as soon as he had been weighed, the populace bore him off on their shoulders across the course, in spite of all the entreaties he could make to the contrary. The mercury in the sporting thermometer immediately rose again to pleasant summer heat and the backers of Eclipse were now ready for anything that offered. They proposed to bet even, but there were no takers."

Before the third heat was run, the manager of Henry rode up to the front of the jockey box and called out to Mr. Arthur Taylor, reputed to be the greatest trainer in the South: "You must ride the next heat; there are hundreds of thousands of Southern money depending on it. That boy don't know how to ride." He absolutely refused, saying that he had not been in the saddle for months. The manager begged him to yield, and John Randolph was brought in to help to persuade him. When the horses appeared Mr. Taylor, in jacket and cap, was there to ride Henry. Unfortunately it was impossible for him to ride under one hundred and ten pounds so that Henry had to carry two pounds over a weight already considered excessive.

In the third heat Mr. Purdy took the lead with Eclipse at the start, and, using whip and spur incessantly, forced the pace. He was apparently relying upon the staying power of Eclipse, and was hoping to keep Henry using so much of his speed and strength that he would have little reserve for a spurt, especially at the finish. It was evident, however, that Henry was being run "under a pull," and, as if to try him out, his rider more than once closed up the gap between the contestants and then restrained him again to wait for the finish.

In the last quarter on the straight home

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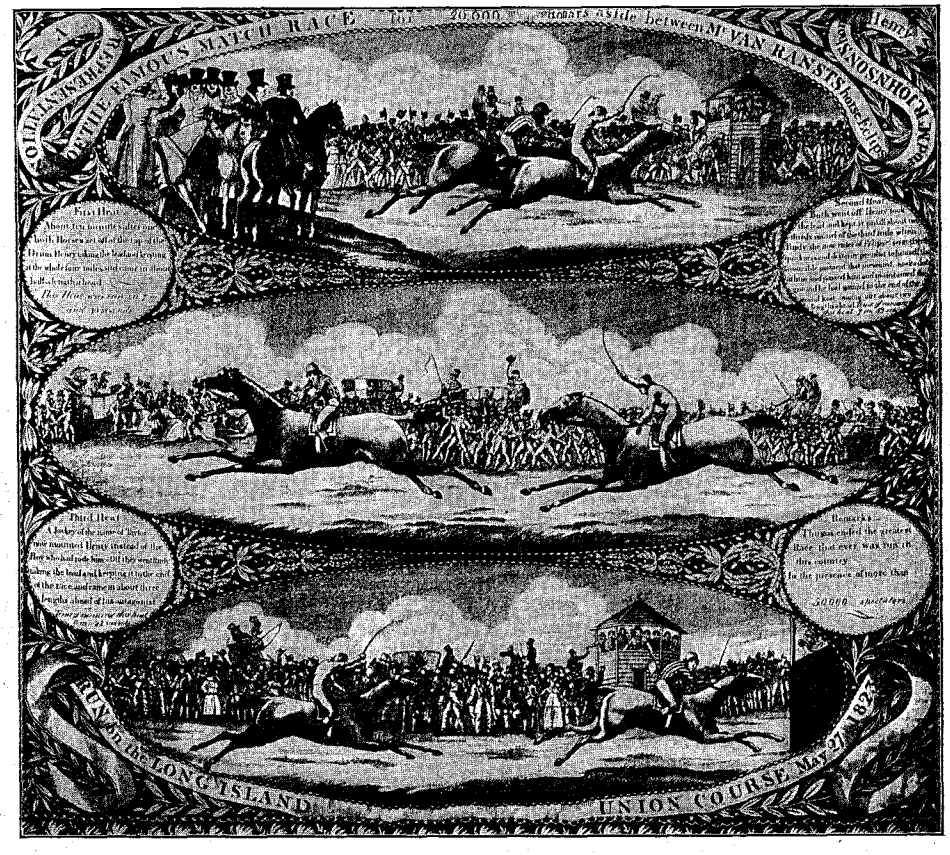
stretch Henry was given his head and urged to his best speed. With a dash he covered up the interval of about five yards between him and Eclipse, his head covered the leader's haunch and then his flank. Eclipse seemed, and probably was, incapable of any faster speed; all he could do was to hold his pace. For some two hundred yards Henry steadily gained, but the little distance that was left to win was beyond his powers. He fell slowly again to the rear, and Eclipse had won the third and final heat. The time was eight minutes, thirty-four seconds.



Reproduction of a large souvenir cotton handkerchief, printed in red upon a yellow ground. In the possession of Louis E. Stoddard, Esq., of New Haven.

"The air was now rent with shouts of extacy from the New Yorkers, and the press around the judges' stand for a short time was so great that nothing could overcome it. The whole course was blocked up in one solid mass of men, ten thousand deep, leaving no ground to bring the horses to the stand so that the riders could be dismounted and weighed. Order, however, was at length restored, the riders were weighed, every thing found right, and Eclipse pronounced the victor. He was then marched off the field to the popular air of 'See, the Conquering Hero Comes.' Thus has ended the greatest race that ever was run in this country."

The Southerners bore their losses like gentlemen, yet, while they made no complaint, they could not but feel that their horse had suffered a little from running on a Northern course and from the excessive weight he had carried. So, immediately after the race, Colonel Johnson challenged the friends of Eclipse to run him against Henry in the fall over the Washington course for any sum up to $50,000.

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The challenge was declined, for the owner of Eclipse vowed "never, on any consideration, to risk the life or reputation of the noble animal whose generous and almost incredible exertions, have gained for the north so signal a victory, and for himself, such well-earned and never fading renown."

Whether or not Mr. Randolph lost quite as much as was commonly reported, he certainly did not lose his assurance or his quickness of retort. When he was asked as to how far he thought the race might forecast the presidential election, he replied: "If the question of the presidency could be settled by this assembly there would be no opposition. Mr. Purdy would go to the White House by acclamation."

It is indicative of the interest taken that the mail as it went out from New York through the western part of the State carried a red flag (Eclipse's color), on which was inscribed "Eclipse forever —Old Virginia a little tired," and it was said that "all the people as it passed through the different little villages and towns turned out and huzzaed, such an interest did they take in what seems to be an omen of political superiority."

Even Josiah Quincy seems to have been affected by the general feeling of the political significance of the race, for when he wrote his account many years later he said that "It seems to have foreshadowed the sterner conflict that occurred forty years afterwards. The victory resulted in both cases from the same cause,—the power of endurance. It was, in the language of the turf, bottom against speed."

The thrilling excitement of the struggle, the record-breaking time, and all the attendant circumstances of sectional rivalry and amounts at stake justified the title which it bore for a generation or more in American racing history and by which it is even now sometimes referred to—the "Great Race."

THE RISK

By V. H. Friedlaender

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

I

DRESSING early for dinner, Max Falconer came downstairs and turned into his study. There, leaving the door open, he picked up a book, changed the position of his armchair slightly so that he could see through the door, sat down, and waited.

But, after all, he did not read while he was waiting; he found himself glancing curiously about him, and appraising, as though it were new to him, as much of his house as he could see without moving.

His room, large and pleasantly odd-shaped, was furnished with a handsome austerity that suited both it and him; yet, looking round it, he confirmed his impression that the effect it had on him of late was definitely disagreeable. Nor did he disguise from himself the cause of that disagreeableness: it was the desk, commanding the room from the middle of it, and looking, in its order and bleak bareness, like the desk of a man dead . . .

Well, what of it? He faced the truth resolutely. That *was* what was the matter—that his work no longer interested him supremely, and that, in consequence, he did less and less of it. Not that his skill as a writer had in any way abated; on the contrary, it was just because he had brought his individual form of writing to such a perfection of finish that he was tired of it; in the particular world that he had made his own there was nothing fresh to conquer. He had extracted from life art, fame, and money; but during the last year he had been discovering that, in spite of these things, he

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was now bored and even lonely. It was against such a contingency as this that he had always kept one thing in reserve; it might not prove a success, but at any rate it was the only thing left, and the moment for trying it had come.

He glanced through his door, and what he could see beyond it made a long and eminently attractive vista. It began with a fine, oak-panelled corridor, opened out into the brightly lit hall, narrowed again to the doorway of the smoking-room, swept through that into the lamp-lit glow beyond, and came to a happy ending in the leaping flames of a log fire.

A gracious, comfortable, homelike scene; but not new to him—decidedly not new, he reflected, analyzing his sensations. No; all that was new was his own attitude toward his house. He had built and furnished it eight years earlier, and ever since then he had shared it (in fulfilment of a promise to his dead father) with his stepmother and her four children. Now he was proposing to share it with a wife; that was what made the difference, what made the familiar and the established look so new and so oddly untried. He was amused at himself.

And a moment later he was amused at some one else. Laying down his book, he stood up; for he had seen what he was waiting to see, what he had expected and planned to see: the figure of Hester Shannon.

The girl came lightly and swiftly down the stairs into the hall, and turned, without a glance in his direction, into the smoking-room. Her haste, her bent head, the way she drew up abruptly when she reached the fire and stared down into it, all gave her an appearance of absorption and unconsciousness. But Falconer was the very last man to judge by appearances, and he had not a doubt that this girl who had been governess to his two young stepsisters, but who was leaving his house on the morrow, was perfectly well aware of his approach, and had, as deliberately as he, planned this meeting to take place during the half-hour or so in which the mother of her pupils was likely to be off guard, because she would be saying good night to the children.

His certainty on the point did not detract in the least from the pleasure—the purely æsthetic pleasure—that he always felt in the girl's presence; it was responsible only for his expression and for the quality of his smile.

That expression and that smile were mirrored, as he reached the hall, not in a looking-glass but in the original of a certain famous cartoon that had followed in the wake of his own fame—the fame which had come of his capacity to reveal to every man his neighbor, not only at his worst, but at his worst made witty. That ironic, downward drag of the lips, that destructive gleam between narrowed lids, that essence of the man to which the artist had added the device, "Suburbia is my washpot; over Philistia will I cast out my shoe," was peculiarly in evidence on this particular evening as he made his way toward the girl whom he intended to marry.

For he had on the subject of marriage, as on all others, no illusions. Above all, he had none on the subject of this particular marriage. What he proposed to himself, with regard to Hester Shannon, was the striking of a bargain, and the utmost he expected was that she would keep to its terms. The affair involved, of course, inevitable risks; still, on the whole, he inclined to think that she would play the game—not, indeed, on his account, but on her own; for he had noticed that she had, beneath a deceptive exterior, a certain vein of shrewdness and sound sense. She would not, he thought, be likely to quarrel with bread so generously buttered as that he had to offer her. He was forty, she in her early or middle twenties; what he had to offer was not love. It was marriage and position and financial security in return for youth, grace, and a possible stake in the generation to come. Brutal? Perhaps. But, at any rate, better than sham sentiment; better than lies.

He reached the smoking-room door and looked in. The girl had not moved. She had a natural picturesqueness, a slack, easy slimness that was of the very spirit of youth; and on this evening she was wearing a dress that had been new for the boys' Prizegiving on the previous night; a clinging, silken, tawny-colored thing—but without the wreath of berries

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and leaves wound into her dark, loose hair that had turned her into some "fairy's child" of the woods. He entered the room and shut the door behind him.

"Well, Miss Dryad," he said in his deliberate, rather indolent voice, "where is your crown?"

"Crown?" She looked bewildered. "Oh, *that!*" she remembered, and smiled. "But crowns are for party nights, when there are bands and colored lanterns and—speeches; not for ordinary evenings when there is just home work and supper in the schoolroom, and when—nice little boys get whippings."

He was unprepared for the boldness of her ending, but he did not show it. "It was not Roger's whipping," he assured her with amusement, "that you were thinking of—with that melting expression—as I came in!"

"It was; it was!" He had never seen her so moved, so delightful. "Oh, don't *you* know—can't you guess—what has really been the matter with Roger yesterday and to-day?"

"Certainly I know," he replied readily. "My young brother's complaint is easily diagnosed: an attack of sheer impudence."

"No—no!" She leaned eagerly toward him, her voice shaken, her eyes dewy. "*It was hero-worship!*"

He gave her a keen glance, thinking rapidly. What was she driving at? In a series of lightning pictures his mind recalled the circumstances to which she referred. Roger's blunder—or design—involving him in being the guest of the evening at the school Prizegiving; his annoyance—mitigated later by a happy inspiration concerning his speech; the speech itself—with Roger wriggling helplessly on the pin-end of every urbane and polished sentence; the *succès fou* of that speech among Roger's masters and school fellows. Then the return home, with Roger sulking over a punishment that had so neatly fitted his crime; and, this morning, the boy's burst of passion, his reckless, outrageous impertinence . . .

"Hero-worship?" Despite his surprise, Falconer's voice remained effectively dry. "Well, whatever it was, it appeared to me objectionable, and I thrashed him for it."

She nodded. "But when he came to your room this evening wasn't he—didn't you *notice* anything?"

He reflected again. "Yes," he allowed. "It did strike me that the youngster was wearing his rue with a difference—an idiotic, exalted sort of difference. But I trust it didn't affect my business arm. You see, he had by that time added disobedience to his other offenses; a silly trick apparently caught from his brother. He turned up an hour late, and without excuse. So I doubled his punishment, as I had doubled Basil's last week. Any complaints?"

"From *Roger?* Oh, no!" Her tone was light, but still uneven. "For Roger is in thrall—to you. You have become his god. That is why your speech hurt him so unendurably, why he was outrageous. And then, when Basil insinuated that Roger was your favorite——"

"So he is," said Roger's stepbrother and guardian bluntly.

"Ah, but the suggestion was that you would show favoritism; that Roger would not suffer as *he* had suffered; no, not even if he were late——"

"The young liar," Falconer remarked pleasantly.

"Of course. Only now, you see, it is *proved*. Roger has proved it!" Her face flashed triumph and tenderness.

"Proved? Roger?" Falconer's eyes, lazily half shut as usual, opened wide as he considered the implications of that. "But you don't mean to say—you're not telling me, are you, that the child delivered himself late into my hands just to—just to——"

"*Yes!* Just to prove to Basil—and to himself—that his god was incapable of anything less than even-handed justice. If you had overlooked his lateness you would have broken his heart; because you doubled his punishment for it as you had doubled Basil's—well, his mother is now engaged in trying to comfort him, and is feeling thoroughly perplexed. For Roger cannot be comforted; he treads the floor of heaven; he has joined the goodly company of the hero-worshippers who see themselves justified of their worship!"

"Nonsense. You don't find the human boy asking for trouble like that."

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His voice had its most cutting edge—because for one instant he had felt himself sharing the emotion that was starry in her eyes, tremulous on her laughing lips. He crushed it down as utter weakness; the sort of weakness that for years he had not so much as remembered, but that had made him suffer when he was a dumb, awkward, lonely lad going to and from his abhorred labor in a London shipping office—when he had not yet adopted cynicism as a shield against the intolerable blows of life, or found that there was money and fame in cynicism, provided it was disguised as humor. "Or, if you are right," he gibed more casually, "what does it prove but that Roger is a young fool? Hero-worship! Don't we all go through the phase? And doesn't life—and the hero—make haste to knock a hole in the floor of heaven?" He met her eyes squarely.

"Do they?" She was still smiling, but now, nevertheless, she was a different girl. He noted the change, as he had often noted it before. At some word of his she would undergo this transformation; it was as if between the watcher and a lighted room shutters were suddenly put up. It had intrigued him, that odd blankness, until he found the name for it—until he discovered that it was always her answer to some more than usually frank statement of his mocking philosophy of sophistication and disillusionment. After that it had amused him. For of course it meant only that she felt a woman's instinctive rebellion against all such philosophies. Illusion being women's whole stock-in-trade, they naturally feared and were antagonistic to any man who had outlived or outthought illusion's sway.

"They do," he maintained easily. "And we fall through. And after that we develop an obstinate preference for plain earth, however hard." He glanced at the clock; there was no more time for trifling. "And talking of plain earth," he added, "in what part of it do you propose to spend the holidays?"

"I shall be at home." She accepted the change of subject as casually as he made it.

He nodded, well pleased. Her home was near at hand, and he knew well enough why she would be staying in it; how else could she bring this affair of their marriage to a conclusion? But he liked her coolness, her economy of explanation. He suspected her, indeed, of employing it because she was quick enough to guess that he would like it; but then he was prepared for that; he enjoyed quickness—as long as it could not deceive him. And presently she should know that it could not.

"What shall you be doing with yourself?" he pursued.

"Oh, when I've time I expect I shall sketch."

"Here?—in the woods?" This was better than he had hoped; he spared a moment to admire her cleverness in making things thus easy for him.

"Yes."

He reflected. "You'll be leaving us early to-morrow morning, of course. Shall you be sketching in the afternoon?"

"I had planned to go to the woods—yes."

The crucial moment was upon him; he did not hesitate. "May I join you there for tea, then?" he asked. He put the question without significance; nevertheless, it was for him as binding as if he had already asked her to marry him.

And she knew it—or, at any rate, recognized it as a definite revelation of opportunity; he could tell that by the way she looked at him. A strange look—direct, yet veiled; he almost thought there was something like tragedy behind the veil, and he felt a moment's genuine compassion for her. After all, it must be hard for youth—even feminine youth—to resign its wild chances. Perhaps, too, she had a young lover. . . . At any rate, he was prepared to allow her time for that backward glance of farewell to the primrose path of "untravelled possibility," before she took the safe highroad that he offered—that prudence and common sense advised.

But the next instant she had made him feel a fanciful fool. "You could, of course," she allowed merrily, "if there *were* any tea! Only, when I'm sketching, I generally manage with ginger beer."

His momentary annoyance gave place to renewed admiration. How adroit she

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was! She was putting their new relationship on a footing of easy good comradeship; having once seen the noose well and truly laid about his neck, it was enough for her; she was not going to resort to the immediate crudity of tightening it.

"To such desperate lengths in the service of art," he declared smoothly, "you cannot expect an elderly novelist to go." (It amused him to underline the difference in their ages; he could see, by a quick contraction of her brows, that she disliked his determination to prevent any juggling with the facts.) "But if you could so far relax the austerities of youth as to share my tea-basket?"

She laughed. "Oh, I've not the least objection to luxuries that are no trouble! I'll reserve my ginger beer till all hope of you and the tea-basket has vanished."

Still, he noted, with pleasure in her *finesse*, she left open for him the way of retreat; and still, because of it, he felt the more morally bound. It showed a comprehension of his character to which his stepmother, in all the years of their contact, had not attained.

And at that moment his stepmother entered the room. She was the ruins of a handsome, dark woman, and her nose had such a high bridge to it that all her life she had been able to count on its carrying her over almost anything. It was of no use to her, however, in her dealings with her stepson, and she knew it, and it made her always ill at ease with him. But it could not teach her to alter her tortuous methods; she was not clever enough for that.

So now, although it was she who had engineered Hester Shannon's departure on the pretext of sending her two little girls to school, she spoke with effusive affection. "Well, *dear* Miss Shannon, your *very* last night! *How* we shall all miss you!"

Her eternal falsity sickened the man who heard her, the man whose dominant characteristic was a high personal integrity. He read her with the utmost ease. She was afraid of his marrying Hester Shannon—of his marrying any one. She knew of his promise to his father to look after her and her children, but she could not trust him to keep it at all costs; being untrustworthy herself, she could only trust him to keep it as long as it did not clash with any project of his own; and such a project, notably, she argued, would be marriage. Well, then, let her think it! That had always been his remorseless verdict; he had never taken the least step to reassure her. And, incidentally, it was her fundamental misreading of his character that had enabled him to remain master in his own house. Because she did not know that he would keep his word at all costs, she was afraid to defy or thwart him; she contented herself with trying to circumvent him. That was what she was attempting to do with regard to Hester Shannon. And now he suddenly thought of a way in which he could make her smart for it. During the evening he enjoyed elaborating his little plan to a deadly perfection, and when the girl said good night and left them it was ready.

Mrs. Falconer was dropping a series of her sprightly, insincere remarks as she collected her belongings preparatory to packing them for the seaside on the morrow. "Dear Max—if you would only join us for once! The sea would do you *so* much good—and I am sure you *need* a change!"

His eyes followed her in a sort of idle contempt. To talk like that—after the affair with Roger—when she must be hating him! "Thanks, mater," he replied at his suavest, "but you and the children shall have your usual change from *me*. And I shall amuse myself at home, you know. In fact, I think of picnicing in the woods to-morrow afternoon."

"Why, how nice! Do, dear!" Her relief was ludicrously transparent to him. "You'll take the picnic-basket, Max?"

"Thanks; yes."

"I'll see about it, then, in the morning," she promised. "*Good night*, dear!"

"Good night." He let her cross the room. "Oh, and by the way, mater——"

"Yes?" She turned brightly, jauntily in the doorway.

"Tea for two, please." Skilfully he shot his poisoned arrow; curiously he watched it sink home.

She was smitten to stillness where she stood. "Two?" she repeated almost inaudibly.

"Yes." His look was darkly steady—daring her to question him.

And she did not dare. She went out,

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nodding assent in a pitiful effort to disguise her sick inability to make one of her smooth replies.

When she had gone, his eyes lit their demon lamps. For five minutes he sat on, smoking and enjoying the thought that during this one month, at least, she would pay, in suffering, for her years of tacit insult to his honor. When she returned from the sea it would be time enough to let her know that, although he was going to marry, he was still a man of his word, and she and her children safe . . .

He turned out the light; he went to bed; he slept.

II

At the end of the month nothing was yet irrevocably settled—except in Falconer's mind. Three or four times each week he had met Hester Shannon in the woods, and conducted his cool and critical courtship under the convenient screen of her sketching operations. But he had not declared himself. An elusive quality in the girl, her skill in evading the pitilessly analytical scalpel of his mind had entertained him. There was, he admitted, something in her to be discovered—and the longer she could hold him back from that discovery (disappointing and trivial as it was bound, at best, to be) the more it would please him. So for six weeks he drifted, and she let him do it. When at last she called a halt, he felt that he had no reasonable ground for complaint—although ground enough for his usual mental comments of instructed misanthropy.

He had planned to speak when the weather broke, but she, it seemed, was not content to wait quite so long. It was on a still, hot day of mid-September that the end came. She was sketching, as usual, and he lay on his back in the heather beside her. For the hundredth time he admired, with his satanic shrewdness, the skill with which she had chosen and set her stage. The easel in the heather; the pond and the trees below, that she was drawing; the green silk smock that made the slim lines of her body so childlike, so ethereal; all were extraordinarily effective, he acknowledged, in helping her to strike her individual, sylvan note, in making her look like some free, wild spirit of the woods. She—who was only waiting to be invited to feed out of his hand! He drew his unfailing, bitter entertainment from the deceptiveness of appearances.

Presently his gaze shifted idly. "Best day we've had, I think," he observed.

She looked up, as though the commonplace held something arresting. "Is it really? I thought perhaps it was only its—lastness that made it seem so."

"Lastness? Why are you talking nonsense—not to mention gibberish? There's no sign of a cloud."

"No." She resumed her work. "But it's the last for me. I go to my new post the day after to-morrow."

So the time had come; she was forcing the pace. Well, so be it, then. Now or in a few days—what did it matter? Without haste he drew himself up from the heather and stood over her.

"Oh, no, you don't, Hester," he said with a touch of cajolery. "You know that!"

Her color rose at his first use of her name, but she was silent; she made a feint of continuing her work.

"Come!" he rallied her curiously. "You're not going to tell me this is so sudden, are you?"

Still she was dumb, with downcast eyes.

"My dear girl," he protested incisively, "do oblige me with a little plain dealing! It is all I ask—not to be taken for a fool. Don't imagine that I expect you to pretend this is a case of love's young dream. I am neither giving nor asking the impossible. What I have to offer is a certain assured position in the world, a home, freedom from worry and poverty in the present, security for the future. What I ask in return is that you—pretty, clever, charming, and much too young for me—shall marry me. Is it a bargain?"

"No," she said, and raised her eyes at last to his.

The look in them took him by surprise. It was not *pique;* it was not confusion; it was a look—he suddenly remembered it—that he had seen on her face once before: there was tragedy in it. Yet why? Why tragedy? And, above all, why "No"?

He regarded her quizzically. "A woman's no, Hester?" he suggested. "I

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am to try again another day—with a dash of rose-color, perhaps, added to the plain waters of the truth?"

She shook her head. "No," she repeated. "Just no."

And at that anger began to stir in him. "Please don't play with my proposal," he warned her unsmilingly. "It will not be made again. So I ask you to take it or leave it—to-day."

She began to collect her sketching things. "I leave it," she said in a low voice.

Two impulses warred in him: the one to go from her instantly and forever; the other to pierce somehow, before he went, to the heart—the assuredly paltry heart—of the mystery that she had always been to him. It was the latter instinct—the ruthless pull of his curiosity as an artist—that prevailed.

"One moment, please," he said, and she stood still. "Didn't you know I was going to ask you to marry me?"

"Yes."

"And didn't you intend me to do so?"

"Yes."

"Then don't you now owe me at least an explanation?"

"Yes. If you want it."

"I do."

"Well, then, I wanted to be able to say no."

The childishness, the absurdity of the explanation almost made him laugh. "Scalp-hunting?" he asked incredulously. "My dear girl—you can't really mean it? Did you never hear about young women gathering rose-buds while they may? It doesn't sound nearly so well, of course, if you substitute 'husbands' for 'rose-buds'; but, after all, that's what the pretty thing amounts to, doesn't it? Come—be sensible. You've said your 'No,' then, and (I hope) enjoyed it. Now say 'Yes'—because, at bottom, you want from me what I want from you: marriage. Don't you?"

She shook her head. "You've never known what I want from you."

"No? Tell me!" he mocked.

"It is respect. You have never given it to me yet, but I am going to have it now." Her body straightened, as though relieved of a weight. "For a year you've thought the worst of me; you make a creed, don't you, of thinking the worst of every one? It is in all your books; it is in every word you say. You take it for granted that there is no such thing as honor or honesty in the world—except your own. Well, there is; that's all. And now you'll find it out."

"Interesting," he observed, and meant it. For he felt an added respect for her cleverness. He had not thought her capable of such a spirited, eleventh-hour attempt to throw dust in his eyes. "And how shall I find it out?"

"By my not marrying you."

"I see!" (She was going too far in her assumption that he was a simpleton.) "But—excuse me—when your real motive in all this comes out, when you marry some one else at present undefined but doubtless not non-existent, some one richer, or younger—what then?"

"Then you can be witty at my expense. Until then it's too soon. But you don't mind about that, do you? You've been deceived and hurt by people in your life, and so you're a cynic, and proud of it. Yet what is there to be proud of? Aren't we all deceived, all hurt? What does it matter? It's still a *good* thing to believe, to trust, to take risks!"

He smiled. "How pleasing," he murmured, "is the idealism of youth. Becoming, too," he added, with a mischievous glance at her color.

It deepened, but she ignored it. "Idealism?" she returned. "And what is a cynic—what are *you* except an idealist who is not big enough to bear being hurt?"

It gave him an odd shock—the sort of shock that he recognized as having sometimes preceded his discovery of a truth. But he managed to maintain outwardly his smooth impassivity. "So that's that," he remarked. "Anything else?"

"Yes—the reason why I had to let you get to this point of asking me to marry you."

"Had to?" He allowed his eyebrows to rise.

"Would anything less have convinced you?" she challenged, without heat. "But now that you've asked me and now that I've said no—you'll see it. Not to-day, while you're furious with me, but some day. You won't be able to get out of seeing it because it's true, and because you love the truth, even when it hurts.

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Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

"Two?" she repeated almost inaudibly.—Page 468.

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Since I have nothing in the world—position, prospects, money, or a lover—and yet refuse to marry you, you'll see that I'm straight, as straight as you are. And from that you'll be forced to see that your whole philosophy is false—not to be depended on, and you'll change it. And then—" She hesitated seeking words for her thought.

"Yes? Then?" His eyes glinted malicious laughter. "I come back to you? I eat humble pie? We live happy ever after, as a Sunday-school story?"

"Then," she said, still in that grave, low voice that he secretly found disconcerting because it held no anger, "you'll be what you were meant to be from the beginning—not a clever man but a great one."

For an instant her eyes, absorbed and detached, were on him; the next, she had gathered together her belongings and turned to take the woodland path.

He stood and watched her go. And as she went a strange, new feeling was born in him—a sense of confusion, loss, panic—he could not give it a name. It was as if she were taking something of his with her, dragging away some essential part of himself, so that he must follow her, if only to retrieve it. For a time he resisted the feeling, but it grew stronger; as she disappeared at a bend in the path it mastered him, and he started in pursuit, walking quickly. For there was something, it seemed, still to be said, something incredibly important. At the moment, indeed, he could not think what it was; but he would know when the time came; he felt sure of that. And meanwhile the essential thing was not to be too late. He started to run.

But when he reached the bend in the path she was not in sight. He was astounded. She ought to have been still in sight. Tall bracken, seas of heather, stretched on either side; but for a square mile, at least, there was not a tree, there was nothing to hide her.

A speck of color caught his eye. It was green, yet not quite the green of nature. Her scarf? She had dropped it as she went? He plunged, waist-high, into the bracken that bore on its surface that clew.

But, once on the spot, he did not see it, for it was not only the scarf that was there; it was the girl as well. The world went suddenly black round him. For she lay face downward, and the tall fronds, parted by her body, closed in—all but met again over it. The utter apathy, the sagging stillness of her attitude terrified him. She looked—for all its absurdity he could not combat the thought—*drowned;* a body bruised and broken by some cruel sea, and then cast ashore, lifeless.

"Hester!" he cried sharply—and on the sound knew beyond all question what was the matter with him, what he had come to say.

She twisted round at once, and then sat up. But she was still lifeless—a creature come to the end of feeling. "So you know," she said slowly. "Well, it can't be helped."

He dropped to his knees beside her in the bracken, his face unmasked—alive as she had never seen it. "Not till this minute," he stammered. "Hester—not till this minute! That I—love you."

"You?" Color leaped to her face. "Oh, I meant——"

By her surprise, by her sudden agitation, but above all by that spent attitude in which he had found her, he knew now what she had meant—knew, yet could not believe. "You?" he said in his turn. "*You?*"

In her answering look was sadness—was (ah, this was why, then!) tragedy. "Of course," she said. "From the beginning. I wonder you never guessed."

"Guessed—? You wonder—?" His voice had lost all trace of its cool, leisurely effectiveness. "When I—daren't believe it even now that you say it?"

"No—of course." She shrank. "I'm not asking you to believe me. Naturally, it makes no difference."

The flood of happiness in him found vent in a laugh that was not in the least like his usual dry mirth. "No difference? When you care—and I care—and that confounded optimist is justified of his 'All's right with the world'?"

She smiled, but it was hopelessness that still looked out of her eyes at him. "How long would it be," she asked—"think—before you were admiring my cleverness in having worked up *this* situation? For how long would you believe in me, in my love?"

He did think, and he was staggered;

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He drew his unfailing, bitter entertainment from the deceptiveness of appearances.—Page 469.

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for it was true. Of course! That was what she had a right to fear, because that was what he was like. And yet—was it? From where, then, came this conviction that now there was for him a new heaven, a new earth? And how persuade her to believe it, to trust him? Trust? The word brought back a memory, and he clutched at it.

"Hester—I know. I don't deserve it. But won't you? Won't you remember what you said yourself—that it is a *good* thing to believe, to trust, to take risks?"

"Risks?" She hung for a moment on the word. "Ah, yes." Then she turned away, and he felt the finality in her mind. "But this, you know, is a certainty."

Certainty . . . The silence seemed to echo and re-echo the word. They were alone here together in the beauty, the stillness of this golden sea, and between them was love, newly confessed; yet he was helpless to move her. Words came to his lips, but only to mock him; for there was not one that he, a master of words, could make ring true to this girl who loved him and whom he loved. He might not even cry out against his punishment, for it was just; it was inevitable. He reaped only the doubt, the settled mistrust that he had sown . . .

So, presently, he got to his feet. "Yes—I see," he said, and now his voice had taken on the same quietude, the same deadness that had been all the time in hers. "Of course I see. You could never trust me, never feel safe. And it is my own doing. I made a bid for an imitation pearl. And it is real. So now it can't be cast before—me. I will go. But there is one thing you can be sure of: I shall suffer for what I have done."

Once more she met his eyes; once more he read the wonder and the tragedy in them. "And I?" she asked.

It was true; again she had smitten him with the truth. Even the grim satisfaction to be obtained from suffering for his offense was to be taken from him—because she was to suffer, too; she who had not offended . . .

Instinctively his face resumed its old, mocking mask; there was no other way in which he could keep a hold on self-control. Without another word he turned and made his way back to the path.

III

SHE was right; he discovered that she was quite appallingly right; for at home, as she had prophesied, came reaction. After a few hours he found himself reconstructing the whole scene in the woods from his old standpoint, and wondering (with mockery both for himself and her) what her next move would be. What excuse would she make for not going to her alleged new post? And would she write—to declare that, after all, she could not live without him? Or would she come? He visualized the extremely effective entrance that it would be possible for her to make—say at his study window—one evening after dinner. He saw her arriving (at the end of a long walk in which she had "thought things out"), hatless, in a charming disorder, bringing with her that sharp, pure breath of the woods that was native to her. And he would pretend, perhaps, that it was too good to be true—that she was a dream . . .

Novelettish; insincere; everything that he hated! But then—didn't he now *want* her, no matter what she was?

The evening went by, however, and the next day; and she made no sign. He passed the time in experiments, half idle, half serious. An experiment, for instance, on Roger.

His idea had been to make some amends to the boy for an old injustice—for what he now half acknowledged to have been an unfair weapon with which to punish a child: his speech at the Prize-giving. He had sent for Roger and explained this to him as best he could, and had then told him that, as compensation, he might have the dog on which he had set his heart. And Roger would have none of his explanation; Roger had elected to receive the dog, not as compensation, but as a dazzling, unmerited gift from his god. The god's attempt to insist on his own feet of clay had *hurt* Roger; he had mumbled with embarrassment that he had been "a beastly nuisance" and "a rotten sneak" over the affair of the Prizegiving, and so (by inference) he had established that all his subsequent suffering has done no more than square the account between him and his god. Hero-worship—the real thing. As she had said—as she had said . . .

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From that he had gone on to various other small tests among the members of his household, and all with the same result. She was right, then? To believe, to trust, to take risks—these were good things—not only an absolute good in themselves, but even good and pleasant in their immediate results? It almost seemed so. And then there had been that moment with his stepmother—that astounding moment after tea, when he had asked her to wait and speak to him.

The interview had begun as all their interviews began—with her superficial air of ready acquiescence, her inward trepidation and secret schemes for outwitting whatever he might be planning. In order that that should not irritate him, as usual, to the point of cruelty, he had sat looking out of the window (so that she was slightly behind him) as he spoke. He had explained to her simply and clearly that he was not getting married, but that he had decided, nevertheless, on a change. In future their relationship would be on a different footing; she and not he would be in control of that portion of his income which, in fulfilment of his pledge to his father, he had always regarded as hers and her children's. She would be free. If she chose, she might continue to share his house; but, if she preferred, she would henceforward have the right and the means to live with her children elsewhere. He had outlined the necessary legal steps to this end that he was about to take, and had wondered a little why she was so slow with her generally effusive thanks; then he had looked round. And what he had seen in her eyes was what he had never seen before: tears.

For a second the two of them had remained like that, silent, but in an unprecedented, throbbing *intimacy* of silence. The next, she had been behind his chair, bending over him, speaking hurriedly, brokenly.

"She must be a dear, good girl, Max. I am sorry—oh, I am *sorry* it has not come right. We will stay with you, please, if you will have us, unless—until . . ."

He would have known, of course, in any case, the kindly hope that the last two words had implied, but she had, before she vanished, reinforced them with a quick pressure of her hand on his shoulder, the delicate breath of a kiss on his hair. Kindness, spontaneity, sincerity—and from such a source! His philosophy false—not to be depended on. As she had said . . .

By the third day he had to do something—had, at any rate, to find out what *she* was doing. He sent Roger, during the evening, to return a book that she had left behind her.

"Well?" he demanded when the boy, with the least possible expenditure of time, had got back.

"She's gone away," Roger reported breathlessly. "This morning. To teach at a school somewhere in the North. She won't be home till Christmas, but they'll post the book to her." Something in his listener's face gave him courage to add a question. "I say, Max, why did you *let* her go? She's jolly. I wish she were here still."

At first his brother said nothing. Then, on an impulse to which rarity gave enchantment, he drew the child for a moment within the circle of his arm. "So do I, old man," he said . . . and was presently alone.

It was true, then; proved to the hilt. He was astounded—and yet he had always known it. She had said she was going; and she had gone. She had said she was straight—as straight as he was; and it was so. What was it that his stepmother had said of her? "She must be a dear, good girl." At the time he had dismissed that as just one of those irrelevancies to which women were so maddeningly liable; now he saw that it was simply the root of the whole matter. A dear, good girl—*a dear* . . . and he had lost her. She had slipped through the mesh of his elaborate mistrusts; he had broken her heart with them (had she not said that she loved him?) but he had not broken her beautiful spirit; she had saved her soul alive from him, and gone—gone . . .

He searched his memory for any word of hope that she had left behind her, but there was not one. She had said, indeed, that presently he would see the truth because he loved it; and now he had seen it. But was that all? Yes; except that he had mocked her motive once more, and that she, intent on the sequence of her

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selfless thought, had not even heard him, but had said what she had to say and no more—that then he would become what he was meant to be: not a clever man but a——

Something happened in his mind, something that first shook it like a rushing wind and then flooded it with serene light. He stared at his desk—so neat, so desolate in its suggestion of being done with. He had written himself out there—yes; but only, he now perceived, in the one capacity to which he had restricted himself—as a man of the world. Suppose he were to begin again—to write at last simply as a man—as the man that, beneath all his disguises, she alone had recognized him to be? Should he—*could* he abandon his witty, trenchant attitude toward life because he now saw that, however effective, it was essentially false and cheap? Or, rather, was there not room for wit, for trenchancy in the sweep of a larger art? What was that other thing she had said? That a cynic was only an idealist who could not bear being hurt. And she had known *him* for an idealist—a poet—at heart. Not that he would ever write poetry; but the poet's outlook on life had been (he knew it now as well as she) his birthright. Had he the courage, after all these years, to reclaim it—to write a book that would be unrecognizable, by the world in general, as his?

Yes—for she would recognize it! If he succeeded, she would be his. He knew it beyond question. For this was what her spirit had all the time been demanding of his—that he should remake himself in his own image, the image that twenty years ago he had railingly discarded. And, failing this, she had left him.

Well, was it not what he now demanded of himself—and not only because she wanted it, but because he did? Oh, she would understand that, too, when she read his book! He had only to write it.

Only. His lips twisted to their wry smile, for he began to see what he was in for. Six months—twelve months—who could say how long? And, during the whole of it, never to see her face, hear her voice. During the whole of it, too, to live under the sword of risk; risk of defeat at the hands of the art that for years he had impiously confined to one narrow channel; risk that one or other of the cruel chances of life would make him, even though he succeeded, too late.

He winced already beneath the artist's peculiar scourge: that of suffering all things twice over; once in reality and once—a hundred—a thousand times in imagination. But he braced himself to endure both torments. For was there not, in the end, such a possibility as the purification of suffering? It was for him to earn it.

A book . . . The fighter in him rose to the challenge; the writer in him leaped to meet the new, exhilarating demands of art. He was aware suddenly that he had never yet exerted a tithe of his powers. Surprised and engrossed, he sat down at the bare board that had become again his desk, his arena.

It was in the still hour before the dawn that there was a knock at his door, and his stepmother stood on the threshold.

"Oh, Max—you *are* here. You're all right? I've been listening for you to come up—I began to wonder——"

He perceived afresh that out of gratitude for the gift of her freedom had arisen some simple, spontaneous feeling for him. She was no longer afraid of him; and she felt toward him, for the first time, something solicitous and protective, something of the mother. It was extraordinarily pleasant.

With a smile he rose, stretching limbs that were cramped and cold. His arm, as he did so, caught a pile of loose papers and they scattered on the floor. Her eyes followed them.

"You've been *writing*, Max?" she exclaimed. "At this time of night?"

He laughed. No wonder she was astonished. Was he not astonished himself? How many years was it since he had last felt that urge, that divine drive that recks not of times and seasons? Had he, indeed, ever really felt it before?

"No," he said, picking up the pages and shutting a drawer on them, "not writing. Not, so to speak, just writing." His eyes took their impish glint; she saw that he meant to mystify her. But she saw also that, however unlikely it might seem, he was, at this moment, happy; her solicitude was appeased.

"To-night," he told her dryly, "I've taken the wildest risk known even to that dare-devil animal, man: I've commenced author!"

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OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE

AS SEEN BY AMERICAN SOLDIER-STUDENTS

By Edwin W. Pahlow

Formerly Dean, American Soldier-Students in British Universities

IF on a certain evening in the April following the Armistice the general hubbub in the centre of London had ceased, those who went by the Connaught Rooms would have heard strange noises coming from the great banqueting-room —noises which would have meant nothing to them, but which would most likely have warned their forefathers two hundred years back that the Mohawks were again on the war-path. Blood-curdling war-whoops and weird coyote cries rent the air, alternating with longer calls, among which an American might have been able to catch a Haaaa-vard, a Prin-stun, or many another college name, for the Connaught Rooms held—or tried to hold—four hundred khaki-clad Yanks, who were celebrating their return to college life. The harrowing days of war and the deadening time-marking weeks which had followed were behind them; before them stretched a glorious vista of three months of study and travel in a lovely land, whose dwellers were already vying with one another in showing the gratitude they felt because we had aligned ourselves on the side of the Allies. Small wonder that it was a time for merrymaking, and that the old college yell, unheard for many months, would not be suppressed. The stately majordomo, decked out in crimson and gold, who announced the speakers in awe-inspiring tones, was put to a test that tried his mettle, but he stood his ground well even when, after his sonorous "My Lords and Gentlemen, His Excellency, the Viscount Bryce," the whole assemblage sprang to its feet and broke forth into pandemonium as the venerable statesman, blinking nervously under his bushy eyebrows, rose to respond.

The banqueters were a part of a group of two thousand officers and men, known officially as the American Soldier-Student Detachment in British Universities, who had been sent to the British Isles on detached service for a period of three months' study. Four times two thousand had wanted to come, but the British institutions could not absorb them all; indeed, it was only by a considerable (though gladly made) effort that the two thousand were accommodated. The banquet, which was given under the auspices of the American University Union, was merely one episode in what proved for many to be the most romantic chapter of their lives, and what was perhaps the most romantic chapter in American educational history. Never before had such a host of our students swooped down upon a foreign land. It was a veritable invasion. And if, as Ambassador Davis warned the British guests at the banquet, the invaders were going to leave after three months much richer than they came, this was as their hosts would wish it. The efforts of town and gown and countryside to make their stay a pleasant and profitable one are unparalleled in the annals of hospitality. Even the atmosphere joined in, and gave them three such glorious months as the Isles have rarely seen.

Their arrival having coincided with the Easter holidays at most of the colleges, they found themselves free for a week or two to do as they pleased. Many were content to stay in their college town and revel in their new surroundings and the return to the amenities of civilian life. "Oh, boy! Beds, real beds, with sheets and pillows!" This and the pleasant realization in the morning that it was not a bugle but only their buddy's heavy breathing that awakened them were enough. But most of them went afield, trusting to find these comforts everywhere. Singly or in parties, on foot or on bicycle, by motor or train or boat, they went their way (each armed with a

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travel-pass with which to ward off the unwelcome advances of our military police, who were still in evidence in all the larger towns), till there was scarce a corner worth seeing, from the Dover Cliffs to the Scotch Highlands, Blarney and the Lakes of Killarney, that was not sought out by some of them.

After the holidays the soldier-students were to be found in practically every college town from London to Aberdeen, and from Cambridge to Galway, and their composite schedule spread over the curriculum as completely as they were spread over the British educational world. For the most part they were zealous students, eager to make up through this unexpected stroke of good fortune for the time they had lost while in the army, or, in the case of graduates (especially the doctors and lawyers), glad of the chance to regain the civilian point of view before resuming their professional life at home. So everywhere there was at least an undercurrent of seriousness, in spite of the well-meant (and rarely ineffective) efforts of the British to consume their time in social affairs.

The detachments at Oxford and Cambridge, each about two hundred strong, were made up of upper-class men or recent graduates, many of them from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and other leading colleges. Taken as a whole, they were a splendid group of all-round college men, well above the average. Like the soldier-students in other parts of the British Isles, they sent fortnightly reports to the headquarters of the Army Educational Corps, A. E. F., in London, and it is upon these reports, as well as upon impressions gained during visits to the two detachments, that the following observations are based.

Oxford and Cambridge were new places to most of them, though they seem to have made up their minds as to what sort of places these were—"mysterious and awe-inspiring, with an atmosphere heavy-laden with learning and the station-master speaking in iambic pentameter." The new Oxonians' first glimpse of their new alma mater was brief, but it was long enough at least to dispel some of their misapprehensions. When they arrived (at five in the morning, after having sat up all night), the atmosphere was heavy-laden with cold March rain, and the station-master spoke to them in simple, unadorned and yet not unsympathetic prose. So did almost every one else; and before many hours had elapsed, they had found their respective colleges, deposited their luggage in their new quarters either within the college or in the town, and were off again for a few weeks of exile. The reason for the exile was that they had arrived in the Easter vacation, and Oxford has a prejudice against having its undergraduates around during holiday-time. The veterans of Château-Thierry bore up well under this harsh treatment —better than did their compatriots at Cambridge, for whom, as a mark of special consideration, a series of vacation courses was given.

With the opening of the spring term, the soldier-students entered upon the life of one or other of the score of colleges which together make up the university. They found each college to be a more or less complete entity, with faculty and administrative officers, chapel, library, classrooms, dormitories, dining-hall, playing-fields, and boat-house. Most of them lived within the college walls, and all of them dined in hall. Breakfast was served in their rooms, and luncheon too, if desired. Their studies were directed by a tutor with whom they met in conference each week. They attended some lectures —not many—and for the rest read extensively in their chosen field and wrote essays for their tutor. They spent the afternoon on the river or on the playing-fields, and the evenings in study or social life.

What first impressed them about their new academic home was its antiquity, the essence of which, as far as their student life was concerned, they found in the institution of dining in hall. The ancient, timbered rooms, from whose dimly lighted walls a host of British leaders in thought and action looked down on black-gowned students and dons at the high table, seemed at first to be almost part of an unreal world. They soon found themselves, as one of them said, "reeking with tradition, and speaking of 1492 as if it were but yesterday." But before long they encountered other evidences of an-

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tiquity which were not so appealing, in the beginning, at least. Coming from the army with its intensely centralized organization, they thought the system of a score or so of separate colleges very inefficient. They never gave their approval to the paternalism which regulated the student's coming and going at night, the size of the bills he could run up with the tradesmen, and other restrictions upon the liberty of the subject; accustomed to the freedom of American college life, they felt that they were back again in "prep" school—with the one difference that at school they had not been able to atone for their sins by money payments. They found a leisurely, care-free method, or lack of method, of getting under way at the beginning of the term, which seemed hardly in keeping with twentieth-century standards. "It was with a certain degree of disappointment, I might almost say disgust," wrote one of them, "that I completed my first week of residence at Oxford. Like most Americans with whom I talked, I could not find out just what was expected of me, or just what I could do. Talks with tutors were vague and unsatisfactory. The value of many of the lectures seemed problematical. In fact, it seemed that if we derived any benefit from our stay, it would be in spite of the Oxford system rather than because of it. But," he goes on to say, "as time passed, we became accustomed to the method, and what had seemed indifference and procrastination were found to be careful deliberation and conservatism."

Conservatism continued to meet them during all their stay. Near the end of the term one doughboy tried to pay his term bill so that he might send the receipt to headquarters for reimbursement, but he found that bills were not supposed to be paid till after term-end. "In this case, however," he expostulated optimistically, "since the United States Army demands a receipt, I fear you will have to change your practice." "In this case," responded the bursar imperturbably, "I fear the United States Army will have to change its practice."

On the side of scholastic method, they encountered at the outset a fundamental difference between the two British institutions and our American ones, which was put in a nutshell by an Oxford don, when asked by a soldier-student where he might get the text-books for the courses he was going to take. "My dear fellow," said the don, "we don't use text-books; we don't even write them. And we don't 'take courses'; we study subjects." There you are. The system is simple. Guided by his tutor the British student reads widely in a limited field, and after a year or two he comes up for examination. "Many of the devices to make men study, to which we were accustomed at home, were lacking," comments one. There were no daily roll-calls, no required attendance at lectures, no recitations with text-books, and no frequent tests "such as we had at the University of Pennsylvania, which enabled the student to know just how he stood in all of his courses all the time." On the other hand, the English student was kept up to the mark by his tutor, with whom he had a contact much more intimate than the American student has with any member of his faculty, and who is not merely his instructor but his guide, philosopher, and friend. The results of the system were as surprising as the system was novel. The circumscribed field of study seemed destined to produce specialists, but the direct testimony of some and the indirect testimony of practically all was that the average Oxford or Cambridge undergraduate had "a more thorough knowledge of more branches than the average American bachelor of arts." How is this to be accounted for? The soldier-students' comments give a partial answer only, but the points they do make are significant. In his particular field of study the English student "is made to think for himself more than we are at home, where we are supplied with facts and ready-made answers," and beyond his special field, "he learns more by absorption than we do."

With regard to the relative amount of work done by English and American students there was a considerable difference of opinion, caused partly by the misapprehension on the part of some that attending a large number of lectures or taking many courses necessarily implies doing a great deal of work. Where this misapprehension did not exist, the general ver-

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dict was that the English student did at least as much work as the American, but that it was not so apparent. "The Oxford student is more casual and does not appear to be doing as much as he really is." "At Harvard, the idea of study is constantly before you. If it isn't, the dean is after you rather rudely. But at Cambridge work is carefully hidden behind a screen of sport and pleasure. There is plenty of study, but it isn't so painfully evident." "The most striking trait of English character, as exemplified by the Oxford man, is a remarkable power of diversity of thought and action. In the American there is a sharp line between work and play, and he shifts with difficulty from one to the other. The Englishman works at odd moments and is never so absorbed in work or play that he cannot easily lay the one or the other aside."

The range of subjects in the curriculum seemed to many of our men too limited for a modern university, and out of touch with the twentieth century. The material equipment, too, seemed to be antiquated or inadequate. Much of the apparatus that our students were used to finding in the laboratories at home they were expected to construct for themselves. "Perhaps this accounts for the remarkable successes achieved in the Cavendish Laboratory," is the comment of a member of the Cambridge detachment. With regard to the yearly or bi-yearly examination, its value in demanding a grasp of an entire field of knowledge rather than a familiarity with various "water-tight compartments," as is often the case under our system, commended itself to many.

The athletic system was as novel as the educational one. Here were two institutions in which practically every one engaged in sport daily—rowing, tennis, cricket, or some other form of outdoor activity. "In the afternoon every fellow goes out for exercise in as matter-of-fact a manner as he goes to breakfast in the morning. If you win at your game, well and good, but whether you win or lose, play something!" This general participation was made possible by the fact that almost every college had a boat-house and playing-fields. As one soldier-student expressed it, "the athletic system was designed for the individual and not for the institution," and it was due to this system that our men were able to get into the athletic life of their respective colleges in a manner impossible for a similar group of foreign students visiting, let us say, Harvard or Yale for three months. On ten crews at Cambridge there were at the start thirty-eight American soldier-students, some of whom won their seat in the May races. At Oxford six made their college crew and rowed in the Eights Week races, and two of them rowed later in Henley regatta. A number of others won places on their college tennis teams, and two (one at Oxford and one at Cambridge), made the varsity team.

Besides the general participation, there were several other features of the athletic life which impressed our men. Athletics did not seem to be such a serious business as with us. "At home, college athletics is handled in a serious and businesslike way, and forms one of the greatest stimuli to college spirit. At Cambridge it is participated in by the majority, but apparently without such rousing enthusiasm." "Many more take part in sports than with us, but that whole-hearted, enthusiastic spirit which we had at ——— College is lacking among the English. I have attended some of the championship cricket matches, and to my surprise there were scarcely ever as many as fifty spectators, usually far less than that number; and the utmost silence prevailed among the players." (A rather naif and illuminating comment.) Since the English student would rather play a game himself than watch others, the material for an organized cheering section was lacking, and the college cheer and cheer-leader unknown. Finally, since athletics was not the monopoly of a small group of men fed on a special diet, trained by highly paid coaches, and gazed at and applauded by the great mass of their fellow students, "a man's position is not determined as much by athletics as in our colleges," and athletic aristocracies such as, to judge by a considerable number of comments, rule some of our universities, were absent.

The English point of view with regard to the purpose of sport, as it appeared to the soldier-student, is interesting on ac-

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count of the inference one is led to make. "With the English, the idea of winning is not uppermost. If the type of cricket in a match game was good, it was immaterial who won." "The idea of winning is not paramount. All that is required is that the game should be well played and that the sport be clean." "They win or lose with the same British indifference." "They play more for the sake of the game than for winning. Sportsmanship is as much a part of the game as the game itself."

Taking the system as a whole and comparing it with ours the opinion seemed to be that theirs tended to make students sportsmen, whereas ours tended to develop two distinct classes, students and sportsmen.

After exercise came another institution even more startling than universal participation in athletics—TEA! It was more or less of a shock to find that the fellows who outrowed you on the river or outplayed you at tennis went to their own or some other fellow's room and drank tea. This ushered in the third phase of the day's life—the social phase.

The social life centred in the colleges. In this, as in other phases of Oxford and Cambridge life, the university was, as one soldier-student expressed it, "very unobtrusive." The colleges were homes where at the evening meal all the members came together as in a large family. They proved to be very democratic places; much more so, many thought, than our American colleges. There were no "exclusive clubs," or, if there were, they were inconspicuous enough not to call forth comments from a single soldier-student, while a number remarked upon their absence. The absence of fraternities commended itself to many who regarded the college system as having all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of the fraternity system, and as being the best antidote for it. Finally, there were no co-eds, which was "a great relief" to at least one soldier-student, though plenty of others were not at all sorry that there were women's colleges near by. One Yank informed his tutor in philosophy that he had added to his schedule a course in Girton, to which the don replied that he hoped he would make better progress there than he was making in Aristotle.

The first impression the soldier-students had of the English student—and it was a pretty general one—was that he was hard to get to know—"self-contained, inhospitable, a veritable iceberg." But this feeling wore off after a while, and "what had seemed to be snobbishness was really in many cases shyness or a conservative waiting to see how we took things." "Once the stiffness is worn off, the Englishman is a splendid mixer. An American will get along much better with a Frenchman for the first hour, but over a longer period the Englishman wears better." "Hospitality at Cambridge is so delightful that it shatters completely one's preconceived notions of English reserve and unsociability." "We were taken into more things," wrote a soldier-student from one of our smaller colleges, "than we should have been in one of our larger universities at home." But this was done in the British way, which one writer described as being "diametrically opposite from ours. They first regarded us with curiosity, then they became used to us and scarcely noticed us, then they made friends. We were made to feel that we were a part of Oxford, and old enough to find amusement and friends, and we were not made to do a lot of things that we didn't want to do." Another draws the following picture of an English student: "Our most common pre-war notion of the Englishman undoubtedly tended to gloom. We had heard something of hereditary haughtiness and nicely suppressed, passive enthusiasms. We should have been surprised if we had found Cambridge a centre of high spirits and bold actions. We came looking for learning and large leisure, and were prepared for an easy display of all the social graces, for nice adjectives and an inflection under perfect control, but we certainly did not expect real, if undemonstrative, camaraderie.

"The undergraduate proved to be quite approachable. It was perhaps experimental, but nevertheless genuine, geniality. And further, he proved to be quiet, reasonable, likable, and seldom dull. Well-informed, knowing something of everything, he almost invariably had the advantage of authority if authoritatively

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speaking. His manner of disagreement was irritatingly agreeable. In looks he was about the respectable average, despite careless, characterless dress, but there was usually an air of distinction, regardless of appearances. His generous self-esteem (if he had it) was rarely aired. He was well-mannered at the table, despite the table. He seldom effervesced, but his suspicious earnestness about indifferent things was as natural as our habit of reducing everything to the ridiculous."

What at first seemed perhaps stranger than his manner was his enunciation, but here again time healed offended susceptibilities and even brought converts. "I am getting so that I can say 'rather' without thinking of father, and 'ripping' without thinking of pants," wrote one, while another evolved the following measures:

"I have the Oxford atmosphere to thank
For many great improvements in my speech.
I thought that Oxford language was all swank,
But now I know a blighter cannot reach
A higher level in the art of yap.
I'm fed up with the language that I had.
The talk of every blinkin' mouthy chap
Whom once I knew now almost drives me mad."

More lucid than elegant, and perhaps a bit rough on the great American language.

Though the British students did not show the extremes of wealth and social background which we find in our colleges, yet "there was no single type, and the individual does not attempt to conform to certain standards and appearances, as is so common in our colleges." "Cambridge develops much more individuality than ——— does." "One gets along with the British student best by retaining one's natural traits and not attempting to adopt his artificially." "Our system tends to greater uniformity of output."

Although liquor was allowed in the students' rooms, there seemed to be less drinking to excess than was the custom in some of our colleges. "Never once did I hear a 'whiskey tenor' running the gamut of minors as a quartet rendered a little close harmony," writes one. There did not seem to be a great deal of gambling.

But it was the intellectual side of the social life which called forth the most numerous comments—comments so enthusiastic as almost to give the impression that it was a revelation to the writers to find that such a thing as an intellectual side of social life existed. There was a wide-spread interest in debating, which apparently afforded more pleasure and recreation than with us. It was taken seriously; "it was no joke" and "'standing room only' was not uncommon at the Union." The general participation in debates, of which the English system admits, was as agreeable a surprise as were the subjects debated. These Britishers knew "a lot about democracy, and more about Lincoln than many of us"! As debaters they had wit and humor and a great facility of speech, but in general their delivery did not seem impressive, and gestures were either absent or might better have been. But what impressed the soldier-students most of all was the sort of thing the English students talked about over the tea-cups or the Scotch or port. As likely as not it led them into the realm which American students seem to relegate to professors and other highbrows—history, philosophy, politics, economics, art, education. Here "intellectual fencing was remarkable for its high order and general practice." "What particularly struck me at Oxford was that the student reflects his scholarship in the ordinary course of affairs, and does not wait until he has set out into the world." "As one sits in an undergraduate's study, sipping port, he finds the conversation touching on the large subjects of the day." "In ordinary conversation there is a readiness to discuss intellectual problems and an absence of that self-consciousness, inspired by fear of pedantry and affectation, which represses spontaneous outbursts at home. The Oxford undergraduate proceeds to solve the problems of the universe without the solemnity or ponderosity which would mark such an attempt by one of his age here. Whether he gets nearer the solution or not is another matter, but the fact remains that he is willing to focus his mind on things that really count, outside the classroom as well as in." "Nowhere have I met a more cultivated, well-informed, and 'all-round' lot of men than here. With us there is too much emphasis on

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amusements that do not improve the mind or the finer sensibilities. They make better use than we do of leisure. How many young fellows in American colleges are fair amateur critics of music, painting, architecture, poetry, or the drama?"

All the comments were frank, and, inevitably, some were unfavorable. One soldier-student declared his new alma mater to be "a conservative, unprogressive, rather over-rated institution of learning," and believed that "we have dozens of better ones in the United States." A number of others thought that Oxford and Cambridge were well enough for the British, but not the meat for Americans. "Cambridge might be termed a state of far-reaching seclusion, or (since the Yankee invasion), a staid tranquillity temporarily enlivened by accident. And we shall leave it like the w. k. backslider from Christian Science who was tired of being so contented all the time." "It's all as beautiful and restful and quiet and lonesome as a Sunday afternoon." "The tutorial system results in a greater love of learning, but the finished product seems to lack the brute strength and aggressiveness of the American undergraduate."

But the impartial observer cannot fail to receive from these hundreds of reports an impression of the great English universities that is highly favorable, though novel to the average American mind. They present a picture, not of a system of education, but of a type of life. Oxford and Cambridge are, in their essence, simply the opportunity for a threefold development, physical, mental, and ethical: the three key-notes of their life are (1) general and continual participation in athletics, (2) the development of the power to think, rather than the acquisition of knowledge, and (3) a spirit of tolerance and open-mindedness, an appreciation of the finer things of life, and a contempt of anything that is not fair play. As the Master of Corpus Christi, Cambridge, said, in discussing a proposal to exempt colonial candidates for degrees from the residence requirement: "Cambridge is not primarily a place of learning or a place of examination. It is a place where you live three years."

THE ISLAND OF EUGENIA; THE PHANTASY OF A FOOLISH PHILOSOPHER

By William McDougall

Professor of Psychology, Harvard University; Author of "Is America Safe for Democracy?"

ONE of my children, after reading Mr. McKenna's story of the youth who inherited fifty million pounds sterling and who came to a miserable end, asked me: "Dad, what would you do if you had *fifty millions?*" The question brought back to my mind a scheme which I had conceived in the enthusiasm of youth and had even committed to paper. That paper had lain forgotten for thirty years. But stimulated by my child's question, I found it among piles of unpublished manuscript. Reading it again, I decided that thirty years' growth of worldly wisdom had not made the scheme, conceived in all the ardor and ignorance of youth, seem any less desirable or less practicable. I have therefore recast my original draft, in the form of a dialogue between two men of middle age whom I have named the Philanthropist and the Seer, or the Practical Man and the Scientist.

EUGENIA

The Practical Man. My dear old friend, welcome to my summer retreat. I can hardly believe that thirty years have passed since we were roommates in the old college and discussed so seriously our plans for reforming the world.

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The Scientist. No, indeed. It seems but yesterday that we took our great decisions, you to devote yourself to the making of a great fortune, I to give myself wholly to the study of mankind: you with the conviction that science can do little without the power that money gives; I in the belief that men can easily be led to do the right thing, if only we have certain knowledge to guide them in the choice of what is worth doing.

P. Yes, I remember it all. I did desire the power that money gives; and in all these years, during which I have been piling up the dollars, I have never forgotten my resolve to make good use of any wealth I might acquire. And now, as you know, I have made my pile; I have been successful. Good fortune, great opportunities, and good judgment have combined to make me one of the rich men of this rich country. I have arrived at the stage at which my wealth accumulates almost automatically, and for many months now I have been turning over in my mind the question—What shall I do with it? How can I best fulfil my youthful resolve?

S. Bravo, old fellow. I congratulate you. I had supposed you had gone over to the Philistines and sold your birthright for a mess of pottage. I can't tell you how delighted I am to find I was mistaken.

P. Thanks. But I want from you more than congratulations. I have persuaded you to come down here, because I want your advice. I want to take up our old discussions. I want you to advise me, to help me to make use of my wealth. You have spent thirty years in studying human nature and society. You have made a name for yourself in these studies. I want you to tell me whether, in the light of all your thinking and knowledge, you still have any of your old faith in the power of intellect and the good-will to promote human welfare. Have you been disillusioned? Are you content to support your family respectably, to bear an honored name in the academic world, to add a little to scientific knowledge, and then to pass away with the vague hope that things will come right somehow, if only science progresses? Have not the terrible events of the last few years taught you that the increasing control of the physical resources of the world which science brings does but add to the difficulties and dangers of mankind? Isn't it clear now that civilization is in danger of destroying itself by the very means which science has so triumphantly provided? Is not the fate of Germany, its moral degradation, its political disorder, its economic chaos, is not all this a terrible warning? Does it not show that things of the sort that you and I have been doing since our college days are in themselves futile to save the world, or even to make it a better place than we found it? Germany excelled in our two lines of work, in economic development, the development of big business, and in the organized pursuit of science; and see what a mess she has made of her affairs. Her people were the most instructed, the best organized for peace and for war; her cities were excellently administered; her hospitals, her schools and universities were models for the whole world; her agriculture was scientific; only her churches were decaying. Does not the recent history of Germany show us only too clearly that all the things our philanthropists aim at, hygienic conditions, universal education, including popular interest in art and music, a rising standard of life, abolition of poverty, universal suffrage, that all these good things will not suffice to secure the moral health of a nation? Doesn't it look as though the mechanism of civilization which men have built up were getting too big and complicated for their control? When I contemplate putting my money into the promotion of any philanthropic scheme, the question rises in my mind—Will it do any good in the end? Won't it merely accelerate the process of increasing the scale and complexity of the mechanism of civilization?

S. I agree with you and I sympathize with you in your perplexity. The example of other rich men who have tried to make their wealth serve mankind is not altogether encouraging. Carnegie's many millions are already beginning to seem a mere drop in the ocean. It is possible to doubt whether the world has been appreciably benefited by his gifts. Mr. Rockefeller has founded a great univer-

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sity and a great medical research institution. But the country can well afford to make and support its own universities; and it is thought by some of my friends that the existence of large endowed research corporations has great drawbacks, even from the limited point of view of increase of knowledge.

Clearly, what you have to seek is some way of using your money which will fulfil two conditions: first, it must bring lasting benefit to mankind; secondly, it must be of a kind which a rich democratic country will hardly adopt as a public measure.

P. Yes, you define my wishes exactly. I don't want merely to put a plaster on some local sore, to run soup-kitchens for starving millions, or maternity homes for deserving maidens. If there is no prospect that mankind, or some part of it, will achieve something more satisfactory than our present industrial civilization, then I would say, the more millions that starve, the better; and the less maternity, the sooner this miserable race of men will come to an end.

S. I see you are not an easy-going optimist. But I agree with you. You and your like should not devote your wealth to the applying of social plasters; nor should you give it for the support of institutions of the kind which should be and are supported by public funds. In the latter case your gifts would merely diminish in a hardly appreciable degree the rate of taxation throughout the country; and, in a country so wealthy as this, the effect would be hardly worth considering.

P. Well, you seem to have closed all possible roads for me. Is it really impossible to use great wealth to secure great and permanent goods? I have seen that proposition laid down most emphatically. But I have not been able to bring myself to accept it, and it is just because I don't see my way out of the difficulty that I am asking your advice. The people who make that statement are, I take it, the socialists or communists, those who think that all will be well, if only private property can be abolished. And, upon my word, unless it is possible to find a way of spending wealth well, I don't see how its accumulation by individuals is to be justified. And yet, if we had a thoroughgoing communism, what would be the result? The masses of the people, especially the lowest strata of unskilled workers, would breed enormously, and this great country after a few generations would be filled by hundreds of millions of low-grade population; we should become a second India. The game wouldn't be worth the candle.

S. I agree again. In that last remark you come near the essential problem. The only lasting benefit that can be conferred on mankind is the improvement of human qualities. Our social theorists propose all sorts of transformations of social and national organization, in the belief that mankind only needs to live under some particular form of ideal organization of society in order to be forever happy. The truth is that forms of organization matter little; the all-important thing is the quality of the matter to be organized, the quality of the human beings that are the stuff of our nations and societies. Under the best possible organization of society, civilization will decay and go to pieces if the quality of its human stuff is poor. Under the most anomalous and imperfect social forms, men will thrive and civilization will advance and improve if the quality of the human stuff is sufficiently good. This is true on both the small and the large scale. The finest institutions will work miserably in incapable hands. Whereas, if your population is of sufficiently good quality, morally and intellectually, any institution will work tolerably; and in the extreme case, institutions and organizations, governments and churches may all be decently interred in favor of a complete anarchy.

P. Ah! I see where you are leading me. I begin to remember some wild scheme you used to talk of in our college days. An island to be called Eugenia, wasn't it, devoted to the production of supermen? It seemed to me, I remember, the wildest romantic nonsense. I didn't believe you were serious about it. Don't tell me that you are still hugging that fantastic notion in your middle-aged bosom.

S. Yes, indeed I am. Thirty years of study of man, of his history and insti-

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tutions, have only confirmed my youthful conviction that such a scheme is profoundly worth while, that it is practicable, and that the world is ripe for it, and needs it more urgently with every year that passes.

P. But look at the history of all such Utopian schemes. They have all fizzled out, or been converted to ordinary humdrum industrial communities after a very short time.

S. Yes, but all of them have been run on wrong principles. You cannot argue that, because various imperfectly designed schemes of human betterment have failed, therefore every such scheme must fail. We are only now acquiring the knowledge that is essential for the wise designing of any such scheme. I only ask you to let me outline my plan and to give me the benefit of your criticism as we go along.

P. Very well, I'm ready to listen and play the critic. It's the least I can do in return for your willingness to advise me in my perplexity.

S. I begin then by stating the principles on which Eugenia is to be founded. Civilizations decay because they die off at the top; because, as they become increasingly complex, they cease to produce in sufficient numbers men and women of the moral and intellectual caliber needed for their support. So long as a nation produces in each generation a fair number of persons of first-rate caliber, it can carry an enormous tail, without fatal decline. But the number of such persons tends to become not only relatively but absolutely fewer with each generation; because civilized societies breed from the bottom and die off at the top. I don't stop to substantiate this generalization. The evidence on which it is based is overwhelming. Instead, I will prescribe you a course of reading which will convince you of its truth.

The supply of persons of first-rate caliber can only be maintained by the fruitful mating of persons of superior strains. At present, as in all highly civilized societies, such persons tend to be absolutely or relatively infertile. Eugenia is a scheme for bringing persons of such strains together in fertile unions which will give to the world an increasing number of persons of similar caliber.

P. Then you are going to institute the human stud-farm *à la* Plato. Seeing that his scheme has been before the world more than two thousand years, why trouble to advocate it once more?

S. Not so fast. Plato's scheme involved the destruction of the family, the denial of conjugal affection and parental responsibility. No scheme which ignores the strongest tendencies of human nature can hope to succeed. Eugenia will avoid this fundamental error. It will be founded on the cult of the family. Its religion will be something like ancestor-worship, tempered by a reverence for the progeny and a great faith in their value to mankind. It is to be a place in which persons of superior strains shall come together in marriage and, under ideal conditions, produce the largest number of children compatible with the perfect strength and health of all concerned. It is to be an endogamous community, recruited by the admission of most carefully selected members from without, and improved by the rejection or extrusion of any of its native members who fail to come up to its standards of quality.

P. Then you propose to impoverish the rest of the world by bringing together in this community all its choicest spirits; no doubt in some such way an ideal community might be achieved. But it would be at the cost of the rest of the world. The essential selfishness of such a scheme condemns it to failure.

S. You are going too fast again. Eugenia is not to be ruled by a selfish regard for itself. It will be animated by the spirit of world-service. Its children will be brought up with the noble ambition to serve the world. They will be aristocrats, but their tradition will be *noblesse oblige*. The community will be a closed one for the purposes of marriage and education only. Membership in the community will be attained in every case by formal admission, after fullest inquiry into the family history and intellectual and moral qualifications of each candidate. The advantages of membership, the attractions of life in Eugenia, the privileges of participation in its exalted aims, will no doubt attract many candidates from the outer world; and the best of these will be admitted. But, once it

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has become a "going concern," Eugenia will recruit its citizens largely from the children born within its borders. Such children will not become citizens by right of birth alone. They also will attain membership only by formal admission. At the age of seventeen years they will become eligible; it may be supposed that the great majority of them will desire to become citizens, and that of these the majority again will not fail to satisfy the strict requirements of family and personal qualification laid down by the fundamental laws of Eugenia.

P. Then, if Eugenia is to be a closed community only as regards marriage, it will not require to be a community dwelling within a territorial boundary. Its members may live where they please.

S. Yes and no. Eugenia must certainly have its own well-defined territory, a homeland over which it must exercise complete authority. To that question we will come back presently. At this point I want to define the relations of the members to the homeland. Since the people of Eugenia are to serve the world, they will be free to come and go, to dwell in other lands and to take up any honorable calling in those other lands. The only essential requirement is that they shall spend the years from five to twenty mainly, if not wholly, within the borders of Eugenia. After being educated in the family, in school and in college, the young people will be encouraged to complete their education in the great universities of the world; only after doing so will they decide whether they will return to take up their life-work in the homeland or enter upon careers in some other country. And those who choose the latter course will not thereby sacrifice their membership. It will only be required of them that they marry within the community, that their homes shall be in Eugenia, and that their children shall be educated there. The relations of such members to the homeland may be illustrated by pointing to the relations of Indian civil servants to England. The Indian civil service has been a *corps d'élites* of Englishmen, who have accomplished one of the greatest tasks of recorded history, living and working far from their homeland. But they have not ceased to be Englishmen in the fullest sense of the word. They have married Englishwomen, their children have been brought up in England, their homes have been in England; and to those homes they have returned, when their years of service in India have been completed.

P. That's all very well. But the parallel fails in one important point. Your Englishman in India does not want to marry an Indian woman. But your young Eugenians will go among people of their own race and of similar civilization. They will meet attractive persons, will fall in love and will marry and so be lost to Eugenia.

S. It is true that we shall probably lose a certain number of our young people in that way. But Eugenia can afford it; and that will be one of the principal ways in which she will be of service to the world at large. Every year she will contribute in this way to the population of other countries a number of splendid specimens of humanity, perfect in body, of excellent moral disposition and character, and of outstanding intellectual capacity. But we may safely anticipate that we shall retain enough of the best to maintain the numbers and the quality of the community. The young people of Eugenia will be encouraged to look forward to early marriage; and they will not be prevented from doing so by economic or prudential anxieties. Every member will know that all of his or her children, born in lawful wedlock with another Eugenian, will be amply provided for and given the best opportunities for bodily and mental development that the world can provide. We may confidently expect that, before going abroad in the early twenties to complete their education, very many will be already engaged, and many even married. They will have been led to see that early marriage and the production of many children is their greatest privilege, at once their highest duty and their best guarantee of happiness. May we not hope that, under such favorable conditions, families ranging from five to ten children will be the rule rather than the exception, and that Eugenia will swarm with beautiful, strong, and perfect children, the delight and pride of their parents and the hope of the world?

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P. But how about the womenfolk? We are told that the greatly restricted family, which has become the rule among the professional classes and the better-class artisans in all civilized countries, is mainly due to the repugnance of educated women to become mere bearers of children and domestic drudges. Will not the highly educated young women of Eugenia take the same view and follow the same practice?

S. Undoubtedly some may do so, some in whom the maternal instinct is weak or who for any other reason fail to absorb the ideals of Eugenia. And these will go out into the world and will not return. But the moral atmosphere in which the girls will grow up, and the high esteem in which parenthood will be held, the appeal to all that is best in them, will prepare the majority of them to face with enthusiasm the sufferings, the trials, the sorrows, and the joys of motherhood. And as for the domestic drudgery, the whole plan of life in Eugenia will be directed to diminish to the utmost the more mechanical and menial of the domestic tasks. The mother of a large family will be aided in a hundred ways; not only by perfection of household arrangements, but by having helpers who will find their highest happiness in such work. Grandmothers, widows, spinsters, all the women who have no young children of their own to care for, will give at least a part of their time to helping the mothers. And so the young mother, instead of being worn down to premature old age by anxiety and drudgery, will find abundant helpers, educated gentlewomen like herself, to whom she can intrust the partial care of her brood with perfect confidence.

P. I begin to think there may be some sense in this phantastic scheme of yours. Assuming that you can secure a fine stock of human beings to begin with, you count on their multiplying at a natural rate under the favorable moral and material conditions you hope to provide; from this natural increase you discard constantly the least fit by denying them membership in your community; and you seek further to improve the stock by admitting from time to time a certain number of highly selected persons.

S. Yes, that's the essence of the scheme. It is to secure all the advantages of a most rigid selection, not by the cruel methods of nature, whose great instrument is death or the selective death-rate; but by a purely beneficent selection, which substitutes for the death penalty merely deprivation of the right to marry within the community, or more strictly, exclusion from the community of all those who undertake marriage or procreation in defiance of its laws. And, by admitting new members selected from the whole world according to the strictest principles, the immense benefits of rigid selection within the stock may be indefinitely augmented. Every biologist will tell you that, if such a scheme can be worked for a few generations, you can count upon producing a remarkably fine stock. Whether we can hope to secure in this way the production of many men and women of the first order of intellect, actual giants or geniuses, that is a further question, the answer to which is open to debate. But there is no room for doubt that we may expect to have a stock almost every child in which will be fitted to attain eminence in some walk of life and to render great services to his fellow men.

P. Well, I'll grant, for the purpose of this discussion, that you may fairly anticipate this magnificent result, if, as you said, the scheme can be worked. But what a large "IF"! How are you going to start it? How bring together your choice spirits, the new Adams and the new Eves? And, if once started, how can you hope to guarantee it against the fate that has swiftly overtaken every other community of cranks, namely, dissension and dissolution.

S. I admit that most of the many "crank" communities have had short lives and have been fit objects for the world's derision. But let me point out that there is at least one exception, namely, the Mormon community. All those others, from Brook Farm to the Oneida Settlement, have suffered the fate they deserved, the fate that might have been confidently foretold by any one with a little knowledge of human nature; for they ignored or defied the fundamentals of human nature. The Mormons, on the other hand, have flourished greatly and

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have achieved a community which in very many respects outshines all competitors. That is because their fundamental principle was in accordance with an outstanding, an undeniable, fact of human nature, the polygamous tendency of the human male. Now, as I have said, Eugenia is to be founded on monogamy. For, though man is polygamous, woman is not. Woman, when her nature is unperverted, prefers to have her own man and her own home and her own children about her. And, unless it could be shown that the biological welfare of the group absolutely demands polygamy, the ideal state must demand of man that suppression of his polygamous tendency which the happiness of women, the stability of the family, and his own spiritual welfare alike require.

P. I had forgotten the Mormons. I admit they are an exception to the rule. But let me hear how you propose to initiate your great experiment.

S. This is where you come in with your millions. Other rich men have given vast sums to endow universities, libraries, research institutions, peace-prizes, and so forth; none of these, as you yourself have so clearly seen, promises any lasting benefit. I offer you now a means of applying your wealth in a way which far surpasses all these in its promise. If you adopt my plan, you may feel a reasonable confidence in the attainment of great results. And when, at some future time, you and Andrew Carnegie look down upon this world from some distant star, you will point out to him with legitimate pride the sons and daughters of Eugenia, and will unroll before his envious eyes the record of their great achievements.

The first essential is a suitable territory. An island would have many advantages. Whether an island or not, it should be not less than five hundred square miles in extent, and might with advantage be as large as ten thousand square miles. It should have a white man's climate and a reasonably fertile soil. It should have some natural beauty. The more diversified and beautiful its natural features, the better it will serve our purpose. There you are to found a great university for both sexes, the nucleus of a group of great professional schools and centres of post-graduate study and research.

By offering adequate salaries and ideal conditions of living and working, you will attract a brilliant staff of instructors. In appointing them, regard will be paid, not only to the personal qualifications of applicants, but also to their family histories; and, in the cases of those who are married, the personal and family qualifications of wife or husband will be taken into account. In other words, your instructors will be persons not obviously disqualified for membership in the community, but rather *prima facie* qualified for admission. After some years of service, the question of their admission to full membership will arise; and each case will be carefully considered on its merits. He (or she) who does not desire full membership, or has not the necessary qualifications, will resign his post and transfer his talents to some other sphere. Those who desire full membership and who have the required qualities will be solemnly admitted. Whether they will suffer rites and mysteries at their initiation, the taste of the community may decide; but some formal and public recognition of their admission must be made. In this way you will secure a nucleus of Eugenians. This nucleus will grow rapidly by natural generation; for marriage and parenthood will be held in high honor. And everything will be done to make smooth the path of family life. The brilliant young teacher or writer or scientist will not be torn by the conflict between his ambition, his desire to do great work, his sense of the supreme value of the intellectual life, and his natural desire for marriage, a home, and a family. In this happy land, duty and inclination will coincide; the two chief goods of human life will not be incompatible. Failure to marry and sterility after marriage will be serious bars to the continuance of tenure of position; the bachelor and the childless will enjoy no economic advantages over those whose quivers are full.

And this nucleus will be recruited by many of the best among the students who will flock to your university from all parts of the world, attracted by its unique advantages. These also will be selected from the swarm of applicants with due

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regard to racial and family, as well as to personal, qualifications. And, when they shall have passed one, two, or more years within the walls of your university, they will become eligible for membership in the community. They will probably have to serve a probationary period after election.

P. Then you propose to create a community of lily-fingered scholars, living on imported tinned meats, jam, and pickles, a swarm of parasites, not one of whom could do a decent day's work, or earn an honest living, if thrown on his own resources.

S. My dear sir, when did you acquire this exaggerated respect for the horny-handed sons of toil? Eugenia will be in a certain sense and degree parasitic; just as every university, every institution of the higher learning, of art or of science, is parasitic, as you and I are parasitic; in so far, namely, as the Eugenians will not be wholly or chiefly employed in securing the prime necessities of life. But, like those other institutions, and in a far higher degree, Eugenia will justify its parasitism by the great services it will render to the world. Symbiosis, rather than parasitism, is the right word to use in describing its relations to the world at large. But, granted a partial dependence upon the outer world as inevitable, Eugenia will not forget how Adam delved and Eve span. Every child will be taught a trade, will learn how to use his hands as well as his head; and, when he grows to man's estate, he will not need to relieve the tedium of his leisure with interminable rounds of golf or sets of tennis. Games will not be taboo; but every man will be expected to devote a part of his time to practical labor of an immediately useful kind. The professor of astronomy will milk the cows; the expert in chemistry will handle a Fordson tractor with a satisfying efficiency; the social anthropologist will look after the beehives; while the professor of fine arts or philosophy may be expected to cultivate his sense of humor by attending to the pigs. I think we may hope that, when once the little state shall have got into smooth running order, it will become nearly self-supporting, will rely more and more on its own economic activities and marketable products and less upon its endowments.

P. And how about the political status of Eugenia? Do you see it under its own flag, maintaining its own army and navy, and sending out its ambassadors to lie abroad?

S. No, certainly not. It is clear, I think, that it will need the protection of a great Power, and that it must fly either the Stars and Stripes or the Union Jack. It might well be a territory of U. S. A. or a British Protectorate. Sarawak might serve as a model in this respect; a little country, about as big physically as England, ruled most happily by an Englishman and a small handful of colleagues, but protected from aggression by all the might of the British Empire, while free from all interference by the British Government.

P. Then Eugenia is to be as nearly as possible an independent state, having its own laws and political constitution.

S. Yes, that is the most desirable status for it. Its constitution might be very simple and its laws few. It should approximate to that happy condition dreamed of by the philosophic anarchists, in which laws and courts of justice and police for their enforcement are all outgrown. But I recognize that it may be difficult to secure for it a suitable territory not already subject to the laws of one of the Great Powers; and I think you might be content to see it subject to the laws of either America or Great Britain. I can see no harm in that, so long as the community owns and controls its territory. In the beginning its territory and public buildings and financial resources should be controlled by a board of trustees; which board might well be recruited, as time goes on, in accordance with the principles of representative democracy.

P. If your plan is successful and your Eugenians multiply freely, as you wish them to do, they will double their numbers every twenty years or thereabout; and so your little state will soon be threatened by the spectre that dogs every successful state, the spectre of overpopulation; quite apart from those desirable new recruits whom you design to attract from all parts of the world.

S. There again Eugenia will be in a peculiarly happy position. The more her people multiply, the more she will feel she is playing her part in the world well and truly. As soon as the community shall

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have attained to such a number as seems the best for her territory, she will need to retain in her service only two members of each family of children; the others—three, four, five, or more—will be launched upon the world to seek their fortunes. They will go out, splendidly equipped in mind and body and with noble ideals of service, to play their part in the great world. No doubt many a one will tear himself away with a heavy heart; just as many a youth has found it hard to leave the happy scenes of his college life. But, the step once taken, they will soon make for themselves honorable careers. They will be the salt of the earth, leaders in all the professions, bound together and to their Alma Mater by memories of their happy youth and by their sense of their part in the realization of a great ideal. And this surplus increase of population will give to Eugenia the opportunity of a sustained and stringent selection which, if wisely used, will result in a continued evolution of human qualities to which our reason can foresee no limits and which our imagination cannot depict.

P. I foresee that your plan will require all of the fifty millions sterling of which you spoke at the outset of our talk, if it is to be adequately launched and endowed. I must put it before some of my fellow dyspeptics who, like myself, can't stomach all their wealth. Meantime, do you work out your scheme in greater detail and submit it for criticism to your colleagues. Get together a group of biologists, psychologists, sociologists, and people of that kind, and let them pull it to pieces if they can. Then we will meet again and have another talk on ways and means. But one last objection before we turn in. Obviously, your scheme will encounter the derision of all Philistines. I don't know that that need trouble you. But is there in the world any considerable number of persons of the right sort who would uproot themselves from the well-trodden pathways of national life in order to venture their lives in the crazy bark imagined by you? I mean—Is there any hope that a group of reasonably well-endowed persons could be got together to initiate your colony? Won't you have to be content with a collection of cranks and failures, ill-balanced visionaries and discontented paranoics, seeking refuge from a world that has proved too hard for them?

S. I haven't the least misgiving on that score. There are thousands of young people asking themselves at this moment—What is best worth doing? How can I devote myself to some course of life that is really worth while? You and I, my dear fellow, when we burned with the ardent desire to do some good in the world, were not rare exceptions. If only you and your fellow dyspeptics will do your part, Eugenia can be made so attractive, so appealing to all that is best, all that is idealistic in human nature, that we shall practically be able to select our members from the whole human race. Candidates for admission will surge around our doors. The deliberate founding of a colony is not a new and unheard-of proposition. Think of Greece, of Rome, of England. Perpetual colonization has been the essence of the history of the Nordic race. That fine race seems in fact incapable of surviving, when it ceases to migrate and colonize. It is one of the merits of Eugenia that it offers the prospect of saving a remnant of that disappearing race, of perpetuating the stock and restoring and perhaps even enhancing its ancient virtue. But I don't want to raise the racial question, with all its inevitable prejudices. The effects of race-blending and the many allied problems of human biology will be a principal field of research in the University of Eugenia. We may confidently expect that this department will attract the most brilliant of our students. Historical study will no longer mean only minute research into ancient charters and forgotten personalities; it will be a subdepartment of anthropology. The science of man will for the first time receive adequate recognition; that is to say, it will dominate the scene. To it all other sciences will be duly subordinated; and they will be valued and studied in proportion as they contribute to the solution of its supremely important problems. For underlying all the activities of Eugenia will be the conviction that, if the human race is to have a future which we may contemplate without horror and despair, it can achieve such a future only by deliberately assuming the control of its own destiny.

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SUMMER'S ADIEU

By John Jay Chapman

THE lanes are green; the skies, bedight
With puffs of fleecy clouds, are bright;
All else, asleep—you'd almost guess—
In deep midsummer leafiness.
But ah, the twinkling poplar-spray!
A little breeze has found its way
Under the beech and cherry tree,
Penetrating busily,
Muttering as it passed the dell
To every fern: "Awake, farewell!"

They stir, they flutter, shift and search
Like maiden dames that doze in church;
Fan themselves and blink again,
While the parson drones, Amen;
Then the summery sleep descends
Half-way before the sermon ends.

Another gust: the gossip leaves,
Roused by the rustle of the sheaves
In neighbor corn-fields, catch the news
And waft each other fond adieux.
Oh, a joyous scene is then
Acted in every little glen;
For the branches toss their tresses
In good-byes that are caresses:—
Farewell, sisters, we have known
Secrets to the world unshown,
Friendships, follies all our own;
All day long such merry meetings,
With our eager whispered greetings;
Sober talks, amusing chatter,
Scandal sweet, and idle patter
On some dear delicious matter;
Starry nights when we have stood
Bathed in a beatitude
By the still, celestial mirth
Of the silent midnight earth;
Fleeting dreamlands when the moon
Swam like a dolphin in a swoon
O'er the mist-encumbered meadows
Chasing the affrighted shadows,
And the daylight came too soon.
We have lived and counted gain
Shower and sunshine, mist or rain,
Loved and lived and loved again.

Thus the leaves in every dell
Bend and nod and bid farewell.

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AT SERVICE IN A MILLIONAIRE'S FAMILY

AN EPISODE FROM MY "FOUR YEARS IN THE UNDERBRUSH"

By a Novelist

[SECOND PAPER]

THE evening of November 8, 1916, I walked out of the National Arts Club, New York, and into the underbrush of the greatest jungle of civilization. I became a working woman to get copy for another novel.

All during those eventful four years I remained in the underbrush—the world of the unskilled working woman. During that time I held twenty-five different positions in almost as many different fields of work.—THE AUTHOR.

ON my return from Atlantic City Mrs. Wilkins insisted that I had lost twenty pounds, while Alice candidly assured me that I could not look worse had I been buried and dug up. Such backhanded compliments did not encourage me to take either of them into my confidence. And, though Alice remarked on the length of time it had taken me to get from Atlantic City to New York, it did not seem necessary for me to mention having stopped off at a station in Pennsylvania long enough to be interviewed by the housekeeper of Sutton House. Neither did I feel called on to confide that the housekeeper had engaged me to take the position to be left vacant, three weeks hence, by Mary's cousin.

Having returned to New York six dollars poorer than I quitted it, the necessity of paying in advance for my room and my food left me no time to loaf. Though experience had taught me that Tuesday is the least desirable day in the week to hunt a job I determined to take my chances in spite of Mrs. Wilkins and Alice urging me to remain in bed and rest. Both offered to lend me money.

The most promising advertisement in the help-wanted columns that morning was that of a biscuit factory on Long Island—women and girls at seven dollars a week. The advertisement stated that only one car-fare was needed from Manhattan—such an important detail that it might be called an inducement.

Begrudging this sixty cents a week I debated with myself the wisdom of following the advice of Alice and the hat-trimmer—waiting until later in the week. My antipathy to borrowing money of my friends finally outweighed my unwillingness to pay car-fare and I set out. Though I reached the biscuit factory a half-hour before the doors opened there were seven women ahead of me. Fifty-one came later.

After Sea Foam, I enjoyed standing in the open air and chatting with the women and girls. It was a balmy spring morning, and a sheen of soft green covered the trees and fields. My fellow applicants were all comfortably dressed and appeared to be cheerful. There was no pushing and crowding for place near the entrance.

When finally the doors were opened we filed in smiling and in order. The bare little employment office was spotlessly clean and there were plenty of seats.

The method of selection was unusual. The manager asked all who had worked for the factory to stand up; fifty-three rose. As he took the name of each girl and woman he asked why she had left, and if she preferred to return to the department in which she had previously worked. About half claimed to have left because they were needed at home, many had tried other work in hope of bettering themselves, and one had been discharged.

Instead of asking this girl the reason for her discharge the manager handed her paper and pencil and requested her to write it out while he attended to us other applicants. Not knowing how to spell a

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word this girl, who sat next me, showed me what she had written—she had been sent away from the factory because the boss in the packing department said she needed a bath.

When my turn came I elected to be sent to the packing department, and for the single reason that I wished to see and know the boss who had enough courage to send home a worker who had neglected to wash her face and hands. This boss, Jane Ward, proved to be one of the most admirable characters I have ever known and one of the most capable of women. It took her about three minutes to show me how to pack crackers—I began with saltines.

The packing department filled one floor of the huge factory. It was perfectly lighted, heated, and ventilated. The women and girl workers wore all-enveloping blue cotton aprons with becoming Dutch caps to match. These caps covered the hair as completely as the aprons covered our dresses. The men, both workers and managers, wore coats and caps of white cotton. These garments were all supplied and laundered by the factory, fresh ones being distributed every other day.

Like folding circulars and addressing envelopes, packing crackers is monotonous, though neither fatiguing nor disagreeable. Indeed, for the first few days I found it uncommonly pleasant—workers being allowed to eat all the crackers they wish providing they take none from the building. Several times during my first morning Jane Ward, when making her rounds, would fill my apron pockets with several varieties. And the girls working at the machines would make it convenient to pass me along a handful of fresh ones from the wide iron flats on which they came hot from the ovens.

During the first day I ate ravenously. By the afternoon of the second day it did not require much self-denial to pass a machine without sampling that bake. At the end of the week I was entirely content to allow Mrs. Wilkins and Alice to consume the bag of fresh broken crackers which I purchased at one-third the regular price and took home with me every evening.

The happy faces of my fellow workers were a continual source of pleasure to me. In no place where I had worked had I found such unmistakable evidence of general contentment. In spite of the fatigue resulting from my Atlantic City experience I found myself even on my first day feeling more and more encouraged as the hours wore away. By lunch-time I had become almost light-hearted.

But when Jane asked a girl who worked at the same table with me to take me with her to the lunch-room conducted by the factory for its employees I drew back. My memory of the lunch-room conducted by the department store for its employees was still too vivid. Never again would I be caught in such a trap! I thanked Jane, but when she had passed on I told the girl that it being my habit to take a walk in the fresh air during the lunch-hour I would look for an eating-place on the street.

"I've never been able to stomach the food in these joints around here," the girl replied. "And their prices is something fierce."

On my inquiring if the food she got in the factory lunch-room was really eatable she very wisely advised me to come and see before putting on my hat and coat. Stepping inside the door of the restaurant I stared in amazement at the food, the helpings, and the service.

It was a cafeteria with the serving-counter shaped like an elongated horseshoe. A squad of men, all in spotless white, stood within the hollow of the horseshoe serving the workers as they passed along, the women on one arm of the shoe, the men on the other. On paying their score the men turned into the men's dining-room, and the women into that reserved for women workers.

That, my first lunch, as recorded in my diary, consisted of two slices of roast beef, each as large as my hand and almost as thick, on a mound of mashed potatoes with a-plenty of brown gravy; one-eighth of a large apple pie; bread and butter; a cup of coffee with grade A milk and all the sugar I wanted—all for eighteen cents. Everything was deliciously cooked and carefully served. After the atrociously cooked and slovenly served meals of the Belgrave this factory lunch-room seemed to me nothing short of marvellous.

That night I recounted my experience

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to Alice, the hat-trimmer, and the little organist. They all threatened to give up their jobs and go to packing crackers. Every evening after that they never failed to ask:

"Well, what did you have for lunch to-day?"

The portions were so surprisingly generous that I often found it difficult to eat it all. It may have been that our stern course of appetite suppression had affected me. Be that as it may, there were several days when only shame prevented me from asking permission to take home with me the slice of meat I had not been able to eat. Mrs. Wilkins and Alice would have been glad to get it.

At that time meats of all sorts were so high that none of us women on the top floor thought of having it oftener than once a day. Potatoes were so expensive that Mrs. Wilkins and the organist had stopped buying them—Alice and I were rice-eaters. Milk had gone up a cent a pint, and the loaf of bread for which we were then paying eight cents was decreasing in size so rapidly that each time we bought one we wondered if we would not be forced to use a magnifying-glass to be able to see our next.

Ah me! The time came all too soon when I had to leave this job of good food and cheerful surroundings—a whole week before the date set for me to take the position left vacant by the marriage of Mary's cousin. And I bitterly resented the circumstances that caused me to leave though it was the offer of a promotion.

"We never promote a girl until she has been here two weeks," Jane Ward said to me late in the afternoon of my second Friday. "Your second week won't be up until next Tuesday, but you have done so well that the manager says I may put you in charge of that machine." She indicated a machine which at the time she spoke was bringing down hot gingersnaps from the oven on the floor above. Then she added: "It means a dollar a week raise for you and it is a sit-down job."

For two whole days I debated with myself the question—to accept the promotion or not to accept. Those bountiful well-cooked lunches were a real temptation. Alice and Mrs. Wilkins had remarked more than once on the change in my appearance. The scales proved that I had regained seven of the fifteen pounds lost while in Atlantic City. If Jane had not been so eager to reward me! Or if only I hadn't been so eager to make good.

Late Sunday afternoon I posted a letter telling Jane that it would be impossible for me to return to work the following day as I was needed at home. Though untrue, that excuse represented the awakening of my sense of personal responsibility.

For had I accepted that promotion I would have taken the place of some woman who really needed the dollar a week raise. Besides, I would have given Jane the trouble of training me. No such qualms of conscience had troubled me when the manager of the premium station offered me permanent employment though I was perfectly aware that fifty-six other women had been hoping and working for the position.

Before turning away from the biscuit factory I wish to state that even to-day, after my experience in so many different lines of work, I have but one criticism to make: There is no reason why women should be forced to stand while packing crackers.

This may seem a small matter, but to the woman worker it is most serious. In all my experience I have never found any work so fatiguing as standing on my feet continuously for several hours at a time. The fact that the feet are incased in pointed-toed shoes with high heels does not lessen the strain.

Women should have better sense than to wear such shoes to work. Indeed? Let any one making such a protest try to buy, in New York, a pair of shoes with round toes and moderately low heels when the other style is in fashion. I have tried, and though I succeeded, it was after much searching and always at an additional cost of several dollars. Besides, because a woman works for her living does not make her any less a woman; and every woman, unless she is a fool, wishes to appear well dressed—in the fashion.

Though I was up and out before eight o'clock the next morning, I returned to my room late in the afternoon without having secured a position. It was not for the lack of trying. I called at nine places advertising for workers. At the first

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place there were twenty-two applicants for two vacancies. At another there were forty women waiting when I arrived, and several came later—only six vacancies. Before the door of a down-town candy factory I was one of more than fifty women and girls. Many of them had been waiting since eight o'clock. At twelve a man came out and roughly ordered us all off. When some of us protested he burst out laughing and informed us that all vacancies had been filled before eight-thirty.

The next day I was more fortunate—that is, I was taken on at the first place to which I applied. This was an up-town candy factory. After packing fancy chocolates during the morning I was sent to another department and assigned to the task of helping a chocolate-dipper. This position, so my fellow packers informed me, was very desirable since the next step up is chocolate-dipping, a work that always commands a good wage.

"It's grand!" one little girl, who looked as though she had not washed her face or combed her hair for a week, assured me. "You'll learn how to dip. They make big money, dippers do. I've gotter cousin who married a dipper. She used to make as much as eighteen a week. She has the swellest clothes!"

During my first day in this candy factory I imagined that the unneat appearance of my fellow workers was caused by dirt accumulated since their arrival that morning. The next day taught me better. There were precious few of them, either men or women, who had the appearance of having washed their faces before leaving home.

The apron handed me on my second day was so soiled that I asked the woman in charge how often she had them washed.

"Wash these things," she cried, laughing, as she held up another apron in a worse condition than the one she had given me, "they ain't never washed sence I been here. When they gets so sticky and stuck up that they spoil your clothes they take 'em away and give me some more. I guess they burn 'em. They ain't fitten for nothing else."

"If customers knew that, perhaps they wouldn't pay such high prices for your candies," I suggested.

"What folks don't know don't hurt 'em none," she retorted.

That night I had a severe bilious attack and when morning came I was too sick to think of going to work. Had it been the biscuit factory or any other position in which I had worked, excepting the department store, I would have gotten Alice to telephone and give my reason for not reporting.

Two days in that candy factory were enough for me. Even the money due me—at the rate of eight dollars a week—was not sufficient to draw me back. Now when I see the name of that firm on a candy box I very gladly allow other people to consume it. Yet I am fond of candy.

Fortunately, on Friday morning the postman brought me a letter from the housekeeper at Sutton House enclosing a railroad ticket. When I told Alice that I had engaged to go as head chambermaid she rose in wrath. A domestic servant in a hotel was bad enough, she protested, but going in a private family was a disgrace for which she could not find a name.

"Yet when you are at home you make beds, sweep the floors, and do other so-called menial work," I reminded her.

"I'm a college woman," she haughtily informed me.

"If a lack of education in the worker renders the work disgraceful," I replied, trying to argue with her, "then surely my degree together with my attainments as a writer should remove the stigma."

But she would not argue. It was disgraceful of me to go as a domestic servant. Nobody would ever have any respect for me and that was all there was to it. It was the one subject to which there was but one side. Domestic service was disgraceful.

This in the country that my ancestors had struggled to found—that all under its flag might be free and equal.

The family at Sutton House comprised Mr. and Mrs. Sutton, both under thirty, their only child a boy eight years old, and his tutor, a young college man.

The place was very beautiful. The house, Southern colonial, was large and dignified without being showy. The park and gardens surrounding it contained

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eleven acres—at least the chauffeur, who brought me from the station, so informed me. Certainly they were ample and perfectly kept. The trees were noticeably handsome, all of them indigenous. Though an unusually elaborate establishment for America, it was not an imitation. Perhaps its most striking feature was that it did not suggest England or any other foreign country. It looked to be just what it was—the country home of a well-bred American family of large fortune.

The American atmosphere was so distinct that—watching the house as we approached along the wide drive, I had a subconscious expectation of seeing an old negro, immaculately dressed, make his appearance. He didn't come. Nor when we passed near the stables and garage was there any sound of laughing or singing. At the side entrance I was met by the housekeeper, an Englishwoman.

There were fifteen servants besides the men in the stables, in the garage, and the gardeners. Every one of them foreigners.

"Why will Americans persist in surrounding themselves with indifferent foreign 'help' when they might have the best servants, and most loyal Americans, for the asking?" was the question that I asked myself that night after my arrival at the Sutton House, and I am still asking it.

I have known many foreign servants. Even the best of them was not so good as a competent negro would have been in the same place. I am a Southerner born and bred among negroes. Besides, I am descended from a long line of slave-owning ancestors. I do not believe that Abraham Lincoln himself was a more loyal American than the present-day descendants of the people he fought to free.

Yet in spite of their excellent qualities, their loyalty, we turn them down. Just let an American family get a little money, and the first thing they do in the way of display is to secure as many "help" as their pocketbook will permit.

Being foreigners, all the servants at Sutton House were, of course, "help." Even the French maid spoke of herself as "Madame's porsonal help," and even the fact that she received sixty dollars a month in wages, her laundry, a room to herself, and all the clothes that her mistress did not care to wear the second time did not prevent her from disloyalty. A negro girl would have given better service than this woman and never have permitted her to be criticised in her presence.

Under my direction there were five chambermaids, a scrub woman, and a man for cleaning. The man was a Swede and the maids all Irish. My wages were forty dollars a month with the laundry and a room to myself. Because I chanced to take the fancy of the housekeeper I took all my meals with her instead of with the other servants. Had it been otherwise I would have heard more back-stairs gossip than I did.

Certainly I heard enough to make me know that, excepting the housekeeper, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Sutton had a friend among their "help." Unlike the horde of foreigners who have usurped their rightful places, the negro servants are loyal to their employers. A negro, as a rule, has too much self-esteem to belittle the person from whom he takes wages.

Sutton House was crowded with guests every week-end, but from Monday noon to Friday afternoon Mrs. Sutton was generally alone with her little son and his tutor. Mr. Sutton usually returned to the city with the first of his guests to leave Monday morning and seldom made his appearance before Saturday afternoon. He stood well in his profession, was a hard worker, and might have been devoted to his home had the distance between his office and Sutton House admitted of his spending his nights there.

Mrs. Sutton, so I learned from the housekeeper, was an only child of wealthy parents—the darling of her old father, who had insisted on humoring every whim. It being her whim to come to Sutton House before her husband's business permitted him to leave town, the family had moved out.

Compared with the department store, the premium station and the Sea Foam hotel this position was a holiday among perfect surroundings. It is true that week-ends every servant had as much as he or she could properly do. The rest of the time the chambermaids finished their work before ten o'clock. After that I arranged for them to go off, leaving two on watch until lunch time. At

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lunch the watch changed and again at seven, their dinner-hour. This last watch remained on until ten, which was supposed to be the family bedtime. All that was required of them was to sit, one on each bedroom floor, and be ready to respond promptly when called. While on watch I encouraged, or at least I tried to encourage, these girls to read, to sew, or do any quiet handiwork.

So far as I saw, it was effort thrown away. Not one of the five ever darned her stockings—of course they all wore silk stockings, also silk underwear. Indeed, I believe three out of the five boasted that they never wore anything besides silk except when they were on duty. Instead of employing their minds or their fingers, one and all of the five would sit gazing out the nearest window and resort to all sorts of tricks to go to the servants' quarters. Judging by these women, and the thousands of other men and women of the same race, I am convinced that what we are pleased to call "wonderful Irish imagination," is the result of idleness—air-castle building. They are the most gorgeous of liars.

Each and every one of the maids at Sutton House claimed to be direct descendants of an Irish king. One of them assured me that if she had her "rights" she would be living in a palace and never have to "turn her hand"—the Princess Royal of Ireland. Each one of them had so many saints in her family that I used to wonder how she kept track of them all. Needless to say, they were inveterate churchgoers. Such weird ideas as they attributed to their priest!

"Father Hallahan said we were not to abuse the Germans," one of them told the Italian scrubwoman. "The Germans are good friends to the Irish."

This failing to impress the scrubwoman, the Princess Royal gave additional information.

"Yes, and the order came straight from Rome," said she, with a defiant toss of her nappy-looking head.

This so aroused the little Italian woman that she damned the Germans and she damned the Irish, but most of all she damned Rome. I have never seen a more furious human being. How she rolled out Italian swear words! Her husband was in the Italian army and she was struggling to keep their little home together and their children at school. Her father, her brother, and two of her husband's brothers had been killed in the war.

She came to me with tears streaming over her face. When she had turned over her mop and pail to me she fell on her knees, and, burying her face in her apron, knelt beside the bathtub, rocking her body back and forth and sobbing. The Princess Royal and her sister German sympathizer took the next train to Philadelphia. They were replaced by two Swedes, quiet, hard-working girls.

The middle of my second week the housekeeper told me that Mrs. Sutton wished me to go out with her that evening after dinner. Heretofore the housekeeper had accompanied her on these evening automobile trips. Now the old woman complained of feeling ill and I was to take her place. The car that evening was a fast roadster with three seats. I sat on the back seat. After a run of about an hour we stopped at a country inn. Mrs. Sutton told me that I might either come in or remain in the car.

It was a lovely evening during the last of May. Sure that our stop would be only for a few minutes, I decided to remain in the car; Mrs. Sutton, followed by the chauffeur, a young Italian with good legs, entered the inn. After waiting in the car for more than a half-hour, and feeling cramped from sitting so long, I got out and strolled around the grounds. Finally, prompted by a desire to kill time, I stepped up on the piazza and looked in through a window.

Mrs. Sutton and the chauffeur were having supper together. By a casual observer they might easily have been mistaken for lovers. After their meal they joined the dancers. More than an hour later they returned to the car in which I had resumed my seat about fifteen minutes earlier. It was well past two o'clock when we finally returned to Sutton House.

The next morning I got up soon after sunrise and sat at the window of my room. There had been a warm shower during the earlier hours, and the gardens and grove looked like Paradise. The perfectly kept lawns, the flowers just beginning to give a touch of color here and there, the great

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trees with their young leaves softly green and glistening. And over all a clear blue sky, through which floated banks of wonderful white clouds that looked as though they might have been freshly washed by the angels. Young summer, like a spirit, walked.

With all this peace and beauty around me I sat and dreamed. At first it was not a pleasant dream, though it concerned a new combination—a discovery that, as a rule, thrills a writer. In my dream I questioned if in place of time-worn love-affairs between masters and serving-maids, we writers of realism would have to depict mistresses courting straight-legged chauffeurs. The idea was too repulsive. In spite of the scene witnessed the night before, the tears of the doll-baby young woman at the publishing-house, and other whispered hints, I refused to believe it. Even though such a diseased condition was creeping in I was sure it would be wiped out by the World War before it had time to take root.

The thought of the war caused my dreams to change. I had my first vision of America, perhaps the world, as it would be after the terrible conflict in which my country had just entered. After it—for surely good must come of so great a disaster—there would be no idle, untrained women to menace human progress. In America we would have neither human cooties nor human drudges; all such inhuman creatures wiped out by the war, we would become a nation of workers, struggling to carry out the ideals of the founders of our country.

During breakfast I notified the housekeeper that I must leave at the end of the week. She remonstrated vigorously. When her offer to increase my wages failed to move me she confided to me her plan for my promotion. She, it appeared, had been the nursery-governess of Mrs. Sutton, had remained in the family, and when her former pupil married had taken charge of her new home as housekeeper. Now, the old woman continued, having saved enough to keep her comfortable, she wished to spend her last days among her own people in England.

Even that did not cause me to change my mind. I told her that I must go, and not later than the end of that week. Along toward the middle of the morning Mrs. Sutton's French maid came to me. Madame wished to see me in her bedroom at once. On entering Mrs. Sutton's room, a fable told me by Booger when I was a very small child flashed into my mind.

Booger was a young negro who served my father's family in the double capacity of stable-boy and my nurse. Born during that period when the fortunes of the people of the Southern States were at lowest ebb, resulting from our Civil War, I did not share the advantage of being nursed by the "Mammy" adored by my older sisters and brothers. So far as I know, my father's stable-boy was my only nurse. And so far as I have been able to learn, nobody knows why I bestowed on him the name of Booger. To the rest of the world he was Peter.

"The Lord God done made Miss Rose white," according to Booger. "But yerly one mornin' whilst Marse Adam was a walkin' in the Gyarden of Eden he done kotch Miss Rose when she was a-turnin' back her clothes an' washin' of her face. Miss Rose was so 'shamed that she turned red. She's been red ever sence."

Mrs. Sutton, lying among her pillows, with the morning's mail scattered over the silken coverlet of her bed, reminded me of a half-opened white rose caught at her toilet and blushing a shell-pink. She was more beautiful than any flower in her garden. Her wide blue eyes were the color of the sky into which I had gazed at sunrise, and as fathomless. Who can fathom the soul of a flippant woman?

When I refused her offer to raise my wages she told me of the housekeeper's plan for my promotion. When that failed she acted like a spoiled child. She wished to know my reason for leaving, she insisted on knowing, she must know.

Looking at her—she seemed hardly more than a girl—I wondered if it might not be a kindness to give her the reason for my sudden departure. Though of course I had never intended to remain long enough to inherit the housekeeper's position, I had expected to stay three weeks, perhaps four, and give one week's notice before leaving. Now I determined to tell her my reason for changing my plan, a reason within itself sufficient to

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cause any conscientious servant to quit her employ.

I crossed to the foot of her bed and she smiled up at me.

"You really wish to know my reason?" I asked, speaking seriously. She nodded, and, smiling, showed a flash of her perfect teeth. "It is because I don't care to appear as a witness in a divorce case in which the co-respondent is your husband's hired servant, your chauffeur."

She stared at me dumfounded. When she understood her face flamed crimson. Then she sprang up in bed and reached out to ring for her maid.

"You must not do that," I told her, and I stepped between the head of her bed and the electric buttons. "You may call your housekeeper but not that Frenchwoman."

"How dare you!" she cried, and her manner was so commonly melodramatic that I almost smiled.

"I know the servants in your house better than you know them yourself," I told her, still holding my position. "And I shall do my best to protect you from yourself."

"Protect me!" she sneered. "You, my husband's detective! Yes, that's who you are. My husband got you out here to watch me. You—you sneak!"

I let her talk until she wore herself out. When she again tried to ring for her maid I rang for the housekeeper.

The housekeeper came. Honest old soul! On these evening trips when she acted as chaperon they had gone in a touring car. When they stopped at a road-house she had always remained comfortably dozing in the tonneau.

"I shall take you straight to your mother, Mildred," the housekeeper informed Mrs. Sutton, when I had explained the situation. And I realized that she had gone back twenty years, and was again the governess threatening her spoiled charge. "Your mother will know what to do with you."

Feeling in honor bound to clear Mr. Sutton of the suspicion of employing a detective, I reminded his wife in the housekeeper's presence that no person who had entered her home in such a capacity would have given so candid a reason for leaving. The old woman swept the suspicion aside with a wave of her hand. Mr. Sutton was a gentleman, she assured me. There should be no scandal, for Mildred's mother knew how to manage her daughter.

While I was packing my few belongings the housekeeper came to my room. She would always be grateful to me, she said, for ringing for her and not allowing Mildred to call the "French fool." Then she offered to give me a letter of recommendation and I accepted it. When paying the wages due me she included my railroad ticket back to New York City. Not once did she ask me to hold my tongue.

On returning to New York I learned that Mrs. Tompkins had ordered Alice home, the hat-trimming season being over, Mrs. Wilkins was preparing to resume her duties in the linen-room of the Coney Island Hotel, and the little organist had already gone to Maine to spend the summer with her mother and sisters. The restaurant keeper, having been mysteriously robbed of all his trousers excepting the pair he was wearing, declared to me his intention to "get out." The reporter was shortly to take up his suitcase and walk, and the gentleman of many shoes and walking-canes greeted me with the information that he had purchased a water-front estate on the Sound.

It would seem that I should have been eagerly preparing to write the story of Polly Preston. Certainly I would never be able to incorporate in one novel all the material I had already accumulated. Yet I never was farther from wishing to begin a book. It may have been the general unrest caused by the war. Even now I can give no explanation for my mental condition at that time. So, instead of returning to my own field, I set out the following morning to get a new job.

Having secured all previous positions through the help-wanted columns of the newspapers, I now determined to try employment agencies. My plan was to register at an agency making a specialty of supplying domestic servants, pay the required fee, and leave my three letters of recommendation. These three letters! One, as stated, was given me by the housekeeper of Sutton House. The other two I had used getting in at Sea Foam—one

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written by Alice from her Washington City address, the other written by myself in my own proper person. In it I had stated that Emily Porter had been for twenty years in the service of my mother, and since my mother's death she had been in my employ.

After the writers of these letters were communicated with I expected, in course of time, to get the refusal of a position in a private family—as waitress, second girl, or chambermaid. That was as I expected the matter to develop.

What happened? Within five minutes after I entered the agency, before I had paid my fee or handed in my letters, two women were bidding for my services. Both were expensively gowned, both lived in a quasi-fashionable suburb of New York, and each wished me to come to her at once as second maid, the difference between the two being that one had children and the other dogs.

I elected the one with children. Instead of her waiting and investigating my references she insisted on my accompanying her back home, giving me three hours to meet her at the railroad station. When I saw her house I understood her hurry. Chaos! Dirty chaos at that. The cook, Irish, of course, told me that five maids had come and gone during the two previous weeks.

The house had fifteen rooms, two baths, a large cellar, two wide porches, and two wider piazzas. There was a lot of shrubbery on the place and several long brick walks. In the family there was a young-lady daughter, the mother, the only son, two younger daughters, the father, and a little girl of six. I name them in the order of their relative importance.

The little girl, the mother once explained in the presence of the child, was a mistake. On the birth of her son, having decided that four children were enough, she determined to have no more—hence the difference of ten years between her son and little Mistake.

Had these people been content to live in a house of eight rooms, and do their own work with the assistance of a woman to do the laundry and the heavier cooking, they would have, in all human probability, been a happy family. They were good-natured, good-looking, and with sufficient traces of good breeding to have made them attractive.

During the seven days that I remained with them I never got to my room, which was in the garret and shared by the cook, before nine o'clock at night. How I did work! I did everything from firing the furnace to running ribbons in the underwear of the marriageable daughter.

For upward of two years it had been the chief ambition of the family to marry off this eldest girl. When I came on the scene it had become, so they all thought, a vital necessity. And I, succumbing to the atmosphere around me, did my best to help along the match. The mother explained to me that if they could only announce the engagement of this daughter the maiden aunt, for whom she was named, would see to it that she had a proper wedding and also pay the family debts.

The idea that these three grown girls, the youngest being past eighteen, might work and earn their own living never seemed to enter their mother's head. The fact that they did not work, did not know how to do anything more useful than to play tennis and golf, she proclaimed from the housetops. Sad to relate, it was the literal truth. So far as I could learn, neither of them had ever done so much as make a bed, dusted a room, or mended a garment. I never knew them to pick up a magazine, a book, or a sofa pillow, though they knew how to scatter them broadcast. No, indeed, it was beneath their dignity to do anything to keep their home comfortable or clean, yet they boasted of skill at tennis and their golf score.

What a silly un-American idea it is that knocking a ball across country is more ennobling than doing anything that tends to make a home comfortable and happy! Will anybody deny that it takes more sense to cook or serve a good dinner than it does to play a good game of golf? Now I am not decrying the game of golf. Indeed, it appeals to me as a very good way to get elderly and delicate persons, who take no interest in nature, to exercise in the fresh air.

For a person who cares for wild or growing things golf is impossible. I cannot imagine Theodore Roosevelt wishing

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to become expert at golf. I can imagine the number of balls he would have lost while watching a bird, investigating a gopher hole, or studying a plant.

Besides, I have for a good many years had a pet theory—why Colonel Roosevelt did not cultivate the game of golf. May he not have felt sure that he could learn nothing from persons met on the links—rich idlers, men who have "made their pile," always hidebound conservatives and their hangers-on. We all know that the most popular of our Presidents was interested in workers in every field—eager to learn their opinion, to get their point of view. Was he ever known to show interest in the mind processes of an idler?

Yet, in spite of the so-recent example of this most typical American, mothers and fathers, American men and women, persist in bringing their children up with the Old World prejudice against useful work. They may spend any amount of time and energy on any work provided it is silly and useless, but let it only become useful and at once it becomes a stigma, a disgrace.

And so it was with this family. The three girls could all play a little on the piano and sing a little with their kitten voices. Each was ardently certain that she could drive an automobile if only her father could be induced to buy one—poor silent, care-worn, overworked father! He loved his wife and was very fond of his children, yet I think he used to dread to come home and at the same time be afraid not to come.

When I told the cook of my intention to leave at the end of my first week she called me a fool. She urged me to follow her example and stick it out long enough to have something worth going to court about.

The mother and three daughters felt ill used when I announced my departure. The eldest daughter remarked that she really didn't see what more a second girl would want—nobody ever interfered with me, they let me have my own way. Her mother told me that I really must wait until Saturday. Her husband never gave her money for the servants except on Saturdays—it was then Tuesday. She gave me the use of the family commutation ticket with the understanding that I was to deliver little Mistake to her maiden aunt.

That enabled me truthfully to assure Alice and the hat-trimmer that the experience had not cost me anything even though I had received no wages. This time Alice said that instead of my looking like I had been buried and dug up I looked as if I had been buried and had to scratch my way out. Mrs. Wilkins agreed with her.

The next day was the end of our partnership. Alice, obeying her mother, returned to her home. I accompanied her to the train and received as much advice as could be packed into fifteen minutes by a fast talker. Though candor forces me to admit that most of it flowed out of one ear as fast as it was driven into the other, a few pieces did reach my brain and so lodged in the meshes of my memory. One of these lodgments was an earnest request that I forsake the help-wanted column and confine myself to reputable employment agencies. And Alice emphasized reputable.

Earlier in the winter, following Alice's advice, I had tried an agency which made a specialty of placing college graduates. I had registered, paid my dollar, and been told they would communicate with me as soon as anything along my line turned up. Now, on my way back to the rooming-house, after watching Alice get aboard the train for Washington City, I called again at this agency and reminded them of my application.

Much to my surprise, I learned that I was an unskilled worker in my own line. Because I had never been a proof-reader, sat in an editorial chair, nor taught a class in story-writing I was unskilled. Neither my college degree nor the fact that I had published several novels amounted to a row of pins. H'm, I thought, why did you go to the trouble of changing your name and otherwise sailing under false colors? As an unskilled worker you are really in the class to which you belong.

From this agency I went to a "placement bureau," the annex of a semiphilanthropic organization whose specialty is "reduced gentlewomen." Here the charge was fifty cents for registration. When it came my turn to be interviewed

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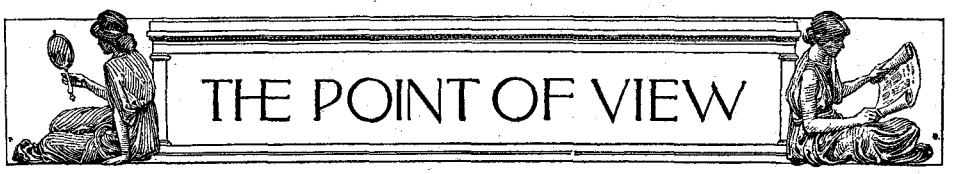
by the overdressed woman in charge, she earnestly advised me to take a secretarial course at a particular school. She gave me her personal card to the head of this school and assured me that she had more demands for graduates from this school than she could possibly fill that season. As I had overheard her give the same advice to three other women I was not very much impressed. However, as I had come there for advice I decided to see how far hers would take me.

At the school I learned that the shortest course was for six months, and the lowest price was one hundred dollars. The head of the school smilingly informed me that as I might not have to study English a reduction, perhaps ten dollars, might be arranged for.

Returning to the "placement bureau," I applied to the same overdressed individual for part-time work that would give me my maintenance while I was studying to become a secretary. She gave me cards of introduction to the matron of two institutions. Both were within the city limits. One was conducted by the city and the other, St. Rose's Home, by one of the wealthiest Protestant denominations in this country. This latter institution, being for little girls, seemed the more attractive, so I called there first.

The matron, Mrs. Bossman, received me with great cordiality. She was very much in need of a secretary, she said, and, while not able to pay a salary, would be glad to give me a comfortable room with my board and laundry. She was so anxious to have me come at once that I promised to move in, bag and baggage, the following morning immediately after breakfast.



POETS and garrets! I fancy that too frequent and none too complimentary association of shabby artist and shabby abode is responsible in large measure for the repugnance which many people cherish toward top floors. Those tattered-coated fellows who contributed to the *Grub Street Journal* are said to have lived on top floors exclusively because their means were so shockingly limited. Hogarth, who never strayed far from the conventional, thus put the "distressed poet and his wife" into an alcoved room on a top floor, high above the crowd. One would imagine by the very number of such impoverished rhymesters, if tradition serves, that Grub Street were lined with draughty top floors alone. The fact is, however, that top floors are not always the most squalid lodgings. All top floors are not garrets (though all garrets are top floors), and many distinguished people have found wisdom and comfort in living there. So I say, with all becoming modesty, that partly by accident and partly by design a large portion of my life has been spent on top floors, and I doubt not that, living so close to heaven, my life has thus been the more godly.

Concerning Top Floors

I feel certain, moreover, that a limited income alone does not account for the popularity of top floors among great literary men of the world. Indeed, top floors oftentimes rent at a premium among persons whose literary tastes do not aspire beyond the moving-picture house just round the corner. For whatever the cost, top floors boast advantages; as floors go, they and they only are not vulgar. On the score of purely mundane merits, we may note the absence of annoying lodgers overhead, to pound their feet, scurry over hard floors with heavy heels, dance far into the morning with the most damnable racket, and spill liquids which seep through the floor and stain the ceilings. On the score of friendship, we may note that unless the top-floor dweller be provided with an elevator he may soon discover who his sincere friends are. Surely they will not plod up a number of staircases to call upon him unless they esteem him highly; those casual acquain-

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tances who devote long evenings to escaping boredom will choose more accessible company. And the purely impressionistic merits, those which one hesitates to mention in nondescript society for fear of being winked at and branded a gull—ah, there lies the treasure!

Balzac knew them during the years of his work on the top floor of a house in the rue Lesdiguières; no small portion of his "Comédie Humaine" grew out of that secluded period of his life. Why did Doctor Johnson compose his Dictionary in the large, beamed room at the top of his house in Gough Square, off Fleet Street? He had other good rooms at his disposal—much more pleasant rooms, too, in many particulars. And the narrow, winding staircase to the top floor must have exacted heavy toll from his legs each time they carried his ponderous body up or down. What possessed Victor Hugo, during a period of exile at Hauteville House, Guernsey, to leave the carefully planned splendor of the lower floors and climb up to the top of his house to a glass-enclosed place with a black shelf where, standing, he wielded his untiring pen, in full view of gardens, the fort, and the great encircling sea beyond? Why did Hawthorne choose for his study a tower-like room above his house in Concord? Why did Walt Whitman spend the last years of his life in a room on the top floor of his small house in Camden, N. J., sitting in an oak chair by one of the windows, with the floor littered with newspapers, bundles of old letters and manuscripts, and articles of clothing?

In a manner of speaking, top floors are nothing but so many humble towers of ivory. The humorless Reverend John Trusler referred with an ugly sneer to the lodging of Hogarth's distressed poet as "high above the crowd." So, indeed, was this maker of verses high above the crowd; but he need not be held up to ridicule for that fact alone. There is nothing disagreeably smug nor complacent about living high above the crowd, nor anything socially despicable. Dwellers on the top floors merely confess by reason of their lofty situation that they enjoy retiring from time to time far above the sweaty, bellowing humanity in the streets. Who shall blame them? The odors and cries of the rabble drift up, blending as they rise. Attracted by these signs of confusion below, the top-floor dwellers may lean their heads out of the windows and at convenient distance watch the seething crowd, shoving, trampling, and jeering; or they may close their windows and nod over a book undisturbed in the chimney-corner. Occasionally they will perforce tramp down-stairs and join the mob, taste of the sport, contribute their bit to the contest; and then wearying of it, finding themselves heated by the exercise, they may retire again to the top floor for disinterested reflection. He who dwells on the top floor breathes air that is uncontaminated; he has the space as well as the inclination to push back his shoulders and suck it in deep. Surveying the crowd as a whole, without regard to its individuals, he has leisure, too, to see what corners are the weak ones, and if he is so minded, he may rush down and contribute his strength where it is most needed. Top-floor dwellers may thus after a fashion direct the traffic; they are sufficiently aloof to keep serene in the face of rude competition; they are monarchs of all they survey. Like Anatole France, they may preserve the disinterestedness of little children in an era of ambition. Thoreau lived on the top floor of his one-story hut at Walden Pond. Immortal books must be written where the air is not heavy with passion. The room where Herbert Tree lived—his "dome" as it was always called—was really the space under the dome of His Majesty's Theatre, where rats and fire-escapes would normally have been kept, but which he made into an agreeable place for work. "He had a nice childish feeling," Viola Tree writes, "that he could shut his two great doors, and feel he was out of the world." "Sir Herbert Tree at Dome," his wife fondly remarked.

Top floors frequently comprise an odd combination of shelter and exposure. High above the street, they command by their lofty situation a full quota of sunshine, receiving it before the people in the other stories have begun to stir, and losing it last. But as if to strike an average, as if to cheat the top-floor dweller of a portion of his privileges and whittle him down to the leanness of dwellers on lower floors, architects persist in shortening the windows of the crowning story of the building, and thus diminishing the intensity of the light. But unless the window-glasses be absurdly dirty,

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the top-floor dweller, even with the stunted windows, will enjoy in the morning the fresh glory of the early sunshine which fills every nook of his room with cheery light. In the afternoon and at dusk the light mellows. And I am certain that the impressionistic appeal of top floors springs largely from those small windows which temper the light toward the end of the day. For the top-floor dweller does not want to be oppressed with detail; far better to leave the recesses of his lodgings in warm shadow where his imagination has full play. The daylight in the garret of Hawthorne's Old Manse, where, before him, clergymen once got together their most ponderous thoughts, filtered through dingy windows. "Night is more eloquent than day in telling the wonders of the vast creation," wrote Frank Bolles. "Day tells less of distance, more of detail; less of peace, more of contest; less of immortality, more of the perishable." In the evening the top-floor dweller may use a single lamp which lights his book but leaves the rest of the room in mysterious gloom. Such arrangement breeds sober thought.

James Huneker's Top-Floor Style

THE top-floor dweller is continually exhilarated by the view from his windows. He may gaze at the crowd in the street, and he may still preserve the proper universal balance, catch a glint of the deeper things of life, by gazing at the hills in the distance—things of somewhat more permanence. The street rabble sees only a torn fragment of sky and cloud, and nothing at all of the hills. No wonder that it soon believes that its wrangling, painful progress up the street is the main thing. If it could but see the hills over the shining roof-tops—with their delicate green of new foliage in the spring, the darker hues of summer, the sombre brown of autumn, and the glittering, sparkling blaze of the winter snow-drifts—its horizon would be less confined. I once knew a fellow whose office was in the tip of the custom-house tower in Boston, some twenty-six stories above the street, with no building of equal height nearer than Hartford, Conn. From his desk he could look far down the harbor and see the ocean steamers coming up the channel, or at the mountains in southern New Hampshire, or at the houses, chimneys, parks, locomotives, and similar significant details on every side. His work prospered; it was substantial in tone; its value has steadily increased year by year, although now he has left it to invade other fields. That solidity and breadth which characterized James Huneker's critical perspective merely reflected the quality of the prospect from the Dream-Barn windows, where once he lived. Just as "the style is the man," as Pater reiterated, so the style of James Huneker is the style of a top-floor dweller. No truckling to the mob here, no anæmic concessions, no unctuous cajoleries. He saw directly; he wrote adroitly. A supertop-floor dweller who embraced the entire view from his windows and charged—nay! surcharged—his style with equal expansiveness, who danced surefooted on the nadir spires of all the arts.

"There were few obstructions in 1899 between my Dream-Barn and Staten Island. I could sweep all the East River and the Hudson, too. I could see the harbor maculated with craft, see the bay, the Statue of Liberty, steamships going and coming. From my windows facing Central Park, I caught the gleam of the erect synagogue at Seventy-sixth Street and the Avenue; beyond was the placid toy lake with its rim of moving children; the trees smoothly swept in a huge semicircle, at their verge was the driveway. The glow of summer afternoons, the purity of the air, and the glancing metal on the rolling cars and carriages made a gay picture for me. My studio was rather bare. I hate cluttered-up rooms. The severe line of the low bookcases was relieved by the curves of my beloved Steinway grand. A few pictures, Ernest Lawson landscapes, a head by George Luks, a study by Thomas Sully, completed the ensemble. Add a desk, once the property of Thaddeus Stevens, and the inevitable cast-iron lamp depending from an oak beam, and you may realize that it was not a difficult task to write a dozen books amid such surroundings."

Top-floor dwelling does not promote active participation in the workaday jobs of the world. Such remote lodgings in rarefied air permit no accurate observation of the atoms; only the concerted movements appear to advantage. Furthermore, at that altitude the noise of the wrangle may be shut out too easily, and such hedonism is all too seductive. Those essential tasks of

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holding public office, stopping the leaks in commercial reservoirs, oiling the machinery, stoking the fires, earn slight reward from the top-floor dwellers, who, nevertheless, grumble and jeer when the work is not well done. And humanists—they crave more convenient access to the streets. Goldsmith descended from his Garden Court attic as soon as his resources commanded a second-story in Brick Court, Middle Chambers. Thackeray lived alone on the top floor at 27 Jermyn Street at that dreary period just after his wife had fallen ill. There he rejoiced exceedingly at the offer of three guineas for two columns weekly in the *Pictorial Times*. He inhabited those bare quarters only as long as his slender purse required. That was better fortune than pursued George Gissing; in one leap he went from garret to cellar!

My first contact with top floors came when I was eight or nine years of age. To relieve congestion on the lower floors I was put in a room just under the eaves. In many respects that situation was delightful; I remember that when dusk came I frequently left off playing out of doors, climbed to my room, lighted a candle (which I affected then), and pretended to read a ponderous life of Benjamin Franklin. There, too, I dreamed of future successes, addressing large crowds who cheered and shouted in approval of whatever I was telling them, of leading vast armies of soldiers to glorious conquest on the field of battle, of piloting huge ocean liners from port to port. But at night, after the lamps had been blown out and the top-floor room was pitch-dark, all my courage danced mockingly away. I lay in bed with my eyes wide open, but could see nothing distinctly; the outlines of a chair or table were the quivering outlines of hideous monsters, with dripping jaws, ready to pounce upon my defenseless body. The creaking of the house when the wind was blowing, or the snapping of the shingle nails on cold nights, filled me with terror.

Five or six years later, after I had acquired a printing-press and type, and was busy about the editorship of an austere periodical as dignified as such periodicals usually are, my plant was located in the rear attic, on a level with the top of an oak-tree whose gnarled limbs poked toward the windows. These days, as I now recall them, were ones of many delights. Afternoons I set type by the windows; evenings, in the soft radiance of a hanging lamp, I pulled the lever of my hand-press and lay the freshly printed sheets of the magazine one on top of the other. In the winter I could hear the snow drifting over the roof and brushing softly against the window-panes; and at other seasons of the year I could sometimes hear the rain beating in drenching torrents just over my head and singing as it streamed down the roof to the eaves. Such days I enjoyed most of all, warm and sheltered from dreary weather out of doors. And as the magazine progressed from page to page (for the work of setting the type and printing was slow) the buds on the oak-tree swelled and burst into catkins which, in turn, gave way to glossy leaves. During the migration season I saw birds in that tree top, stopping briefly on their way north. One spring I kept a list of them. There I saw the only Canadian warbler it has ever been my good fortune to chance upon; I am still wondering why a bird of the thickets and swamps should spend a May morning in the top of an oak-tree.

Most of my student days were on top floors in brick dormitories. Advantageous positions they were for throwing newspapers soaked with water at cats in the courtyard, and for similar intellectual college revelry. I spent many happy hours, too, on the top floor of a *pension* near the Luxembourg Garden in Paris, and of another in London near Russell Square. And now I enjoy paradoxically indolent and profitable evenings on a top floor where book-shelves fill the alcoves. In the winter the frost paints crystalline designs on the window-panes; the autumn rains sweep the roof and gurgle down the spouts. But my fire burns brightly such evenings, and the conversation grows warm. I suspect that Hogarth's distressed poet is not nearly so frantic as he appears. What matter if the landlady seems obdurate, and a dog is stealing the remnant of mutton incautiously left upon a chair? His pipe and tobacco-box no less than the sloping roof proclaim him high above the crowd.

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THE FIELD OF ART

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Golden Autumn. By J. Francis Murphy.
In the Salmagundi Club, New York.

REALISM AND IDEALISM IN ART

By Oliver S. Tonks

REALISM and idealism, in so far as these words apply to art, would seem to contain much of the paradox. Thus while one might reasonably suppose that realism concerns itself particularly with reality, or the actual appearance of things, it would be manifestly incorrect to designate Michelangelo as a realist. He was, we know, a thorough student of anatomy and one, above all others, interested in reality of effect. With the scalpel he explored the mysteries of human anatomy the better to clothe his figures with the aspect of reality, yet in the last analysis his seeming realism will be found to be idealism. It is, indeed, a fair statement of his creed to say that nature was to him an indifferent craftsman whose work, even at its best, was bound to fall short of perfection. His titanic prophets and sybils of the Sistine ceiling and his impressive nudes of the Medici tombs he knew never trod this earth. They were rather the likenesses of a supernatural race with which the artist peopled the world of his imagination—forms which might have existed had nature worked perfectly. In so far as these giants are properly constructed, to that extent they are realistic; in their presentation of types that never existed, to that degree they are ideal.

So, in spite of his profound knowledge of fact and his most literal representation of the human body, Michelangelo remains an idealist. Conversely by a simplification of surface and color, which may be called an idealization of natural phenomena, Manet aimed at and succeeded in producing realistic effects. Therein lies the seeming paradox.

Yet the explanation is at hand. If idealism in art is a groping toward the expression of an intellectual conception, if it is an at-

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The Burial. By Edouard Manet.
In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

tempt to realize visually something that, owing to nature's negligence, never existed but might exist in a perfected world, then realism should be the reverse. It might be described as that form of artistic expression which concerns itself with a literal representation of nature, or fact, and it matters little in either instance how the result is obtained. With Manet, as with Giotto, realistic effects were produced by idealizing facts. Thus in his "Olympia" the former artist carried the simplification of the surface of the body of his nude model to such a degree that the figure presents itself practically as in one plane, and yet the effect is most realistic. It was indeed so true to nature in its realistic suggestiveness that even Paris of the time was scandalized.

Realism and idealism, therefore, reside not in the method of presentation. On the contrary, realism departs from idealism in accepting natural phenomena, or facts, as it finds them, and in the presentation of them as such. Phrased otherwise, idealism busies itself with predetermined concepts, or, perhaps better, visions the spirit, while realism deals with the accidental fact, or what the imagination conceives to be facts.

As a corollary of the last statement one may add that when a painter chooses to represent a repulsive subject he is under no obligation to deal with fact. On the contrary, the scene he paints may grow entirely out of his imagination. The transgression of the artist lies in the fact that he relishes the idea and takes pains to make it as offensively real as he can. He vulgarizes his craft by presenting as hideously as possible an event which, if it ever occurred, should have been left unrecorded in art.

Such realism is not new. It appeared in mediæval Italy in the work of those artists who, following the awful word-painting of Dante, seem to have taken pleasure in the literal representation of the most revolting, physical torture supposed to be inflicted upon the damned in hell. The state of mind which produces such nauseating pictures is pathological.

Realism, however, does not always deal with hideous subjects. In painting a boy hunting for fleas in his dog's coat Terborch is quite as much a realist as one who fascinates with the sickening literalness of his work. Both, indeed, are realists not because of the subject chosen but because of

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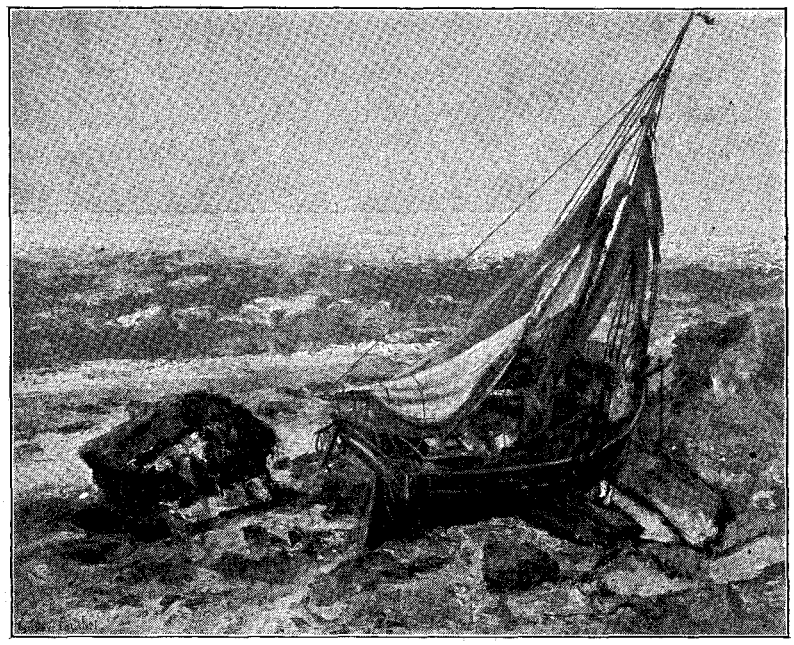
the end aimed at in presentation. One, for example, may paint with painstaking accuracy a dead partridge or rabbit to hang over your sideboard—if you like that kind of thing—but it takes a Carlsen to idealize a dead duck. The difference arises from the fact that the out-and-out realist paints a dead bird and nothing more, while Carlsen sees in the duck a lovely melody of grays and browns. He uses his material, in other words, merely as a means to an end. In like manner Chardin, or Vollon, or again Carlsen, can see in an old bottle, a copper kettle, or a stoneware jug something more than a bottle, kettle, or jug. Such men are idealists, although they deal with the self-same subjects which make of other artists realists.

If realism traffics ability for the pleasure of literal representation, idealism at the same time is not without its attendant dangers. The more concerned with his conception the idealist becomes the less interest he has in reality. Strange as it may seem, it was the pursuit of this fugitive will-o'-the-wisp of idealism that led the cubists and futurists to paint such curiosities as "The Nude Descending the Stairs" or the "Dance at the Spring." The mistake of these painters, however, lay not in being idealists but in failing to recognize the limitations of the medium by which they must communicate their ideas. We know, of course, that the human mind is prone to associate certain memories with particular objects, and it may be this arbitrary association of ideas that induced the futurist painter Paul Burlin to arrange a confusion of intersecting planes, and what-not, and hang his picture in the recent independent show with the Legend "Forces in Motion." Such things as this are excellent illustrations of the quaintness of mind which fails to see that ideals attenuated into abstractions are incapable of presentation in concrete form. It is only when by preliminary agreement the meaning of the elements of the medium of intercommunication are understood that such so-called pictures become intelligible.

Herein once more resides the error of an art which, while claiming to think philosophically, is too naïve to understand the limitations of its medium of expression. Every sane person knows that art deals first and last with emotions and moods, and, by the same token, every sane artist recognizes



Coast Scene. By Gustave Courbet.
In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

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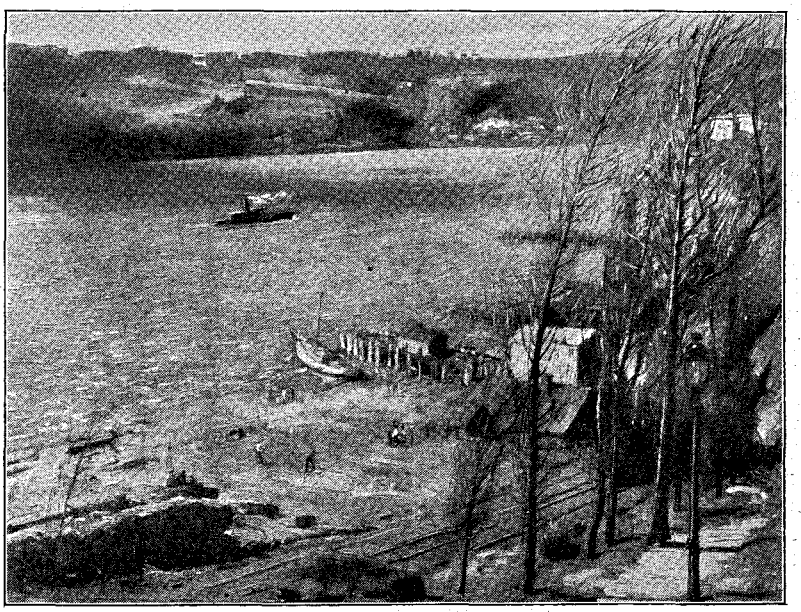
that to convey these emotions or moods to another person he must avoid such bizarre distortions of artistic speech that either disturb by their unusualness or confuse by their contradiction of the laws of good usage. It is as if some one with an idea to express insisted in using the language of Chaucer, some such artificial gibberish as Volapuk, or, perhaps more pertinently, the incomprehensible futuristic phraseology of Gertrude Stein.



On the Hudson. By George Bellows.
In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

The idealist, we admit, is one who deals with that which does not actually exist but is partially hinted at in nature. To that extent he deals with non-existents. But as contrasted with the futurist, cubist, or the wild dadaist and other such near-philosophers in paint, he is wise enough to see that while he may have visions of things such as were never seen on the face of the earth, he must, if he is to share his visions with other human beings, describe them in a language intelligible to his fellow men. He recognizes, also, that certain mental reactions can never be expressed pictorially. Put baldly, the glory of the idealist is that he mixes brains with the pigments on his palette.

Suppose, for example, an artist in search of a subject finds himself on an elevation of ground from which he can look down a gorge-like opening on either side of which rises a dense bank of foliage. Below him a small stream makes its way between the walls of verdure out into a sunlit meadow beyond. As he stands there the artist feels the solitude of the place. The great masses of trees on either side make impressively dark walls that seem to shut him off from all contact with the world outside. He senses the quietude of the place and sits down to paint. After a couple of hours' work he has, so far as he can see it, satisfactorily repeated upon his canvas the silent scene before him. Then he goes home.

After a few days he picks up the picture from where it has been standing face to the wall in his studio only to find that what he did in the open air now, indoors, seems black and solid. In other words, what was true in the open is no longer true in the studio. He therefore proceeds to restore to his canvas the mood which emanated from the scene as he remembered it. The uninteresting blackness of the foliage he removes by touches of sunlight on the tops of the trees at the left. Then having so enlivened that side of the picture he allows the same mel-

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low light to creep half-way down the wall of leafage on the right side of the stream as if the dense growth on the left had cut off the sunshine at that point. With the upper part of the painting thus raised in key the artist finds that the lower half is so intensified in shadow that this part, too, must be lightened. All this change, if anything, makes the place even more impressive with the cool quiet of the deep wood. As the painter's eye travels down the gorge he finds that the little house he had introduced on the side of a hill in the middle distance is so emphatic as it stands in the sunshine that it pulls the eye away from the shadowy stream in the foreground. This feature he therefore subdues. Now with the softened glow of light on the roof it acts as a secondary note which pulls the picture together without being the chief accent in the scene. But once this fault is corrected the line of the blue hills beyond is too distinct, and the artist forthwith softens it by changing the hills into a velvety surface of distant woods over which ever so faintly the light of the morning sun passes. Yet the distance is not deep enough to give a sense of peace, so the sky above is made fainter and more mysterious. This done the artist finds that from the cool shade of the stream of the foreground the eye passes out into a hazily sunny meadow, beyond the little house in the middle distance, and finally to the infinitely remote horizon. Satisfactory as this is, the immediate foreground is rather "dead." The stream needs the quality of moist depth—which is added by painting reflections of light on its surface. To explain these lights the painter feels that the sky must be modified. So somewhat high in the heavens he paints a softly luminous cloud moving slowly from left to right. So fugitive is it that its edges dissipate into the color of the sky behind, yet its fleecy whiteness is sufficient to make intelligible the reflection in the stream below.

The Plaza Nocturne, By J. Alden Weir.

Now the feeling of solitude is almost perfect. That it may be complete two nude figures are introduced into the foreground at the left. One stands in the soft, warm, hazy, summer morning light which comes across a little stretch of greensward in the lower, left corner; the other, only half visible, slips down into the quiet stream below. The unconsciousness of these nude forms produces the feeling of primeval solitude.

Who shall say that the artist has not been truthful? If one must speak by the card, the finished picture is not a literal transcript of the physical aspect of the locality as the painter chanced upon it a few days ago. Had he used a camera his results would

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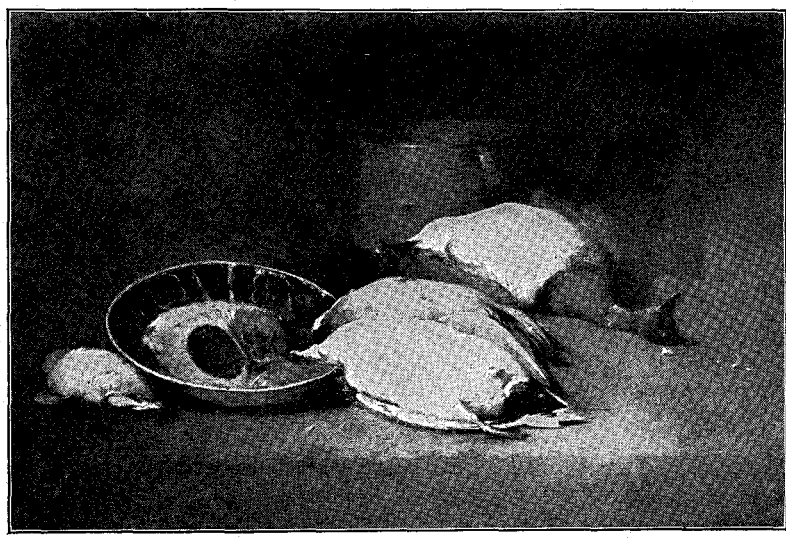
have been different; but, in spite of its disregard of fact, the painting comes much nearer to describing the mood of the artist when he made the sketch than would any photograph. One knows, of course, that nymphs do not sport in sylvan glades nowadays. The cloud was not there; but its presence afforded a means for intensifying the quietude of the place and might well have been there had nature been thoughtful—which she is not. The mellow sunlight had not crept half-way down the wall of foliage on the right of the stream. Still it might have been there, and its glow deepens the mysterious shadow of the stream. If you are looking for a map of the locality, the picture is a failure; if you wish to share the mood of the artist when he was there, the canvas is a success. This is idealism.

On another day the same painter passes down a narrow business street of his town on a hot summer afternoon. The thoroughfare is crowded with people; automobiles and carts line the edge of the sidewalks. One side of the street is in deep shadow, while the other is in the burning heat of the sun. The buildings are as hideous as only the ingenuity of a country can make them. The place reeks with the unpleasant smell of traffic.

At once the artist records what he sees, extenuating nothing. Even the ugly lines of the telegraph-poles and the raw tints of the painted brick buildings are noted with uncompromising accuracy. When the work is done the painter has a complete presentation of a crowded business street on a hot summer day. Nothing has been changed; nothing glorified. Except for the adjunct of color, a photograph might have done as well. That is realism.

Perhaps the last description, which deals with an actual picture, was unnecessary. Nevertheless, if one compares it with Alden Weir's "The Plaza Nocturne," in which the artist has poetized a New York street, it will be clear how idealism has slipped in to redeem the sordid from the depths of the commonplace. Technically the two are on a par. Rather, one might safely say, the scene of the busy street on a hot afternoon is handled with greater craft. But in one poetry is present; from the other it is absent.

Likewise in the pictures of Inness, Wyant, or Murphy, one sees not the fact, but the dream that envelops the fact with its poesy. In this mood worked Blakelock. To these men the soul of nature has whispered of her own loveliness, and they, like magicians, have refined from the obvious and grosser forms a fine spiritual presentment.



Still Life. By Emil Carlsen.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

NEW INCIDENTS OF THE ECONOMIC DEPRESSION

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

THE autumn season—traditionally a time of year which outlines in sharp relief the character of a financial situation previously uncertain and obscure—has arrived on this occasion with the mind of the business community divided between conflicting impressions. Every statement from responsible financial sources agreed in declaring that the worst of the industrial and financial crisis was past, but none of them pretended to foresee the exact manner of return to economic equilibrium, and many of them indicated that the perplexities of the immediate future were in some respects more intricate even than those which had arisen in the recent period of acute distress.

Emerging from a Financial Crisis

In dealing with actual financial crises, whether open or disguised, the banking community has had abundant experience. But restoration of normal conditions, when the new conditions cannot be what they were before the war, is a vastly more complicated matter. Whether the problems of Europe, reflected in the extravagant fluctuations of exchange, would solve themselves or would have to be solved by new expedients of financial or governmental machinery; how unemployment could be corrected without revival of industry and how such revival could come with the world's consuming power thus reduced; in what way a dwindling export trade could be rebuilt when foreign markets were finding it difficult to make payment for the goods exported—these questions seemed to baffle the financial intellect. It will not be very long before the actual unfolding of events throws at least some light upon them.

TWO recent incidents typified in a striking but at the same time perplexing way the character of the economic depression and the means which are being employed to struggle out of it. The earnings of the country's railways for July showed gross receipts which, despite the higher freight rates, were 13 per cent below those of the same month in 1920; but this result of business paralysis and trade reaction was far more than overcome by reduction of no less than 29 per cent in working expenses. The cotton crop, as a consequence first of the heavy curtailment of planted acreage and then of an almost unprecedentedly bad summer season, was estimated by the government in September as smaller by 47 per cent than the crop of 1920, with a yield probably less than in any year since 1892.

Two Typical Incidents

But all this happened when the American railway system had been returned to private operation in need of exceptionally large expenditure on its deteriorated plant and equipment, and when this was the kind of expenditure which was being cut to the bone. It happened when the outside world, though its purchases had been greatly reduced by the pinch of hard times, was probably in greater actual need of a full supply of textile goods than on any previous occasion in our time. Still, on the other hand, the drastic railway economies brought earnings after payment of fixed charges to a surplus instead of the ominous deficit which had prevailed for many months, and the short cotton crop opened the prospect for relieving the South of its accumulated unsold cotton, inability to market which had brought the credit system to a dead-

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lock in a great part of the United States.

Possibilities of the Future

WITH the beginning of this autumn season, it is at any rate probable that the world is passing into a new phase of the economic experience which was bound to follow termination of the most wide-spread, costly, and destructive war in history. Made more cautious by past misjudgments, financial opinion is now willing to recognize several alternate possibilities—that the world in general and the United States in particular may be entering an era of gradual recovery which unforeseen events will retard or accelerate as the case may be; or that economic inertia may continue to prevail for a prolonged period, or even that, after a short space of uncertainty and partial recovery, downward readjustment of prices and industrial activity will be resumed.

Financial markets recognize that, both in this country and in Europe, the movement of financial and industrial revival proceeds with discouraging slowness, yet that, on the other hand, the fall in prices, after bringing the general average down to barely one-half what it was in the spring of 1920, has been checked; that abnormally high money rates have been reduced to something like reasonable figures; that supply of most products is no longer in excess of real requirements; and that in nearly all important industries cost of production, especially labor cost, has been brought into practicable relation with the lower market price for the goods produced. These four facts are sufficient to justify the statement that the recent chapter of excessively violent economic readjustment has ended, and that the next chapter must be different in many of its basic phenomena. But the facts do not tell us much more than that.

Looking back at the experience through which the industrial and financial world has already passed since November, 1918, it is not difficult to perceive the logic of the present economic situation—in fact, the inevitableness of what has happened during the past year and a half. Every one can understand to-day that the war-time inflation of industry, the forcing of prices higher than they went even in the twenty years of war which followed the French Revolution, the prodigious and artificial expansion of credit, the abnormal demand for an apparently insufficient labor supply, were phenomena which could not possibly be permanent. Similar conditions had existed after all other exhausting wars, and they had invariably been followed by an exceedingly trying period of downward readjustment. The economic aftermath of this war, which, in its waste of capital, of resources, and of human life, was admittedly the most exhausting of all, should reasonably have been severe in proportion.

History since the Armistice

NOWADAYS it would seem superfluous to insist on this remorseless logic of recent economic events, were it not for the fact that the whole world, and the American business community most of all, had indulged for twelve months in so wild and fantastic illusion on the subject. But the extravagant speculative mania, which nearly unhinged the minds of business men from the spring of 1919 to the spring of 1920, has already taken its place in history as a curiously unreal and isolated economic episode. The full reason for that episode, in the form it took, will probably remain a matter of economic dispute for a very long time to come. But nobody is any longer likely to describe it as anything more than an interlude, with little permanent significance in the history of the period.

Probably most people would classify, as particularly logical results of so huge a political and economic catastrophe as the European War, the coming of hard times; the world-wide derangement of credit; the 40 or 50 per cent fall of prices from the artificial level to which they had been carried; the shrinkage of their market, in the case of industries whose plant had been doubled during war-time, to a smaller magnitude than was reached after the panic of 1907; the displacement of labor and the lowering of inflated wages; the demand, at a time when merchandise was selling at lower prices, for settlement of debts contracted at the highest prices; the inability of heavily indebted mer-

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chants and markets to meet such engagements; the consequent virtual moratorium established in many quarters of the commercial world because the creditors had no alternative; and at last the pouring of all their hoarded gold into the hands of the chief creditor nation by other nations who, through their accumulated debt and inflated paper currencies, had lost the right or power to retain it.

YET it will also have to be recognized that some incidents of the present period are not only contrary to the reasonable forecasts of war time, but seem on their face to be economically illogical. One of these incidents is the very great curtailment of production in industries for whose products, even in greater quantity than before, there is visibly urgent need in Europe. Central Europe is not adequately supplied with clothing, yet the acreage for this year's American cotton crop, from which the world's spinners must obtain most of their material, has been reduced nearly 30 per cent. Steel and iron might appear to be required in almost unprecedented quantity if the ruined buildings and railroads of northwestern Europe are to be brought back to their pre-war condition, and our own producers might have seemed to be specially favored by the stoppage of coal production in England during the recent three months' strike, which reduced Great Britain's monthly output of steel to less than 15 per cent of the rate of 1920. Yet production of iron in the United States during the first six months of 1921 fell to little more than half what it was in the corresponding period a year ago, and to less than in any previous half-year since 1908.

Illogical Results

In July it was the smallest of any month in eighteen years, and barely one-quarter of the amount produced in the month after the armistice. Pretty much the same story ran through every productive industry. It seemed on its face to indicate the greatest possible effort to restrict production of such necessaries, in almost immediate sequel to the greatest waste of them which the world had ever seen. An equally illogical phenomenon, in view of Europe's needs, would apparently seem to be the acute economic distress that has seized on industry and finance in countries which, like the South American republics, had been neutral during the war and had been looked upon, when the war ended, as the source of supply for an all but unlimited demand for products of which Europe had run desperately short in the four-year conflict.

THE explanation of these two seeming anomalies lies partly in the war and the economic conditions created by the war, but perhaps quite as largely in events since the armistice. In so far as curtailment of industry has resulted from Europe's inability to purchase our goods in quantity sufficient to maintain even the pre-war rate of production, it may fairly be said to measure the poverty which the war has caused. Nations are no more able than are individuals to escape the consequences when savings have been dissipated or impaired, property destroyed, and cost of living increased. In either case there is necessarily a far smaller margin than before for purchases with cash. When a nation whose resources, like those of France or Italy or Belgium, had been thus depleted by the war, there were two considerations which would determine the question of their purchases of home and foreign merchandise—the capacity of individuals to buy for their private uses, and the capacity of governments to buy for the benefit of the community at large.

The Curtailment of Production

That neither potential purchaser possessed the actual money resources to provide for purchases on the pre-war scale, was evident. Private incomes were cut down by actual losses of the war and by the unprecedentedly heavy taxation which continued after the war. Public expenditure for interest on the war debts, for pensions to disabled soldiers and for the higher cost of the whole machinery of government, had so far outstripped the increased public income from the larger taxes that, except for England, every one of the former belligerent governments was contending with the largest annual deficit in its history. Clearly, therefore, the alternative for both government and individual lay between greatly reduced purchases of goods and continuance of large purchases on credit. During 1919 and most of 1920 the goods were bought on credit and the credit was granted lavishly both by home and foreign producers. In the calendar

(Financial Situation, continued on page 55)

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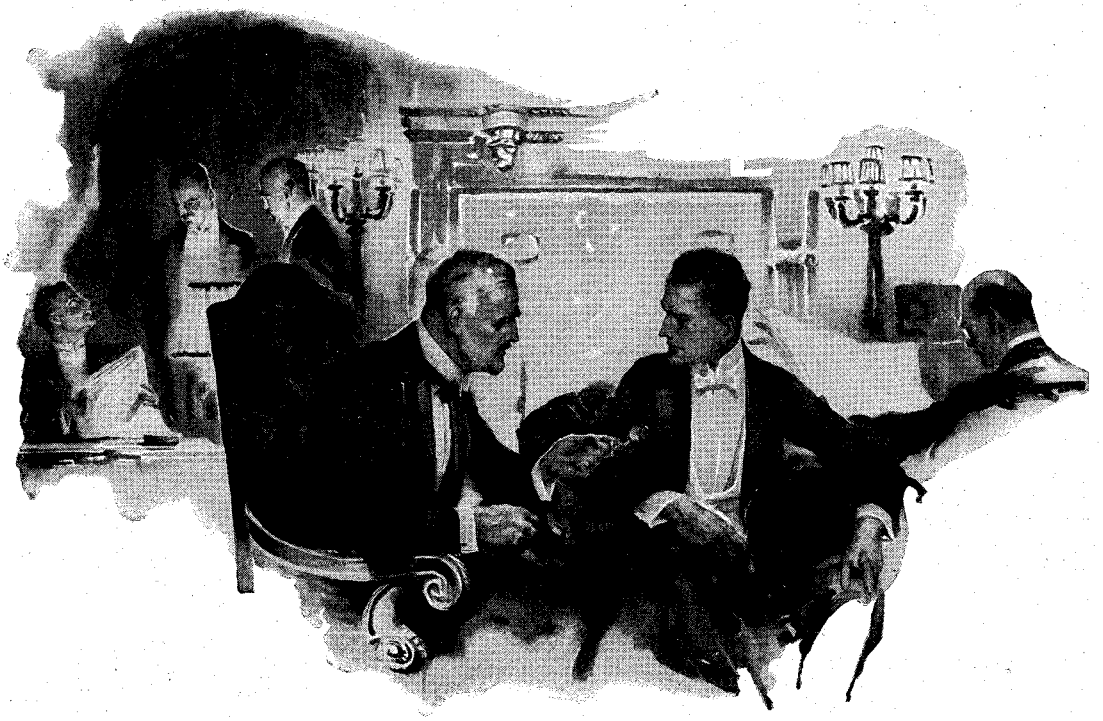

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 53)

year 1919 our own exports to Europe increased $1,300,000,000 over the preceding year, and $3,500,000,000 over 1913—an expansion of 230 per cent over the pre-war year, of which only the smaller part could be accounted for by the 100 per cent rise in average prices during the eight-year interval.

Buying on Credit in 1919

FRANCE was the outstanding illustration of these increased purchases. Her total import of merchandise rose from 22,300,000,000 francs in 1918 to 35,800,000,000 in 1919, her import of manufactured goods alone increasing 70 per cent. Her excess of imports over exports was 22,900,000,000 francs in 1919, or actually more than the total imports of 1918, and, although her own export trade nearly doubled in 1920, the surplus of imports even in that year remained at the prodigious sum of 12,900,000,000 francs.

It is true that, during the three or four decades before the war, imports into France had uniformly exceeded exports, the excess being balanced by the income from foreign investments previously made by her thrifty people; but the annual excess of that pre-war period was trifling compared with the war-time figures. In the half-dozen years which preceded 1914 it had never gone above 104,000,000 francs, and had been as low as 21,000,000. The figure to which it had risen even in 1918 was, therefore, of a portentous nature, and the progressive increase of 1919 made the position exceedingly difficult to grasp.

Every other European country which was emerging from the devastation of war followed a similar policy. But since France was not exporting gold at all in 1919 to pay for this vast accumulating debit on trade account, and since her sale of securities to foreign investors did not reach a tithe of her obligations on that year's merchandise account, it followed that in some form this yearly purchase of ten to twenty billion francs more of foreign goods than were paid for in exported merchandise, or in securities sold abroad, or in proceeds of foreign investments, must have been financed through the consent of foreign merchants to defer payment by the French import-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 57)

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UNDER the proposed revision of the surtax schedules of the Federal Income Tax Law the surtax on large incomes will be somewhat modified, but the tax exemption of Municipal Bonds will still be most attractive to the investor.

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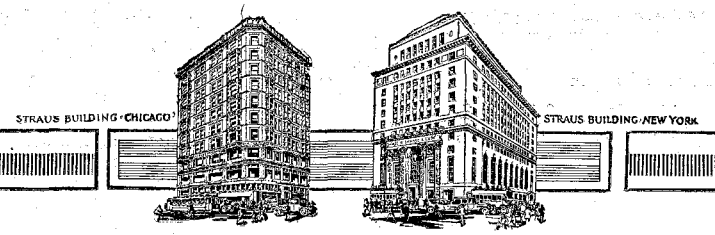

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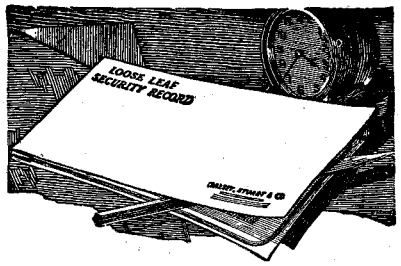

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 55)

ers, or through actual loans placed with home or foreign banks to raise the necessary cash. Even if the foreign merchant were to accept the notes of French importers in return for the goods which he had shipped, it would still be necessary for such a merchant to borrow from his own bank on the collateral of the notes, in order to meet expenses of manufacture.

The Advances by the Banks

IT is wholly impossible to say how large was the total amount of loans thus placed with European or other banks to pay for Europe's excess of imports during and since the war. As long ago as the beginning of 1920 the Federal Reserve Board said in its annual report that, during 1919, "the government of the United States made advances to Allied or associated powers amounting to $1,757,989,481, and various loans were placed in the American market by foreign governments"; but that of the remainder, "a large part, approximately $2,000,000,000, has probably fallen, directly or indirectly, upon the commercial banks throughout the country, and to this fact is to be attributed in corresponding measure the expansion of bank credit experienced during the year." This had to do merely with loans raised in the United States. How large a sum was borrowed from banks of other countries is a matter of pure conjecture.

But to such recourse there must eventually have been some limit. Credit facilities of the most powerful banking system cannot be extended indefinitely. At best the function of a bank is to lend to merchants for short periods, anticipating payment when their goods shall have been marketed. But here was a case in which commercial banks were extending, on an exceptionally great and constantly increasing scale of magnitude, credits whose date of probable repayment was becoming every year more impossible to foresee. As fast as these notes fell due they were necessarily renewed. The money markets themselves, beset by a score of other requisitions, began in 1919 to give warning that the transactions could not continue much longer at the existing rate.

PROBABLY the warning was sounded first by the banks of France itself, and, although the need for imported merchandise was greater in devastated France than in any other country of the world, the warning had amazingly quick

(Financial Situation, continued on page 61)

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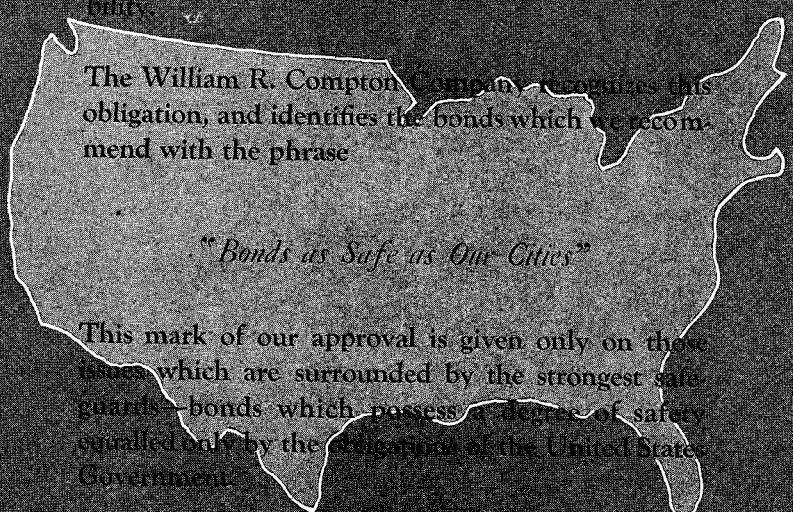

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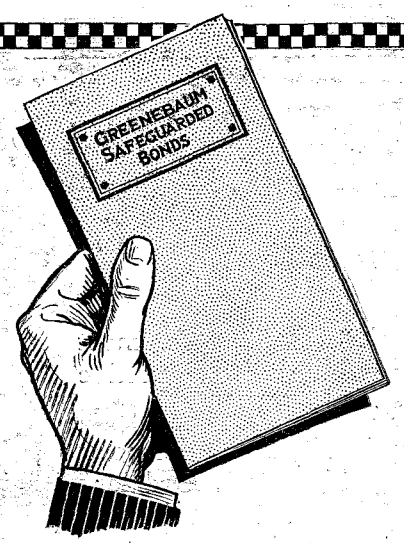

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 57)

results. During the first six months of 1921 the country's imports actually decreased 15,700,000,000 francs as compared with the first half of 1920, a reduction of 60 per cent, which left the country's foreign trade, notwithstanding decrease of 1,400,000,000 francs in the value of exports also, with its previous all but unimaginable "import surplus" actually changed to a surplus of exports.

Results in the Trade of France

This immense decrease in the money value of goods purchased from foreign producers no doubt resulted partly from the fall of prices and partly from increasing facilities for home production in countries which, like France, were getting their shattered industries at work again. But even in quantity the goods imported by France in the first half of 1921 decreased 6,000,000 tons, or nearly 30 per cent from the year before, and the fact that approximately 4,000,000 tons of that total decrease was in raw materials of manufacture certainly indicated that even home production of many finished goods was falling off.

BUT however plain the case of these recent European belligerent states may be in the sudden collapse of buying power, the circumstances do not wholly explain the even more violent commercial collapse of such formerly neutral markets as those of the South American republics. Some very striking experiences of this past summer taught our business community that the problem of South American trade and South American commercial relations was in some respects the most formidable of all the problems with which our bankers and merchants were confronted in the great reaction of 1920. The story is an extraordinary one, though not wholly new; for something like it was told when the crumbling Argentine speculation dragged down Baring Brothers in London in 1890, and when the rush of speculating British merchants to exploit what they called the "markets for tropical production," when the long war blockade was begun after 1914, ended in a dismal chapter of commercial ruin.

The Case of South America

There had been many indications, as early as 1916, that the war was enriching not only such powerful nations as Japan and the United States, which were partly or wholly removed from the war's exhausting economic strain, but other non-European producers of food and raw materials, such as Brazil, Chile, Cuba, and the Argentine Republic. Their natural products,

(Financial Situation, continued on page 63)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 61)

notably grain, were rapidly enhanced in value; their markets recovered quickly from the shock which followed outbreak of war. Some of those countries, Cuba and the Argentine Republic in particular, enlarged beyond all precedent, even in the early years of war, their exports, their imports, and their surplus of exports. In all of them the wealth of the community seemed to be increasing. There was actually one instance, that of Argentina a few months after the armistice, in which a South American market made large loans of credit to the English, French, and Italian governments on condition that the proceeds be spent for products of the country.

What Happened in 1919

DURING the later years of war the volume of foreign trade was checked in most of these countries through the diversion of ocean shipping to the military transport business. The ending of the war sent the merchant ships speeding back to such profitable markets. In every one of those countries an immense increase immediately occurred both in outward and inward trade, and in the meantime the prolonged war-time scarcity of their products, in the markets of Europe and of the outside world at large, had brought such articles as sugar and coffee to prices four and seven times as high as they had been when the war began. Exports from Argentina in 1919 increased 30 per cent in value over 1918, exports from Cuba 40 per cent. From Brazil they actually doubled.

The pleasure resorts of New York and Paris began to grow familiar with the rich Cuban and South American visitors who had come to spend their money with the prodigality of newly made millionaires. Importations into those countries increased after the armistice more rapidly even than their exports; so much so that, in some of them, the actual balance of merchandise trade turned against them. The United States sent to South America in 1919 $140,000,000 more worth of merchandise than the year before, and to Cuba alone $51,000,000 more. Yet all this seemed to be nothing but evidence of immense prosperity. When our government removed the restrictions on gold exports shortly after the armistice, our markets were called upon to ship $90,000,000 gold within a year to the South American markets.

Foreign-exchange rates were, in fact, moving steadily in favor of South America, as against even New York. The judgment even of the

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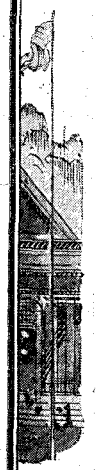

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sober commercial world at this striking spectacle was voiced by the president of a great foreign-trading corporation of the United States when he said, at the annual meeting of their shareholders: "All this spells opportunity for the United States, which alone of the great nations in the world possesses not merely enormous natural resources, but also, under normal conditions, a large available capital."

Our Speculations in South America

AS a matter of fact, American firms and companies engaged in foreign trade were already rushing into the Cuban and South American field on a scale of operations which nobody at the time suspected. Less than twelve months sufficed to create conditions of abnormally inflated prices, inflated trade, and inflated credit. No limit appeared to be fixed by the exploiters to the purchasing capacity of the people in these southern countries; indeed, the conviction seemed to have seized on the minds even of serious bankers that nothing could stop the expansion of trade, the rise of prices, and the accumulation of wealth in Latin America. In 1915, when the forced withdrawal of London from her foreign commercial activities created widespread belief that the United States was destined thereafter to dominate the foreign trade of the world, a considerable number of largely capitalized companies were organized to set the machinery at work. Lack of shipping facilities in the later years of war had deferred full access to their markets, but now, apparently, the opportunity could be grasped.

Competition to finance the trade and buy up the products of South America became immediately urgent. One of these concerns (of which a great deal was heard again in 1921), itself organized by powerful New York banks and banking-houses, engaged with a capital of $6,500,000 on such a scale that, when the day of reckoning came, upward of $80,000,000 cash had to be found to cover its immediate liabilities. For the reckoning was not long postponed. The original real prosperity of these countries had been prodigiously overexploited on the basis of credits obtained from American banks already loaded with the trade obligations of Europe. South American products were accumulated; sometimes purchased, in advance of production, at prices to which they had been driven by speculators. Lacking, as all these southern countries did, any large reserve of accumulated capital of their own, the whole

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 65)

fabric of South American speculation now rested on two considerations—continuance of expanding credit facilities in the United States and further rise in the already inflated staple markets.

The Beginning of the End

IN May of last year, at the time when New York department stores were startling the markets by their 20 to 30 per cent reduction in retail prices, cables began to be received from South American markets cancelling the lavish orders which had been placed in this country. These despatches declared, for the first time, that the South American market had turned out to be vastly oversupplied with outside merchandise, and that goods were moving so slowly to consumers that, at a moment when the great mass of fresh consignments were coming in, even the sidewalk around merchants' warehouses was piled with bales of goods. When this had happened, the first and inevitable sequel was that quantities of products of those countries, long held back from market by the merchants, should be pressed on the market to raise cash; with the eventual result of a fall in the price to one-quarter or less of the figure commanded in the world market during the early months of 1920. But with such shrinkage in value of the property in its hands, the South American mercantile community was confronted with bankruptcy.

Its first recourse was to refuse, under pretext of cancellation of orders, to receive even the goods which had already been delivered at the southern ports. In Brazil, Argentina, Paraguay, and Cuba, so the Federal Reserve Board officially reported, huge amounts of goods sent from the United States were "being practically thrown back upon the hands of the shippers, who were obliged to finance themselves as best they might at their own banks." We have seen already why this sudden and unexpected recourse to the banking institutions was inconvenient and unwelcome; and it will be observed that while this grave embarrassment was confronting American exporters, American houses which had purchased South American or Cuban merchandise for present or future deliveries, had to accept it and pay for it at a time when it would bring on the market only 25 or 30 per cent of the purchase price. In South America there was established a virtual, in Cuba an actual, moratorium on debts. The crisis in the affairs of American export and import houses trading with those countries, was a wholly inevitable consequence of the collapse

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of the whole exploitation, coming when the American houses had to meet their own indebtedness at their own home banks.

A Crisis of the Summer

THIS extraordinary chapter of after-war financial history has to be retold in order to understand how and why the hopes built up on the seeming commercial position of those countries on return of peace in Europe were so completely destroyed. The situation of the American market itself this past summer season cannot be understood without full comprehension of the circumstances which I have narrated. That the banking and credit situation should have been watched by well-informed people, as it was last summer, with extreme anxiety at the very time when speculative liquidation in America itself had been so thorough, when bank reserves were rising and the money market falling, was a mystery even to Wall Street. But Wall Street itself did not then know the magnitude of the commitments in these outside fields, and the possible ramifications of financial embarrassment which might have followed if such concerns as the one I have referred to had been left to default on their own American obligations, which they could not meet from the wreckage of their foreign ventures. That it was possible to avert this critical situation through the assistance of other American banks and bankers and to do it without publicity or commotion was possibly, after all, the strongest possible tribute to the underlying soundness of the American financial position.

What is to be the outcome of this strangely confused position? Its circumstances are no doubt peculiarly complicated by the consequences of the war, yet it differs from other periods of after-panic depression only in degree and scope, but not in kind. The answer to the question must be the same as has been made in every previous period of economic reaction and relapse after a period of wasted capital and credit. In such episodes prices are readjusted first, debts are paid next through the slow process of new production and new business energy. Eventually, when economic equilibrium turns out to have been restored, the world's real necessities compel resumption of production and trade activity on a larger scale than history had ever previously witnessed. But the real question in the mind of the markets is, not whether such revival in finance and industry will come, but how long it will be in coming.

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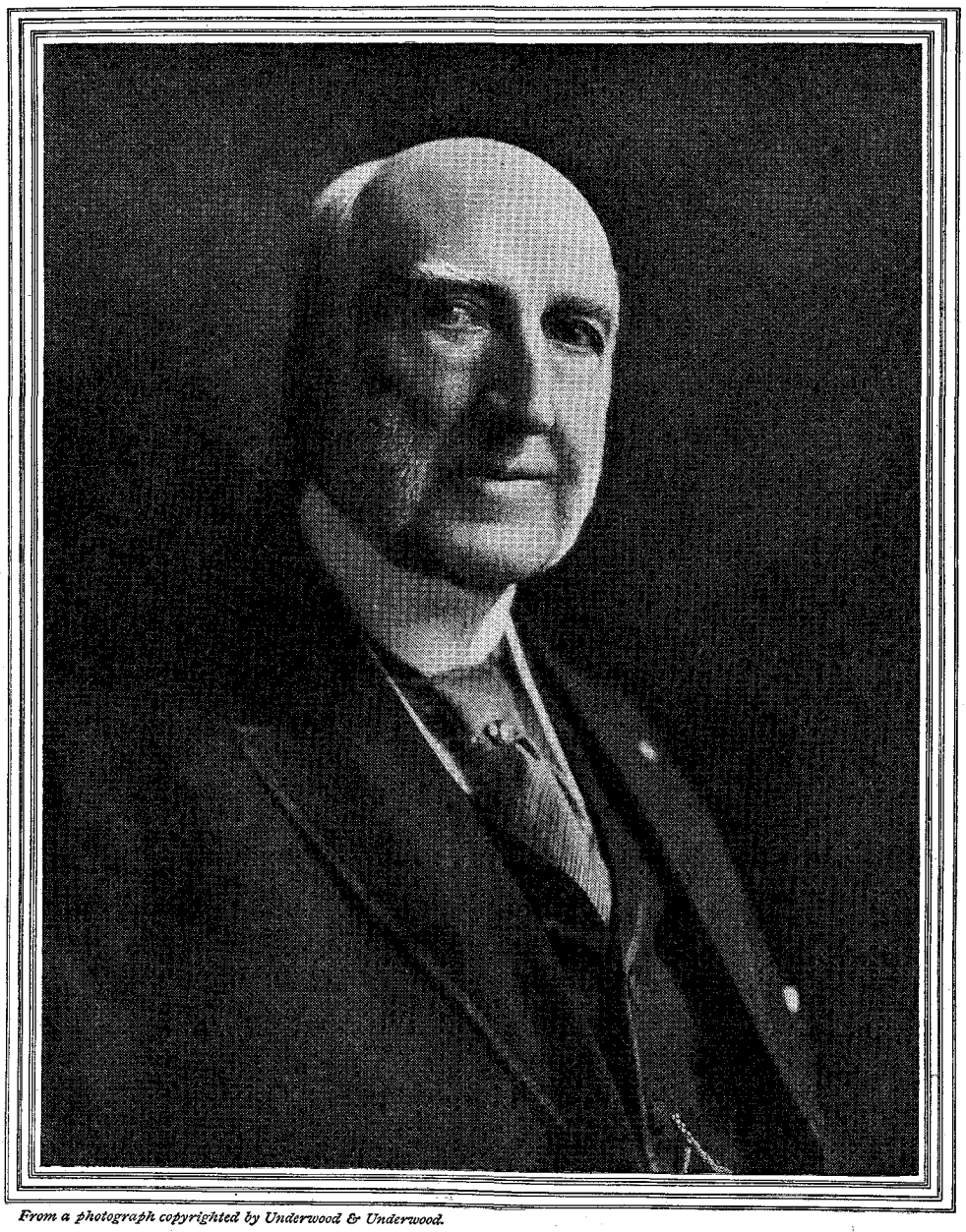

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CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

On his eighty-sixth birthday.

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